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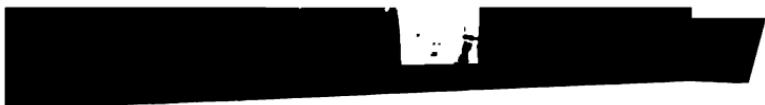


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THE THURSTONS
OF THE
OLD PALMETTO STATE:

OR,

Varieties of Southern Life.

ILLUSTRATED IN THE FORTUNES OF A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

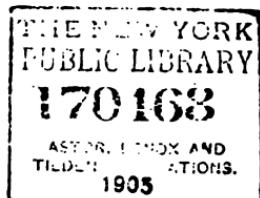
BY REV. JOHN H. CALDWELL, A. M.,
Of the Georgia Conference,
AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERIOUS MESSENGER."



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Part first.

SHOWING A CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S INFLUENCE ON HER BOYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD.

A SMALL farm, situated less than two miles from the village of Spartanburgh, in the state of South Carolina, was owned, more than forty years ago, by one Captain Garland Thurston. Through the midst of it a creek, of considerable size, gently flowed. A neat cottage, with suitable out-buildings, surrounded by a grove of walnut-trees, crowned an eminence on the highway leading to the village.

In the rear of the enclosure, which contained the buildings, with the surrounding grove, the orchard and garden, the hill sloped gradually for half a mile to the fields stretching along the creek. The cottage was divided into two apartments. The first, into which the doors, both in front and rear, opened, was used for sitting-room, parlor, and dining-room. It contained a bed for the use of visitors, and a few articles of plain furniture. The other room, at the opposite end of the house, was the family sleeping apartment. It contained a large bed for the man and his wife, and a small

one rolled under it for the children. Everything in the cottage was arranged in the neatest order; the floor was clean, the furniture spotless, the beds covered with clean, white counterpanes. The walls were white-washed, with scarcely a fly-stain upon their brilliant surface. The yard, in front, and back to the garden paling, and all around the buildings, was nicely swept, and covered with a coat of clean, white sand. The entire cottage, and all its surroundings, displayed cleanliness, tidiness, and good taste.

Within the cottage might have been seen, one fine day, in the early part of autumn, about the year 182-, a woman of uncommon stateliness. She exhibited a degree of refinement and intelligence, which indicated that she had been reared in a sphere of life much higher than that in which she now seemed to move. Her attire was plain and simple, but tastefully arranged, and scrupulously exact. She was above the ordinary size and height, but had a form of exquisite proportions. She was nearly forty years old, yet so fresh and vigorous as to appear scarcely to exceed thirty. Her rich, glossy hair of deep brown was neatly tucked up, and secured with a large comb, such as was in vogue at that time. Her eye beaming with intelligence, her countenance glowing with a cheerful composure, her queenly form and dignified carriage, indicated a character at once decided, firm, and energetic. At the moment at which our story begins, she was seated near a table in the front room of the cottage, sewing. A couple of lads came in at the front door, and seated themselves, one on each side of their mother. One of the boys was about ten years old, the other eight.

"Where did your father go this morning, Matthew?" asked the mother, of the elder of the two boys.

"He went to town."

"I suppose, then," continued the mother, "that he will dispose of his land, and make his arrangements to move away."

"I heard him say," said Matthew, "that Uncle Charles Tracy was to meet him there to-day, and that he would bring him home with him."

"Yes," said the mother, "he has but lately returned, and he is coming to give us a particular account of the new country he went to see."

"Are we going to move to the new country, mother?" asked Horry, the younger boy.

"I don't know, my dear; I suppose we will move if your father is pleased with your uncle's description."

"I don't want to go away from this place," said Matthew. "Nor I," said the mother, "but your father thinks it will be best for us."

"Mother," said Horry, "I had a strange dream about that new country last night."

"Well, what did you dream, Horry?"

"Are dreams from God, mother?"

"Not always, child, but go on and tell me your dream."

"Why can't dreams come to pass now like they did when Joseph dreamed about his brethren, and when Jacob dreamed at Bethel?"

"Because, my dear, God, who formerly revealed His will to the patriarchs and prophets in dreams and visions, has given to us a complete revelation in the Bible, so there is no longer any necessity for dreams and visions to teach us what we ought to know and do."

"Mother," continued the boy, "when you carry brother Matthew and me into your room every night, and kneel by our little trundle-bed, why do you pray that the Lord may give us pleasant dreams while we sleep?"

"That He may preserve you from frightful dreams while you are asleep, my child. I often pray for you thus, not only while you are awake, but when, side by side with your brother, your eyes are closed in slumber. This I have done ever since you were little tender babes. Often, while I watched the lights and shadows of your dreaming fancies, as they flitted across your little faces, have I prayed the Lord to preserve you from beholding such images as might stain your minds with evil."

"May not those pleasant dreams come to pass?" asked Horry.

"Not always, my dear," said the mother. "I do not pray for revelations to teach and guide you, but for the presence of your heavenly Father to defend you."

"Then you must believe that pleasant dreams come from God," said Horry.

"Every good and perfect gift, my dear, is from God. He is the 'Father of lights,' and everything we enjoy in life is bestowed by His tender and loving care."

"But if our dreams come from God," said the boy, "they *will* come to pass, for God cannot lie."

"Our dreams, my dear, are often nothing more than the involuntary workings of our own minds. We have no power to control them. We cannot call up a pleasant dream when we will, nor prevent a bad one. All

we can do is to pray to Him, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, that He may preserve us from beholding, in our dreams, such hideous and frightful images as may alarm us, and that He may so control our thoughts that we may behold nothing but what will excite in us emotions of pleasure, and desires to be good. Satan doubtless has access to our minds, even in slumber, and he may often give such a turn to our thoughts as may do us harm when we awake. But if we pray to God, and depend upon His protection, He will always deliver us from the power of Satan. Yet, no doubt, good dreams have often contributed to the awakening of good resolutions in the hearts of wicked people, and aided them in their conversion, as well as promoted the advancement of pious persons in the way of holiness."

While the mother spoke, Horry sat with a calm, thoughtful, serious expression of countenance. He was thin and spare-built, with small but brilliant eyes, and a forehead revealing an intellectuality which indicated a promising future. Matthew had a broad chest, a large head, covered with a mass of brown, curly hair, which fell almost to his shoulders, and a pair of deep lustrous eyes, which betokened a nature full of feeling and tenderness. After a moment of silence and serious thought, Horry continued :

"I don't know whether to wish my dream may come to pass or not. It is partly good and partly bad. I thought I had grown up to be a man. I went to a place where there was a large white house; beautiful green trees, with wide-spreading branches, grew on each side of a broad, straight road which led up to the front gate. A great many servants were running about the

house, from room to room, and they seemed to be weeping and full of trouble. A tall, beautiful lady was there, and I was told that she was my sister Agnes."

"Your sister Agnes! She was dead, my dear, many years before you were born. How can you be so simple, child, as to imagine that your dream will ever come to pass?"

"It may seem very foolish, mother, but I cannot help thinking that it will come to pass. I have been thinking of it all the morning. What if Sister Agnes did not die? Maybe somebody found her when she wandered off into the wilderness. Do you think she is grown if she is still alive, mother?"

"She would have been grown by this time, Horry, if she had lived. But, my dear, it is impossible for you ever to see your sister in this world. Your father spent a whole year in a fruitless search for the poor child. No doubt she was drowned in the Ohio river. Doubtless she and her brother Benny met the same fate."

"Mother," said Matthew, "that reminds me of a dream I had about Brother Benny."

"Wait, Matthew," said Horry, "I'm not through with telling my dream yet. I saw that my sister was lovely, and throwing my arms around her, I kissed her fondly. But when my lips touched hers, they were cold as ice. I then looked on her face again. It was pale as death; she was dead! Oh! I wept to think that just as I had found my long-lost sister, she should die without ever calling me brother. In my trouble I awoke, and found it all a dream."

"Mother," said Matthew, "when you mentioned the name of Brother Benny, I thought of the dream I had

last night. I was on a plank floor which seemed to be spread out upon the bank of a large river. Many houses were on both sides of the river, and a great many things that looked like houses were floating on the water. They looked like the pictures of the ships in my old primer, only they were much larger than I thought ships could be. Some of them had chimneys with clouds of smoke streaming from them. A great many people stood on the plank floor, and shouted, as one of the floating houses drew near us : 'The General has come, the General has come.' In a moment more, I seemed to be standing with Horry and another person, in an open field. Horry said to me, 'Matthew, this is Brother Benny.' In my surprise and joy, I awoke, and found it all a dream."

"It is strange, indeed," said Mrs. Thurston, "that you and Horry should both have such dreams the same night. But banish them from your minds ; there is nothing in a dream. It is useless to think of the long-lost children ; your dreams cannot call them back from the cold and silent grave. But endeavor to be good boys. Pray to God, and keep His commandments, and, when this short life is ended, you may meet your lost brother and sister in that heavenly country, where parting will be no more."

When the mother said these words, she took her Bible, which lay on the table, and read several chapters aloud. She then sang one of Charles Wesley's beautiful hymns. The hymn was just ended, when the sound of approaching steps and voices drew the woman and her two boys to the front door. Captain Thurston and his brother-in-law, Charles Tracy, were just entering at the gate.

CHAPTER II.

HORRY WISHES TO BE LIKE GENERAL MARION.

CAPTAIN THURSTON, with his little family and brother-in-law, was seated at the dinner-table.

"After conversing with your brother, Betsy," said he, to his wife, "and hearing his glowing description of the new country, I have finally determined to remove to it."

"To the *new* country?" asked Horry.

"Yes," said Mr. Tracy, "to the new country, my boy, and a right good country it is too."

"Are there any schools, brother?"

"Yes, Betsy, there is already a flourishing academy at Temple Vale, and, what I know will please you quite as well, they are building a Methodist church in the village."

"It is a great undertaking, Charles."

"True, but you ought to go, sister, and lay a foundation for your two boys. The chances for success in life are better in a new country than in an old, unless one had enough property to make his children independent."

"It will be a hard thing for me to give up this old

place," said Mrs. Thurston, "I have lived here ever since my marriage. Here my two boys were born, and I feel my heart bound to it by so many sacred ties, that I cannot think of leaving it for a new and untried home without a feeling of deep sadness. I love this hill, the trees, the rocks, but above all, this humble tenement in which twelve of the happiest years of my life have been spent. I had hoped here to end my days, and that my sons after me would cherish a love for their natal spot,—that they might still be sheltered by this peaceful cottage, be shadowed by the trees their father planted, and look upon the shrubs and flowers their mother nursed."

"Ah, Betsy," said Captain Thurston, "you must let these fine notions yield to interest."

"Garland, I do not care so much for the fine notions, as you are pleased to call them, as for the real welfare of the children."

"Now you are right, sister," said Mr. Tracy; "and for this very reason you ought to be the more willing to go. Your boys, I am sure, can do much better than they can here."

"I am far from being sure of that myself, Charles."

"I *know* it. You can sell this place for money enough to purchase three times as much land there, and when you have it you can make three times as much on it as on this poor spot."

"Well, brother, suppose all this be true, what assurance have I about other things?"

"Why, Betsy, haven't I seen the country with my own eyes? Don't I *know*? Did *any* one ever see such abundant crops, such herds of cattle, such droves

of hogs, such fat horses, such swarms of poultry? Believe me, sister, *it is a great country.*"

"Well, Charles, you do not suppose that I can be utterly insensible to the risk of life, the hazard of—"

"Risk of life! How, pray?"

"The Indians for one thing."

"Pish! the Indians! Why, Betsy, are *you* growing cowardly? Surely you must have forgotten the heroic days of your youth."

"No, brother, I remember too well the days you call heroic, and I am all the more concerned lest my own children should be exposed to perils from which you and I escaped so marvellously. It was *your* heroism, not mine, that delivered us from a most cruel and deadly foe. I dare say your charge of cowardice is too well founded."

"It is not for you, my sister Betsy, to shrink from imaginary perils. I admit that the Indians are still in the country, but they have for a long time been friendly to the whites. They are well pleased with the liberal treatment of our general government, and seem satisfied with the terms on which they lately surrendered that territory. Besides, they are now removing and settling on the other side of the river. I doubt if one will remain on this side a year from now."

"Although the Indians are such a source of annoyance to me, Charles, that I would greatly prefer not having them for close neighbors, there are other things I dread quite as much. I have an indefinable horror of a '*new country*;' there are so many dangerous characters, so many adventurers, so many temptations, so many vicissitudes—I must confess that my chief con-

cern is in reference to my boys. Their moral and religious training rests with far greater weight upon my mind, than any concern for their temporal welfare."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Captain Thurston, "they will be just as good in a new country as in an old, and their chances for making a comfortable living will be much better."

"My dear husband, we are comfortable enough here. Let us remain; I do not wish to be rich. We have as much of worldly good as we need. Let us not tempt Providence by exposing our lives, the characters of our children, and running the risk of being worse even in our temporal concerns."

"Betsy, it is too late now, I have decided on going."

For a moment the color left Mrs. Thurston's cheeks. Tears gushed up into her eyes. It was only for a moment. Soon the color came back into her face, the tears were brushed away, and she became as serene, as dignified, and composed, as she was before her husband returned from the village. With no trace of emotion discernible in the tones of her voice, she said:

"Well, Garland, if you say we *must* go, I haven't a word to say against it. I yield all my own preferences to your judgment, and come weal or woe, since to me it is the path of duty, I am content."

"Now that is so much like you, sister," said Mr. Tracy. "Who that knows Betsy Thurston would say she hasn't a heart for any fate?"

"I was not *affecting* the heroine, brother, and I am sure did not think of winning a compliment. But when, Garland, shall we get ready to go?"

"Immediately—that is—I suppose in a few weeks."

"But you must sell the land and the stock, the produce and such other things as we cannot carry along with us."

"I have already sold everything, Betsy, and have brought with me from the village, two thousand eight hundred and fifty—"

Captain Thurston either left the sentence unfinished or his wife and her brother did not hear the concluding words. The sudden clattering of horses' feet on the hard, stony road, the whooping of men, and barking of dogs, startled them from their seats at the table, and caused them to run hurriedly to the front door. A couple of horsemen, armed with rifles, galloped by the gate, and at the corner of the enclosure, wheeled to the right, and dashed along the hill-side in the direction of the fields on the creek. The dogs, in rapid pursuit of some object, broke off through the woods before they reached the house, and hurried in the same direction. Captain Thurston and Mr. Tracy went through the back part of the enclosure, toward the creek, in a nearer direction, in order to ascertain the object of this unexpected chase. Mrs. Thurston and her two boys returned to their places at the table.

"Are they Indians?" asked Matthew, as soon as he recovered from the first alarm which the excitement had produced. He had listened attentively to the conversation at the table, and became terrified at the thought of living in the neighborhood of the ruthless savages, of whose barbarities he had heard so many frightful stories. The child was almost convulsed with dread as he heard the horsemen whooping, and the noisy pack running toward the creek. His imagina-

tion had been picturing scenes of bloody cruelty ; houses pillaged and burnt ; children with their skulls broken against rocks and trees ; and others tied to stakes, with fagots piled around them, ready to consume them in the flames.

“Are they Indians, mother ?” he asked again.

“No, child, there are no Indians about here. But I cannot tell who they are, nor what they mean.”

“Mother,” continued the boy, “are we going to move to the Indian nation ?”

“Yes, Matthew, to what was lately called the Cherokee nation.”

“Won’t the Indians kill us ?” he asked, with a more death-like paleness gathering upon his face. The mother did not notice it, but answered :

“I hope not. Your uncle says they are going off now, and that we have no cause to dread them.”

“*I’m* not afraid of Indians,” said Horry ; and as he spoke, his whole demeanor was bold and defiant.

“But, mother, Indians *do* kill children, *don’t* they ?”

“Yes, Matthew, I have known them to tear young children from their mothers’ arms, and kill them. But they do these wicked deeds only when they are at war with the whites. They are then dark, malignant, and revengeful. They gratify their savage brutality by such deeds as make the heart of a compassionate person shudder to think of.”

“I wish,” said Horry, “that I was a man, and had an army like General Marion, I’d hunt up those wicked Indians, and punish them.”

“They would kill you,” said Matthew, “as they

killed the fourteen children they carried off with mother and Uncle Charles."

"They never killed General Marion," said Horry. "Mother," he continued, "tell about the Indians taking you and Uncle Charles off, and how you got away from them. When I hear you tell about those wicked Indians, I want to be like General Marion, and raise an army to fight them."

"Your uncle, James Tracy, had been married but a few months," said the mother, "and had just settled a new place on the border of the wilderness. He was absent on a trip to Charleston, and your Uncle Charles and I had gone to stay with his wife until he returned. One night, while we were at your uncle's, the Indians passed through the settlement. They robbed, and then burned most of the houses in the neighborhood. At last they came to your uncle's cabin. They had taken fourteen children captives, the parents of whom they had cruelly murdered. These they reserved for that slow and terrible revenge in which their savage nature seems to delight. After killing your young and beautiful aunt, they carried your Uncle Charles and me off with the other children. They carried us a great distance, across many water courses, and through dismal swamps. We suffered much from hunger and cold, and the fatigue of travelling, as well as from the brutal harshness of our cruel captors. But our sufferings were nothing compared with those which they inflicted upon the other children. They fell, one after another, from day to-day, and became the helpless victims of that cruel rage, which never relented for a moment while there was an object in its reach upon which it could be

gratified. It was in vain that I wept and besought them for mercy. The piteous cries of the suffering children could touch no chord of tenderness in the breasts of their persecutors. Their dying agonies, in the flames, were enough, it seemed, to soften the very stones. At length they had all perished but your uncle and I. We had camped on the edge of a great swamp. It was a cold night, in the middle of autumn. The Indians had made a large fire, and were standing around it in a half-circle, with their faces toward it. Your uncle and I stood together on the side next to the swamp. We knew that our time had come, and that one of us would be the victim that night. From their signs, we soon found that the lot fell on me. I was glad of it, for I thought I could not bear to see my brother writhe in those horrid tortures, which I had seen inflicted upon others. A large fire-brand, full of red coals, was at our feet. It seemed providentially appointed that the Indians were thrown, for a moment, off their guard. Your uncle, seizing the fire-brand, hurled it with all his might round the half-circle of savages, burning their faces and eyes so terribly as to throw them into great confusion. In another instant, he grasped me round the waist, and leaped into the swamp before the Indians could recover from their panic. But we knew that we would be pursued, so, running with all our might, we came to a hollow log in the swamp. We crept into it, and remained until a late hour of the night. Several times we heard the Indians as they walked through the thicket in search of us. Fortunately, they happened not to find the log where we had concealed ourselves. About two hours

before day, we came out and continued our flight through the swamp. About daylight, we concealed ourselves in another safe retreat, where we lay by until night drew on again. In this way, travelling by night and lying by during the day, guided by the stars as to our course, we made out, at length, to reach the white settlements. Our friends rejoiced greatly at our return, for they had given us up as dead."

"Oh, how I wish that General Marion would come along with his brave soldiers—"

"Hush, Horry," said Matthew, "do you hear that?"

The sharp crack of a rifle startled Mrs. Thurston and the children. Matthew's face became paler, and Horry sat in the attitude of one listening for a distant sound. Mrs. Thurston walked to the back side of the garden, and looked anxiously toward the field. Everything was quiet now in that direction. There was no more whooping of the men, nor barking of the dogs. Still the very silence seemed ominous, and she had an indefinable dread of something horrible. Returning to the house, she removed the unfinished meal to the kitchen, and having set things in order, she again walked into the garden. In a few moments she became calm, and turned her thoughts on the contemplated removal. She looked at the garden with its well-arranged squares and walks, and sighed to think how soon she must leave that loved spot. There was a rose-bush which she had planted the first year of her married life. Yonder a little bower overgrown with a vine, which she had planted, and nurtured, and dressed. Beneath the shadow of that vine, were a bench and a table ; on the table lay a copy of Charles Wesley's in-

spiring lyrics. She approached the spot with falling tears, kneeled at the bench, and, after some minutes spent in silent prayer, she arose and opened the book of hymns. Just then, the sound of voices attracted her attention, and, looking up, she saw her husband leading a horse by the bridle, around the enclosure. A man was seated in the saddle, and Mr. Tracy walked by his side, as if he was guarding him.

CHAPTER III.

WHIT PURDIS.

“ **W**HAT on earth is the matter, Garland?” asked Mrs. Thurston, as she approached the gate.

“ Let me go,” said the man on the horse; “ you have no right to detain me here.”

“ You *shall not go*,” said Captain Thurston, emphatically, and in an excited tone of voice.

“ I must, I *will* go,” said the man, and he leaped from the saddle; but the strong hand of Tracy grasped him by the arm, and held him fast. Captain Thurston fastened the horse, and then took the other arm. They led the man into the cottage.

He was of diminutive stature, gray eyes, repulsive countenance; and a tangled mass of hair covered his head, and stood out in sharp points like the quills of a porcupine.

Finding it vain to struggle against the two powerful men who dragged him into the cottage, he submitted, with an air of sullen reluctance, and seated himself by the partition door, between the two rooms. Mrs. Thurston’s heart ached with anxiety to hear an answer to her question.

“ Matthew,” said Captain Thurston, “ run over to

Mr. Fuller's, and tell him to come here immediately. Whit Purdis and Jim Strange have killed his negro man, George. Hasten, my boy, tell him I have secured one of the murderers."

"Murderer!" exclaimed the man, with a peculiarly malignant expression, and in a tone which he evidently affected for contemptuous.

"Yes," said Captain Thurston, "if I understand the meaning of the term, *it is murder*."

"Is George dead, Garland?" asked his wife.

"Yes, Betsy, I saw the poor fellow breathe his last."

"Where is he?"

"On the other side of the creek."

"Is it so that poor George is dead?"

"He is, Betsy," said Captain Thurston; "he lies there on the creek bank, weltering in his blood, and lifeless. A more glaring, heartless murder was never perpetrated upon the body of a poor negro, and this wretch, I hope, will meet the doom, which, if report has done him justice, he has long merited."

"Wretch!" snarled the man, "I'd like to know who's to be held accountable for that nigger's death."

"You seem to forget, sir, that the laws of South Carolina protect the lives of honest negroes against such ruffians as you and your heartless accomplice. Had it been otherwise, I would have crushed your viperous head beneath my own heel, the moment that poor negro fell by the murderous ball from your rifle. But I reserve you for that fate to which the laws you have set at naught will consign you."

The obdurate villain quailed for a moment under

this speech of Captain Thurston ; but he soon recovered confidence, and, affecting indifference, replied :

“I’m not a murderer, nor a wretch, neither is Mr. Strange. We have acted in self-defence, and have not violated the law. I reckon you’d have that old nigger to sars white men, and knock ‘em down whenever he pleases.”

“It is the first time that I have ever heard any improper behavior imputed to George. I have known him for many years, and know that he was always a good and honest negro. This is more than can be said for some men who have white skins. Some of them are about Spartanburgh. They have no visible means of an *honest livelihood*, but prowl about, committing theft, and perhaps even greater crimes, in the darkness of the night.”

Whitefield, or Whit Purdis, as he was generally called, knew that he was classed among the characters who had “no visible means of an honest livelihood.”

He was the baseborn son of a woman who had the character, among other discreditable deeds, of being an inveterate pilferer. In company with an abandoned daughter, she had been detected in an act of petit larceny, and fled to parts unknown, only a few months before the date of our story. Whit had all his life been addicted to vice and indolence. Though no positive proof could be brought against him, it was generally believed that he followed the example of his mother. His associates were gamblers, and other vile and dissolute characters. He dressed in an ostentatious style, and sported a number of golden ornaments, such as rings, breast-pins, chains, and the like. He was al-

ways supplied with money, by what means acquired, no one knew certainly, but every one had some well-defined suspicion. There were strange stories afloat, in the village and neighborhood, about travellers who had been robbed on the highway. One horrible story was current about a traveller who, having stopped one evening at the village hotel, had mysteriously disappeared during the night. His horse was found the next morning, in the stable belonging to the hotel, where he had been placed on his arrival. No one could give any account of the sudden disappearance of the traveller. The village gossips had no doubt that he had been murdered. Rumor connected the name of Whit Purdis with this singular occurrence. But as no trace of the man could ever be discovered, no one could arrive at anything more than vague conjecture concerning his departure.

It was not strange that Matthew should give Whit a wide berth as he ran out of the cottage on his way to Mr. Fuller's. His name was so familiarly mentioned in connection with deeds of robbery and murder, that even the boys were chilled with horror whenever it was mentioned in their hearing. Horry, less perturbed in spirit than his brother, sat for some time scanning the expression of the notorious dwarf. At last he seemed to satisfy himself that he was human in form, and sported neither the horns, cloven foot, nor tail of his Satannic majesty. Stepping across the room to his father, and looking up with tearful eyes into his face, he said : "Father, did the Indians kill Uncle George?"

"No, my boy, men more cruel than the ignorant savages murdered the poor negro."

"O how I wish that General Marion, with his brave soldiers——"

"You forget, child, that General Marion is dead. Your grandfather helped to lay him in his coffin, and said, 'The bravest of the brave is fallen.'"

The child's countenance assumed an aspect of indescribable indignation, and turning upon Whit a look of withering scorn, said :

"Did you kill Uncle George?"

The hardened villain shook with terror as the artless child addressed him with this simple but emphatic inquiry. Soon, however, he recovered his self-possession, but averted his eyes from the piercing gaze of the boy.

"I say, sir, did you kill Uncle George?"

He pronounced the words in a shrill voice, with a quivering lip, and, pausing for a moment, continued :

"When I grow up to be a man, I'll punish you for killing Uncle George."

Was it one of these strange presentiments which sometimes enter the minds of children, which remain almost as abiding as an instinct, and often exert a controlling influence upon their character and destiny, that caused the child to utter these words? Perhaps the sequel of our story will show how abiding was the impression of that moment upon the mind of Horry. Whether it was the enthusiastic energy with which he spoke, or because the words seemed to be uttered under a prophetic impulse, or because Whit felt in that moment some remaining sense of retributive justice, and felt thrilled with horror at the atrocious crime he had just committed, it is certain that something caused

him to betray signs of deep agitation. He glanced rapidly at Captain Thurston, and then at Mr. Tracy, and at last turned his eyes in another direction, while his face became red and pale by turns. He endeavored for a moment to recover his composure, but the effort only seemed to increase his perturbation, and settling himself on the chair, with a sullen, downcast look, he remained silent. It was evident that he would not soon forget that pointed question, "*Did you kill Uncle George?*"

Horry, at length, turned round, burst into tears, and buried his face in his hands upon his father's knee. There he continued to sob, while every one remained still and silent in the cottage.

At length Mr. Fuller appeared at the gate, and Captain Thurston went out to meet him. They stood without the enclosure for several minutes, conversing in a low tone. During this time, the culprit glanced, with an uneasy expression, first at one door and then at the other, but seeing the determined eye of Tracy fixed upon him, he made no effort to escape. While he was thus looking about, he made out to leer into the other apartment. He was exactly in the position to scan all the arrangements of the room in the neighborhood of the foot of the bed.

Mr. Fuller stepped into the house, and, shaking hands with Mr. Tracy, asked him to go and watch by the dead negro, while he and Captain Thurston would go on to the village with Whit, and send the coroner with his jury.

"Come, sir," he continued, addressing Whit, "we'll try to find lodgings for you in the jail."

"Ha ! ha ! catch Whit Purdis putting up at that tavern. Much *oblieged* to ye, but I have very comfortable quarters elsewhere, and expect to occupy them."

These words were spoken with that *nonchalance* and peculiar sinister look which always indicate the confirmed villain.

After all the men had left the cottage, Mrs. Thurston put everything in order about the house ; then stepping to the back side of the kitchen, she turned loose a dog of uncommon size and fierceness. She then secured the front gate by means of a leathern strap, and telling Matthew and Horry to remain within the yard, she started to Mr. Fuller's.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Fuller's two children, Frank, a boy about twelve, and Lizzie, six years old, accompanied by a mulatto boy of about ten, came over to keep company with Matthew and Horry.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN THURSTON'S HISTORY.

Garland Thurston belonged to an old, aristocratic family. His father, Colonel George Thurston, was an officer of distinction in the Revolutionary struggle. He had fought side-by-side with General Marion in many of those brilliant exploits which crown his memory with immortal fame. Among the earliest reminiscences of Garland, was the rescue of his father's premises, by the gallant Marion, from a band of tory marauders, who were bent upon pillage and destruction. He had, therefore, a vivid recollection of the patriotic General. In fact, that brave and generous hero always loved and honored Colonel Thurston, and often visited his house. Garland had often been trotted on his knee, had tugged at his bright buttons, had run his fingers through his shirt ruffles, and played with the hilt of his sword. He became so fond of the old general that, as he grew up, he insensibly imitated his manners.

In those good old times, the patriotic ardor glowed with a purer intensity than in these days of political strife. Around the hearth-stone of many an old Carolina homestead the family gathered, of winter evenings,

to hear the thrilling incidents of the Revolution narrated by the patriarch of the household. He would tell of hairbreadth escapes from Indian or tory ; of some of the great battles with the minions of George the Third, in which he had taken an active part ; of incarceration within prison walls ; of beholding, with bleeding heart, the desolation of Carolinian homes and fields ; of many a startling and thrilling incident of "the times that tried men's souls." Often the old man grew eloquent in his description of the scenes so vividly impressed upon his memory. As he waxed warmer, he became grand, and seemed to re-enact those scenes by the quiet fireside, as if forgetful, for the time, that the Constitution and sword had made that spot a sanctuary more secure than any upon European soil. The younger members of the family caught the inspiration of his enthusiasm, and felt a glow of patriotic pride that they lived in the land of Washington, and in the state so long defended by the invincible Marion. In this manner were the children of the last generation taught by their Revolutionary sires. In this manner did those sires endeavor to transmit their principles, pure and untarnished, to their posterity.

The heroes of the olden time were worshipped, not with the pomp and circumstance, the base sycophancy of our modern flunkeys, but with a grateful remembrance of their achievements, and a profound veneration for their virtues.

How sad to behold the spirit of the primitive times decaying ! One would think the true *amor patriæ* can only be seen in the party caucus, the party platform, the party candidate, and the party spoils.

Alas ! my country, thou art ruled, not by the dignified and graceful monarch, not by the pure-minded republican statesman, but by the low and vulgar demagogue. The pure and lofty-minded, the cultivated and patriotic citizen flees the political arena of the day, because there is contamination in the touch.

The humble circumstances in which we now find Captain Thurston, are owing to a train of events which stands connected with our story. In early manhood, he formed an attachment to a young lady of great beauty and merit, whose name was Mary Landell. She was poor, and this circumstance would, perhaps, have been sufficient, in the estimation of the proud old Colonel Thurston, to object to the match. But there was even a greater difficulty. Judge Landell, her father, was a tory. He served his king with unwavering fidelity through the stormy period of the Revolution. Though he never countenanced the disgraceful atrocities which marked the course of many of the tory bands of South Carolina, his devotion to the interests of the crown left him, at the close of the war, reduced from a condition of great affluence to one of dependence.

Still he continued proud and unyielding in his opposition to the principles of the American revolution. Colonel Thurston could not brook the idea of tory blood circulating through the veins of any of his descendants. His opposition, however, proved unavailing, for Garland and Mary were married, and, with Judge Landell, emigrated to Kentucky. The following year Colonel Thurston died, and left his entire estate to his only remaining child, a daughter, two years younger than

Garland. She had married a gentleman of great wealth but the portion she had inherited was still greater. There was but one thing left to Garland. It was his father's miniature, in a gold case, bearing within it the autograph of George Thurston. The colonel was arrayed in full military costume, grasping a flag of the union, with stars and stripes. Thus he seemed to reproach his son for a want of due respect for those national emblems, which should ever remind him of the priceless worth of liberty. The miniature was described with great particularity in the will.

It must have cost the proud, but patriotic Colonel Thurston a struggle when, at last, he changed his will by inserting a provision to the effect that should Agnes, his daughter, die without issue, the property should be inherited by the children of Garland.

Garland and his father-in-law settled near the bank of the Ohio river. They erected comfortable cabins, cleared away the canebrake, and opened a large farm. They were blessed with fine crops, and soon became prosperous. Mary became the mother of two children. Old Judge Landell seemed to live only to love and caress the children of his only daughter. Though he was crushed and despised for his tory principles, he bore up to an extreme old age, proud and stern, retaining, to the day of his death, his veneration for the British monarchy. He had just been consigned to the grave when the "Late War," as it has ever since been called, broke out. Garland, as the captain of a company of Kentucky riflemen, joined General Harrison in Indiana. After a two years' campaign he returned home to learn that his wife was dead, and his children

gone. Mary had heard that he had been slain in battle. Heart-broken and desolate, she sunk under the blow, and after some weeks of painful illness, expired. The two children were taken by a widow lady, who resided alone in a little hut near the river, on the outskirts of a considerable village. One morning, some months after they had taken up their abode with this lady, the children were both missing. The village was searched, and all the adjacent country, but no trace could be discovered of the lost children.

The blow fell heavily upon Garland. Almost frantic, he spent twelve months in a fruitless search for his children. He could only learn that the last time either of them had been seen, they were strolling together along the river bank. One circumstance, however, at length revived his sinking hopes. He ascertained that about the time they disappeared, a carriage drawn by a span of white horses, had stopped all night at the village tavern, and left early the next morning. He began to hope that this was his sister's carriage. He conjectured that she, having heard the report of his death, and that of his wife, might have sent for the children. He made diligent inquiries for the woman with whom the children stayed, but she, too, had disappeared about the same time.

These circumstances induced him to dispose of his property in Kentucky, and return to his native state. He did so. His sister received him very coolly, and he remained but a single night in her house. She had but one child, a daughter, then at a boarding-school in New-England. Getting no information concerning his children, he came to the conclusion that they had fallen into the river and perished.

He visited the office for the registry of wills, and found his father's will as we have stated. The clerk handed him a sealed package, which he told him was a copy of the will left by his father.

"It will be of no use to me," said Garland, bitterly. "My sister has an heir, and I have none."

"It is yours," said the clerk; "take it with you; if it does you no good, it can do you no harm."

He took it with an air of indifference, and opening a sheep-skin wallet, thrust it carelessly into one of the pockets. He then turned away and left his native district forever.

Which way should he go? Abandoned by his kindred, spurned by his only sister, bereaved of wife and children, and disinherited by his father, there seemed to be nothing for which he could wish to live. The war was now at an end, or he might seek employment congenial to his nature in the army. He wended his way instinctively in the direction of Kentucky.

In the evening of the third day after he left his sister's house, he stopped at the hotel in Spartanburgh. Indisposed to engage any one in conversation, he took a seat a little aside from a group of men who were assembled in the hall. The dim light of the room scarcely revealed the outlines of a single countenance. Fatigued, harassed, and weighed down with melancholy, he gave way to his own bitter reflections. He was aroused from his gloomy reverie by the mention of familiar names. He listened to the conversation of the party of gentlemen, who were seated together around a table, where glimmered the light of a solitary candle.

They were talking of the incidents of the late war. The names of battles were mentioned in which he had taken a part. He heard his own name mentioned in terms of praise. Then the conversation turned upon the character and exploits of another, whose name he did not hear, owing to the noise produced by the entrance of two or three other persons. He learned, however, from the drift of the conversation, that the gentlemen regarded himself, as well as the other person of whom they were speaking, as dead. He heard, occasionally, a voice that sounded familiar.

He was in the act of drawing his chair a little nearer to the group of men, when one of them arose and stood up—a tall, handsome, noble form. The glimmering light of the candle enabled Garland to catch a glimpse of features as manly and noble as the form.

He started, rose to his feet, and looked upon those features with mingled surprise and pleasure. They looked at each other, but neither spoke. The gentleman evidently did not recognize him. He was about to turn to leave the hall, when Garland spoke :

“Can I be mistaken? Are you not Colonel Tracy?”

“No, sir; I am a brother of Colonel Tracy. Were you acquainted with him?”

“We belonged to the same regiment in Indiana.”

“Your name, if you please?”

“Thurston.”

“Thurston! Is it possible! Are you a brother of the gallant Captain Thurston who fell in the battle of ____?”

“Captain Thurston was not killed in that battle,

only dangerously wounded. He recovered, and now has the pleasure to take the brother of his esteemed friend and colonel by the hand."

Charles Tracy eagerly grasped the extended hand and said :

"Oh, sir, you have come but in time to mourn with us the untimely death of your companion in arms."

"Indeed ! is Colonel Tracy *dead* ?"

"He escaped the murderous tomahawk of the savage, and the steel of the Briton, to fall by the hand of loathsome disease. He contracted the small-pox in Charleston, and, only a month ago, fell a victim to its virulence. Though he was my own brother, I can say that a brave and good man has fallen."

"As brave a soldier as ever drew the sword, as true a Christian as ever buckled on his armor, as honest a man as ever breathed the air."

As Garland pronounced this brief encomium, a low murmur of applause ran through the little group of men in the hall, and every eye was fixed upon the two, who, well matched in size and manly beauty, stood holding each other by the hand.

There is a sacred and mysterious sympathy between hearts of generous and noble impulses. When sorrow and bereavement have touched such natures, they feel a mutual attraction. From that moment, Charles Tracy and Garland Thurston became friends. The latter was not allowed to proceed on his westward journey.

Charles, who, still unmarried, resided with his father, about three miles from the village, carried Garland home with him to spend a few days. The few

days soon fled, and the visit was prolonged for as many weeks.

In a few months, the friendship which sprung up between Garland and the Tracy family, was cemented by a holier bond—he won the heart and hand of Charles' only sister, Elizabeth.

CHAPTER V.

THE PREACHER AND HIS DISCIPLE.

MATTHEW TRACY, the father of Elizabeth, or Betsy, as we shall henceforth call her, was once wealthy; but a succession of reverses had deprived him of a large portion of his property, and, at the time of his daughter's marriage with Captain Thurston, he was in limited circumstances. Betsy possessed a vigorous intellect, and an extraordinary capacity for patient endurance. She was inexhaustible in her contrivances for making all the losses, accidents, and failures of life, subservient to the happiness of those around her. In the hovels of the poor, at the bedside of the sick and dying, she was an angel of mercy. Her fame spread over the whole district, and she was sent for, to go far and near, on her missions of charity. Refined in her manners, with a good degree of intelligence, she always received a cordial welcome into the best circles of society, while her visits to the poorer classes were always hailed with delight. Benevolence, patience, fortitude, and industry, were among her prominent virtues; an invincible cheerfulness and equanimity of temper, were her constant companions. No misfortune was ever known to cast a shadow of melancholy over her mild

and beaming countenance. The law of kindness was ever on her tongue, and the sunshine of a happy disposition always played upon her face. She was beautiful, had many admirers, and had been compelled to reject more than one worthy suitor ; thus she continued single until she entered her twenty-eighth year.

The virtues which shed their lustre over the character of this lovely woman, were owing, in part, to a providential instrumentality.

Andy Gaulding, as he was popularly called, was a Methodist preacher of the primitive stamp. It was affirmed, by the young people of Betsy Tracy's day, that he was the greatest preacher of "his day and generation." If any one presumed to question this point, it was immediately stated, in proof of the fact, that his voice could be distinctly heard at the distance of two miles. That impassioned eloquence which had wrought moral wonders all over the district of Spartanburgh, had produced much good fruit, but none better than the conversion of Betsy Tracy and her brother Jesse. That brother was the one who, returning from his campaign in Indiana (where he won golden opinions, by the display of the courage and skill of an able commander, and where he had formed the acquaintance of Captain Thurston), died a happy Christian death in his native state.

The other members of the Tracy family belonged to the Baptist church. Though the house was thus divided, ecclesiastically, against itself, there was the spirit of charity uniting all the members to the same invisible Head. No acrimonious controversy, no crimination and recrimination, no "lo here, and lo there," no "I

am of Paul and I of Apollos," in that little circle of parents and children, was ever known to engender the spirit of discord. Each looked upon all the rest as Christians, as members of the same heavenly family, the same household of faith, divided into different apartments, but meeting, ever and again, in the great family hall, around a common altar and a common Savior. The Tracy homestead was, in this respect, the type of the religious state of the entire district throughout which Andy, the evangelist, extended his labors. He was everywhere hailed by the ministers of other churches, as a brother well-beloved, and he always reciprocated the Christian courtesies which he received.

Betsy was one of his most efficient co-laborers. She had a fine voice, a taste for vocal music, and she made good use of her powers. The old Methodist melodies were her favorites, and she sang them with such enchanting sweetness, with such fervid pathos, as seldom failed to affect the hearts of all who listened to her subduing strains. Both saints and sinners melted to tears under the magic of her song. No scene on earth could be more enchantingly grand, could present to the eye a finer group of pleasing pictures, or to the ear a more pleasing concord of sweet sounds, than one of old Andy's camp-meeting sermons, followed by one of Betsy's favorite melodies. Imagine a tall, middle-aged man, whose locks are slightly frosted—of commanding form and saintly mien—with clean white cravat, and round breasted coat, without buttons—breeches without suspenders—broad-brimmed hat—walking, with solemn, but stately step, up a camp-meeting aisle—ascending the stand to proclaim the gospel to five or six thousand

attentive listeners, and you have a distinct image of our idea of a Methodist preacher of the primitive stamp.

His education was imperfect, and "language lame;" but when he became animated, and all his nature aglow, he poured out a tide of natural, but powerful oratory.

His thundering appeals, his touching persuasiveness, his glowing imagery, but, above all, his familiar, but appropriate use of Scripture facts and metaphors, appalled, dismayed, overwhelmed, or thrilled the living mass before him. Amidst tears, and groans, and shouts, from the vast assemblage, he took his seat. A few moments, and the stillness of death succeeded the burst of emotion, and then could be heard a sweet voice, pronouncing distinctly each word and syllable of some familiar song of Zion. Now it rises to its full compass and power, swelling over the vast auditory in touching pathos; again it sinks away in tremulous cadences, as it is borne upon the wings of the passing zephyr. Now the gushing strains of melody swell out upon the evening breeze, and kindle the pious ardor of the assembly into a flood of rapture. A few more of those unearthly swells, and a shout, loud and strong, rises in the camp; mourners rush in crowds to the altar, and old Andy's voice, loud and shrill, is heard above the tempest of shrieks and sighs, like the thundering cataract above the murmur of the flowing stream:

"Glory, honor, and salvation!
Jesus died for every nation!"

Such was the preacher, and such the disciple.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAPPY HOME.

THE Thurston cottage became the abode of peace and happiness. Two loving hearts nestled there, far from the din and strife, the false-heartedness and insipid pleasures of the gay world. Two hearts united in the bonds of pure affection, satisfied, contented to spend and be spent for each other. Better days they had both seen—that is, days of affluence and luxury—but not happier. Garland was strong, healthy, temperate; though at times he was stern, iron-willed, somewhat impatient of opposition, he was always kind, affectionate, courteous in his demeanor toward his wife.

He was industrious, too, and plenty crowned his board. No carking care deprived him of refreshing sleep; no demon of disappointed hope corrugated his manly brow. The early dawn found him at his daily toil; the evening brought him to his cottage home, where Betsy's loving smile and vesper hymn, her wholesome fare and pleasant converse, prepared him for the night's repose. There lacked but one ingredient to make that home a little Eden; Garland was not religious. Betsy was painfully conscious of this deficiency.

Trained up amid the most cultivated and refined citizens of his native state, his manners would have graced a court, as his commanding form and dauntless spirit had adorned the camp ; but he knew no more of bowing at a throne of grace, than of supplicating an earthly king. In his laboring garb he presented the appearance of an athletic yeoman ; but in his graceful attitudes, and dignified demeanor, the highest style of a Carolina gentleman. He knew nothing about religion ; he had nothing to say on that subject. Whether he was at heart an infidel, or whether he chose only to maintain an inscrutable reserve in reference to his theological opinions, could never be ascertained even by Betsy herself. He was not a scoffer nor an open skeptic ; he was only silent and inscrutable. Yet no one ever took greater pleasure in the sweet songs that Betsy sung, than he, and often when confined within doors by inclement weather, and many a quiet sabbath evening, the voice of grateful melody sounded out from that little cottage.

Thus a year glided away, softly, almost unconsciously, to that happy pair. Then Matthew was born. Garland folded him in his manly arms ; and Betsy's heart overflowed with grateful joy. A new fount of life opened in her womanly heart, a new gush of rapture welled up within her bosom. Two more years pass away, and Horry is born. The two boys are now the parents' pride and joy and hope.

As they grew up, and could understand, the winter evening's weary hours wore away, beguiled with many a well-told tale. The war of the Revolution, the patriots of those times, the heroes and heroines ; the

deadly conflicts with Indians and tories ; marvellous encounters, perils, escapes ; the household words and songs of those brave spirits who cleared the forest, opened fruitful fields, built houses, founded cities, and made the nation what it is—these were narrated by Garland, again and again, until they were indelibly stamped upon the minds of the children.

As they listened to these stories of the olden time, many a form, divinely fair, arose before their imaginations. The Americans seemed to them as a race of demigods, while all tories and British were no better than infernal fiends, whom they chased away. General Washington was some august power, the embodiment of all earthly greatness and goodness. It required but a nod of the head from that mighty spirit of patriotism to make the whole British army quake with fear. It was hard for Horry to conceive of him as a man, with flesh and blood, who ate, and drank, and slept, like other men. Other famous characters passed in solemn pomp before their childish fancies, as Garland enriched the stories of their times with picturesque sketches of their persons and exploits. Among them all, none seemed so near and dear to the heart of little Horry as General Marion. He, of all the bright galaxy of American patriots, seemed human. He was of his own house and kindred, his grandfather's friend and companion in arms. His own father had seen him, had sat upon his knee, had heard him talk, and seen the kindling of his patriotic eye. Then, as he thought of the partisan general, he would mount his father's staff for a noble charger, and, taking a stick for a sword, dash across the cottage floor in the imaginary pursuit of *retreating British*.

The spirit of chivalry entered into the child. The Fuller children, both white and black, were organized into a military corps. Now they fall upon and pelt a flock of geese, anon they give chase to a litter of pigs. At one time they make a descent upon the cornfield, cutting, slashing, and slaying whatever in the form of hopping, creeping, crawling, or flying creature presumes to cross their path ; at another time, they rear a fortification of boards, and an old hen, with her brood, like some grave British general, is besieged. Again, little Lizzie is an imaginary captive, borne off by the little negroes, representing a squad of Indians, and Horry, with his little army, pursues and brings her back. In all these exploits he is none other than the veritable Marion.

While from their father they caught the military ardor, let us turn to another feature of their home education. It was the daily practice of their mother to carry them into her closet, and, kneeling, pray audibly for them, and then teach them to bow and pray for themselves. She taught them many appropriate Scripture verses, and short hymns of praise. The influence of the father's spirit and teaching became more conspicuous in the character of Horry, while those of the mother were more fully displayed in the character of Matthew. While the former was more bold, daring, and fearless, the latter became more devotional, subdued, and tender. So passed the halcyon days of childhood in the Thurston cottage.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

MATTHEW, Horry, and the Fuller children, were seated on the front steps of the cottage, just as the last rays of the setting sun were departing behind the western hills. The dark shadows cast over the yard by the walnut-trees, had gathered into a thicker gloom. Still Betsy lingered at Mr. Fuller's, and Charles Tracy watched the body of the dead negro on the creek bank, wondering why the coroner and his jury did not come. Garland and Mr. Fuller were still at the village, doing all in their power to have their prisoner committed to prison.

Pending the investigation, which was conducted in the court-house, the shades of dusk rendered it necessary for the room to be lighted. When the lights were brought, it was discovered that the prisoner had made his escape. Jim Strange, the accomplice of Whit Purdis, had not been arrested, and they both left immediately for parts unknown. They were never seen in Spartanburgh after that day.

Strange had been about the village only a few months. Of his antecedents, no one knew anything, but his constant association with Whit Purdis put him

down upon a low level in public estimation. Nevertheless, he was evidently a young man of superior mind and education. He was slender, well-formed, and graceful in person, and had an air of polish and good breeding which seemed natural. Gifted in speech, he was deemed a prodigy for his colloquial powers. But, while he appeared elegant and refined in his dress, manners, and conversation, he wore, at times, a peculiarly forbidding aspect of countenance. It was manifest that an attractive form, winning address, and captivating manners, could not conceal the workings of dark passions within him.

Into the hands of this man, and his boon companion, Whit Purdis, "Uncle George," a negro of remarkably strong intellect, belonging to Mr. Fuller, had fallen. In endeavoring to escape from them by flying to his master for protection, they had overtaken and murdered him.

The children had been talking about the tragedy, and lamenting the sad fate of the unfortunate negro—for they all loved him. How often had he carried them along the banks of the winding creek, cleared their way through the swamp, baited their hooks, and strung the flouncing fishes which they caught ! How often had he brought them presents of little rarities from the village shops ! How often had he taken his fiddle down from the shelf in his comfortable log-cabin, and played the tunes they loved !

The sorrows of childhood are like the morning cloud—they soon fit away, their joys as soon return. They had wept, then talked, then played ; and now longing, as the night drew on, to see their parents return, they seated themselves to rest their weary limbs.

“Lion!”

At the mention of this name by Matthew, the large spotted dog came laughing, and, wagging his long bushy tail, crouched down at the children’s feet.

“Lizzie,” said Horry, “sing ‘Buds and Flowers.’”

The child commenced in a soft, sweet voice, and sang a couple of stanzas of a pretty little song which she had often sung for Horry before, and had as often presented him with a little bouquet, expressive of the sentiments embodied in the lines. As soon as she finished the song, she said :

“Now, Horry, you sing the ‘Whippoorwill.’”

The boy consented, and sung as follows :

“The day is gone, the day is gone,
And all around is still ;
Save when I sing my lonely song :
‘Chip will de will ! chip will de will !’

“A lovely mate sat by my side,
And when the night grew still,
We told our loves, and each replied,
‘Chip will de will ! chip will de will !’

“But an envious owl came flying by,
And stole her away ; but still
The wild wood rings with her parting cry :
‘Chip will de will ! chip will de will !’

“How sad am I when the night comes on
And alone the air I fill,
With a hymn for my mate that’s dead and gone :
‘Chip will de will ! chip will de will !’

“In a brighter world we’ll meet ere long,
Where sorrow cannot kill,
And I’ll woo her again with my gentle song :
‘Chip will de will ! chip will de will !’”

“That song makes me feel very sad,” said Frank Fuller to Matthew.

“Why, Frank?”

“Because it reminds me of what Uncle George once told me.”

“What did he tell you?” asked Matthew.

“Well, Matthew, Uncle George used to believe in some very strange things. You know he believed that if lightning should happen to set anything a fire, it could be put out only with sweet milk—that if Aunt Patsy, his wife, put sweet milk into the gravy of fried meat, it would make the cow go dry—that if he started off from home, and had turned back to get something he had forgotten, unless he made a cross-mark in the road, some bad luck would happen to him before he got back.”

“Well, what has the song to do with Uncle George’s notions, Frank?”

“Let me tell you what he said to me once. He said if you hear a whippoorwill while you are lying on your back, if you don’t turn over, it’s a sign you are going to die.”

“And I reckon you think that Uncle George heard one last night,” said Matthew.

“I don’t know,” said Frank, “but I’m afraid to *lie* on *my* back of nights.”

“Can whippoorwills kill folks, Brother Frank?” asked little Lizzie.

“Why no, Lizzie,” said Horry, “they’re nothing but birds.”

“I love birds, don’t you, Horry?”

“Yes. Matthew, can’t you sing the ‘Wood Robin?’”

“I reckon so,” said Matthew, and, in a voice of

greater compass and melody than that of Horry, he sang :

"Stay, sweet enchanter of the grove,
Leave not so soon thy native tree;
Rest thy soft bosom on this spray,
Till chilly Autumn frown severe;
Then cheer me with a parting lay,
And I will answer with a tear.

"But when sweet Spring enriched with flowers,
Comes dancing o'er the new-dressed plain,
Return and cheer my woodland bower,
Sweet robin, with those notes again,
Return and cheer, return and cheer,
My bower with those notes again."

As the last notes of the song died away, the shadow in the yard deepened into the darkness of night. A shrill whistle was heard at some distance in the thicket, just opposite the cottage, across the road. In a few minutes they heard another, in the direction of the orchard, back of the garden. Immediately after this they heard the crackling of brush, in the direction of the first whistle. The faithful watch-dog rose from his reclining posture, walked with majestic step toward the gate, and looked across the road. Lizzie, trembling with agitation, leaned up close to the side of Horry. The boys listened with breathless stillness to catch the sound again.

"We needn't be afraid," said Horry. "Lion wouldn't let anything come in at that gate."

"Matthew," said Frank, "do you reckon there are any ghosts?"

"No; mother says if the spirits of good people were to come back to this world, they wouldn't do any one

any harm, and if the spirits of bad people were to come, they couldn't."

"Why couldn't they?"

"Because, Frank, God would not let them."

"Do you reckon there are any witches?"

"No; mother says the Bible reads about witches, but they were nothing but wicked persons."

"I believe there are ghosts, and witches, too."

"Why do you believe it, Frank?" asked Horry.

"Because Uncle George saw a ghost once, and he always believed that Whit Purdis' mother was a witch, and that Whit himself could do bad tricks."

"I don't want us to think nor talk about Whit Purdis," said Matthew; "let us talk about your new boat, Frank, that Uncle George made for you."

"I haven't rowed it any yet," said Frank, "but father says I can go next Saturday, and that one of the negroes may put it into the deep place at the lower end of your father's field."

"That is a good place for it, but if I were you I wouldn't leave it there."

"Why, Matthew?"

"So many of the town boys go there, I'm afraid they will break it to pieces."

"I don't know any boy that would do such a thing," said Frank, "but Tom Brock, and I don't think he'd do it if he knew the boat was mine."

"Tom Brock is a bad boy," said Matthew, "he disobeys his mother, and gets more whipping than any other boy in school."

"Yes; and I'm sorry for him, for he's a poor boy, and has no father. Last week Mr. Sparks made him

take off his coat in school, and he then whipped him very hard. His shirt was ragged, and I felt so sorry for him I almost cried."

"I think," said Matthew, "that I have heard that his father was hung."

"He was," said Frank, "for I have heard father say so."

"May be that's what makes Tom so bad," said Horry.

"It is; for one of the boys threw it up to him, and Tom struck him for it. That was the reason why Mr. Sparks whipped him. But I didn't blame Tom so much, for I would fight sooner for my father than myself."

"So would I," said Horry.

"It's a sin to fight," said Matthew.

"I know it," said Horry, "but it isn't a sin if one fights for his father or for his country, for General Marion fought for his country, and he wasn't a sinner."

Lion gave a hoarse growl at the gate. The boys listened again in breathless stillness. The evening was pleasant, and the stars shone through the cloudless atmosphere with that clear brilliancy so peculiar to the Southern autumn.

While the watch dog kept his station at the gate, the boys felt secure from harm. Frank and Matthew now rose, and with the mulatto boy, Cesar, engaged in a gleeful romp in the yard, but Horry and Lizzie sat still on the steps.

In a few minutes, Lion commenced barking furiously, and, to the surprise of the boys, ran back toward the cottage-door.

"Gorry mighty ! Mas' Frank, what dat ?"
"Hush ! Cesar !"

Horry now carried Lizzie, trembling with fear, into his mother's room, and assisted her to climb upon the bed. She begged him not to leave her, and he crawled up after her, and stood folding her in his arms on the bed. Frank and Matthew also retreated into the house, but stood at the door looking toward the gate. The mulatto boy, seized with a panic, darted round the house, and fled through the back part of the enclosure toward home.

The conduct of the dog was strange ; he had never been known to show any symptoms of fear. Now he rushed furiously up to the gate, and as quickly retreated toward the door. Again he rushed forward ; the gate was thrown wide open, and the dog gave back. Something entered ; it was the size of a large sheep ; its eyes glared like balls of fire ; the dog fled behind the house, and the monster pursued him.

Frank and Matthew ran into the room, and climbed upon the joists over the bed, where Horry stood holding Lizzie. They heard the sounds of heavy steps pursuing the dog round the house. Now the sound gets further off ; the dog is fleeing round the garden paling ; now they hear him yelping as he flees along through the orchard, and very soon the sound dies away, far off in the direction of the creek. A few minutes elapse, and no sound of the dog or his pursuer is heard.

Frank and Matthew get down from the joist, and stand on the bed ; they are about to descend to the floor, when they hear a step on the threshold. Another instant, and the monster bounds into the front room.

and whirls round in a circle, upsetting the chairs, and making a frightful guttural noise. Now it stands still on the hearth, at the opposite end of the front room, in full view of the horrow-struck boys. Its hideous eye-balls glare frightfully upon them.

Lizzie's face is buried in the bosom of Horry, and she does not see them. Frank begins to recover his self-possession, and, with steady nerves, is about to ask the monster if it is the ghost of the murdered negro, but, bethinking him of the condition of his sister, he remains silent.

Matthew does not think of a ghost, but is fully persuaded in his own mind that it is the devil. He had been taught to pray, and to believe in its power and efficacy. He, therefore, falls upon his knees on the bed, and begins to pray audibly. He commences in tremulous tones, but presently grows calm and confident. He pours out a strain of supplication so ardent and touching, so confiding in the All-protecting Power, that he becomes sublime in the pathos and ardor with which he appeals to the God of his mother. As for Horry, he stands calm, unperturbed ; and, while he gazes upon the hideous spectacle, feels the throbings of little Lizzie's heart against his own breast.

Now those horrid eyes are averted, but still the ugly form is there. Now it crouches on the hearth ; a dark shadow flits through the partition door ; a slight rustling at the foot of the bed ; the shadow flits back again ; a light footfall at the front door ; now the stillness of death reigns in the little cottage. Still the whitish form crouches on the hearth, but the eyes are no longer visible. A full half hour must have passed after those

terrible eye-balls ceased to glare toward the little chamber, when the children heard the voices of men approaching the house. They drew nearer, and to the great relief of the boys, they recognized the voices of Garland and Mr. Fuller. They entered the yard accompanied by the coroner and his jury. Garland expressed his astonishment to find the gate open, no light within the cottage, and especially that the dog did not, as was his constant habit, come to meet him. The boys cried out and told him there was something in the house. He went to the kitchen, struck a light, and entered the cottage axe in hand. He saw nothing.

“Look toward the fireplace,” said Frank.

He looked and started back; but raising the axe, he approached and took up a large sheep skin. All speculation as to how it came there was cut short. Every eye was now turned toward little Lizzie, who had sunk down on the bed, pale and pulseless. Garland despatched a message to Mr. Tracy, by one of the coroner’s men, to go on and bring Betsy and Mrs. Fuller. Then, mounting his horse, he galloped back to the village for a physician; while Mr. Fuller remained bathing the temples of the child, and endeavoring to restore her to consciousness.

Garland with the physician, and Charles Tracy with the women, had got back to the cottage about the same time, and were all standing about the bed of the now half-conscious child. Garland stooped down to draw out the trundle-bed for Matthew, Frank, and Horry, to lie down. He did not draw it out, but rose with the exclamation:

“Good heavens! I’m a ruined man!”

The cause of this exclamation is soon told. It will be remembered that he had told his wife, at the dinner table, that he had sold all his possessions, and was about to add that he had brought two thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars, in bank bills, home with him, which he had placed in a sheepskin wallet, and deposited in a small trunk at the foot of the bed. A thief had entered, disguised in the sheepskin, and stolen the little trunk, with its contents. At the same time the mulatto boy, Cesar, disappeared and was never seen in those parts afterward. It was evident that Whit Purdis and Jim Strange had arranged the scheme to steal Captain Thurston's trunk, with its contents.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SWEET SINGER AT TEMPLE VALE.

FAR away on the border of the Cherokee nation, a wild, rapid, romantic stream, rushes from its mountain sources, and, hurrying past lofty cliffs, leaping from cascade to cascade, traversing many dismal ravines, glides gently, at length, through a beautiful valley, which stretches away for many miles between two ranges of mountains.

This valley, once the site of an Indian town, the residence of their savage king, Amitilla, was originally called Namicalola, after his daughter, who, it is said, fell a victim to the jealous rage of her lover, a young chieftain, whose name was Chestatee. In the centre of the great plain, and near the little river that descends through it, there is a great artificial elevation, or mound which, if we may credit the tradition, was thrown up by order of Amitilla as the mausoleum of the unfortunate princess. The white settlers, however, supposing that the mound had been erected for an Indian temple, gave to the place the name of Temple Vale.

The village, situated along the base and sides of the hills which line this lovely valley, bears the same name,

and presents to the eye of the visitor a most charming and picturesque appearance. On the opposite side of the river, the mountains rising in amphitheatrical gradations, are, during summer, covered to their summits with the richest verdure; while in winter they wear an aspect of desolate grandeur. In some places the valley widens out to the breadth of two or three miles, and the whole plain is under the most skilful culture. The fertility of the valley, and the irregular line of cottages, along the hillsides opposite the widest part of the plain, present a pleasing contrast with the rugged outline of hills and mountains. A mile from the upper end of the village, a noble spring, whose waters are chalybeate, bursts from the base of a rocky cliff, and sends its limpid tide through a narrow glen that opens presently into the broader vale. At the lower extremity of the village, a commodious academy crowns an elevation, which rises abruptly from the margin of the rich plain, and is nearly hid from view by a cluster of surrounding trees. Still lower down, and on an opposite eminence, is situated the Methodist church, a plain but substantial wooden structure. A broad sandy avenue, lined on each side with an ample grove, leads from the door of the sanctuary to a gate that opens upon the public road. At this point the river makes a bend, and flows so near the hills on its left bank, as to leave just room enough for a carriage-way between the churchyard enclosure and the river bluff. Here, too, the road, which, for many miles above, runs along upon the border of the valley, makes a sudden turn, leaving the river and a considerable range of hills to the right. All among these hills, numerous brooks and

rivulets flow down, swelling incessantly the volume of that little river; and all these mountain coves, hill-sides, and glens, are thickly settled with thriving farmers.

Thus the wilderness, once the home of the savage, has become the abode of civilized man. Populous villages and cultivated fields, rural homes and domestic arts, seats of learning and temples of worship, now occupy the once unbroken waste. All among these picturesque hills, and along this charming vale, the Indians once roamed in search of game. Here, too, upon this fertile ground, which now yields an ample harvest to reward the white man's toil, they once sung and danced, and, perchance, in their savage carnivals, swore vengeance against the pale-faced encroacher. But the red man is gone, and the white man ploughs up the very bones of his fathers. Civilization conquers.

But the savages have only retired, for the present, beyond that range of lofty mountains which stand in full view of Temple Vale. There they still lay claim to the wilderness, which, unbroken, spreads away toward the distant west. Dressed in their native costume, with their rifles on their shoulders, and bearing wild turkeys, venison hams, peltry, moccasins, cane baskets, and various articles of their own manufacture, they may be seen daily crossing the little river just opposite the village.

The road, after leaving the river, ascends a gently rising ridge for the distance of half a mile, when it runs along upon the crest of the ridge for about the same distance, in full view of another valley, which opens out from a lofty range of hills toward the northwest.

A large creek descends through this valley, and empties itself into the river two or three miles below the village. Situated on this level tract, on the right hand side of the road, just a mile from the church, is a double cabin, constructed of logs, the joints of which are neatly broken with clapboards.

The cottage, with its enclosure, stock lot, garden, and out-houses, presents an air of comfort, and around it is an agreeable variety of scenery. In front, across the road, the fields open out to the range of hills beyond the creek. High up, above the sources of the creek, the mountains rise in dim, grand outline against the western sky. In the winter season, their towering cliffs are ever gleaming in the sunlight with snowy summits. Neatness, order, and good taste, are displayed within the cottage, which at once show that it is the abode of a woman of cultivation and industrious habits. As we approach it now, in mid-winter, a cheerful light is shining through the window pane.

Hark ! Do you hear that sound of melody rolling out upon the chilling breeze ? What rich, pathetic strains ! How enchanting that rich female voice, as it rises and swells to its full compass, without a discordant break ! What a glorious voice ! There is a plaintiveness in some of its intonations which moves the great deep of the soul. There is something in those tremulous cadences that thrills your very heart, and awes you into a feeling of reverence. Who could sing thus but Betsy Thurston ? What theme now inspires the breast of that inimitable singer ?

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last !

“Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.”

Seven years and a few months have elapsed since we saw that stately matron in Spartanburgh. She now sits in one corner of the cottage, knitting as she sings, beside a cheerful fire. Her features are a little changed since last we saw her. Disease has commenced its ravages upon her system, and a slight paleness has come over the once beaming and beautiful face. Still there is no trace of soul-consuming care upon that lovely brow. Cheerfulness and benevolence, meekness and chastened grief, are all sweetly blended in her expression. Sorrow she has known, deep and reaching to the heart’s core ; but there is a healing balm within, and the sunshine of submission casts a radiance over the tinge of sadness that sometimes steals softly over her meek countenance.

A youth of fifteen is seated in the opposite corner. Tall, spare-built, with thin, pale features, he bends forward, with his eyes riveted upon a book. He is evidently a hard student, and, as he now pores over his Cæsar, and strains his brain to construe the Latin, his features light up, now and then, with a smile of satisfaction, as he is enabled to render it into suitable English.

Betsy, having finished her hymn, leaves Horry intently engaged with his book, and retires into an adjoining room, where she spends about fifteen or twenty minutes in her evening devotions. Returning, with her countenance suffused with a rich glow, she sings again, with a voice tremulous with a deeper emotion, but strong, full, melodious and grand :

“ While Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

“ Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

“ In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

“ In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE SEARCH BY NIGHT—A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT.

“HORRY, how far is it to the justice’s court-house of the tenth district ?”

“Ten miles,” answered the boy.

“Your father and Matthew ought to have returned before now.”

“I heard father say that he wished to see a Mr. Clark on some particular business, and that he expected to go on to his house, several miles the other side of the court-house.”

“Did you hear him say what kind of business ?”

“Yes, m’am ; he said Mr. Clark is owner of a place on the other side of the creek, and he wishes to rent it of him.”

“I do hope he will not rent that place of Mr. Clark’s. Why, Horry, it is four miles from the church, and if we get off so far we will not be able to attend the Sunday school. I have been thinking, to-day, of a plan that will suit us all much better.”

“What is it ?” asked Horry.

“Mr. Hays, the tinner,” said Betsy, “wishes Matthew to live with him, and learn his trade. If we can procure a house in the village, your father can attend

to some business there which will pay him more than his crop will bring after deducting the price of the rent."

"I like your idea of living in the village very well, mother ; but I should like it much better if a different arrangement could be made for Matthew. I wish he could continue going to school until he gets education enough to qualify him for some higher pursuit."

"So do I, my son," said the mother, "but we must make a virtue of necessity. I know of no business that Matthew could follow that would be more likely to benefit him when he is grown. Mr. Hays has succeeded well in the business, and, you know, is now prosperous. Besides, he is a pious member of the church, and I am not afraid to trust Matthew in his hands."

"But you have not said anything about me in your plan, mother ; what do you propose for me to do?"

"Your father has not the means, Horry, to carry out his favorite project of educating you for the bar. But I have committed you to the Lord, and I earnestly hope that, in due time, He will open your way and lead you in that path which will be most for His glory. Fear not ; trust in Him, and He will lead you by a way you have not known."

A smile of mischievous pleasantry played over the features of Horry as he replied :

"So father would have me to be a lawyer, and you would have me to be a preacher ; but, mother, if I were allowed to choose my own calling, it should be neither."

"What would you prefer, then, my son?"

"I should like to go to the military academy."

“And be a soldier?”

“Yes, m’am; or an officer of distinction, if you like.”

“Why, Horry, what has put such a notion into your head?”

“Haven’t you always seen, mother, that this is the bent of my mind? From my earliest recollection I have had an invincible passion for arms. In dreams by night I have fancied myself leading an army to battle. In my mid-day visions, too, as I have followed the plough in yonder field, or, when at school, have reclined, with my book, beneath the shadow of these fine old oaks which spread their boughs over the academy yard, I have indulged my imagination in picturing military achievements. While but a child I carried my little playmates through the various evolutions of the military drill; and as I grew older, my school-mates were induced by me to organize themselves into a volunteer corps. Our most lively and interesting sports at the academy are of this character.”

“But haven’t you already had some trouble, my son, in your military operations?”

“Nothing very serious; I believe there is only one of the school-boys that really dislikes me, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that his dislike is not owing to any fault or provocation of mine. Dave Brown, you know, is older than I, and being the son of the richest man in the village, got mad with me because the boys elected me captain of the company instead of him. They elected him first lieutenant, but he would not accept it, and has never mustered with us since. I did not seek the office, but as the boys saw fit to con-

fer it on me, I did not choose to decline the honor. But if they had elected Dave Brown captain, and me to his place, I should not have been offended at him for it. In fact, I would serve as cheerfully in an inferior office, or even as a private, as in the capacity that I now fill."

"That is the right spirit, my boy, and I hope you will always abhor the sin of envy. But did you not have some difficulty with Dave Brown?"

"I did not get angry or quarrel with him. He said a great many hard things about me which I did not think proper to notice. He never said anything that I resented, but once. He made a very sneering remark about my being a member of the church, and I said, I hoped that I should never deserve any greater censure than to be reproached for my religion, and that I was sorry he had not religion enough to make himself the object of a scoffer's sneer. Since that time he has let me alone."

"No matter what occupation you may choose, my son, so long as you govern yourself by such principles. I am sure that God will be with you, and use you for His own glory."

"Mother, you have always been under one great mistake in reference to me. I think you have entertained the idea that I will become a preacher. Now if you had entertained this belief in regard to Matthew, there would have been some good reason for it. I am not half good enough for that holy calling; but if I ever saw the boy that is good enough, it is Matthew. He is the best, the purest, the noblest boy living. All the school-boys love him. They have so much confi-

dence in his honesty and veracity, that they refer many of their little disputes to him to settle. I believe he has prevented a number of fights among the boys. From some of their sports he conscientiously refrains, believing that they are inconsistent with religion; but then he always declines them in such a gentle, amiable manner, that he inspires the boys with respect for his scruples. Even Dave Brown respects him, though I can sometimes see that he curls his lip with a sarcastic grimace. But he has no cause to hate Matthew as he does me."

"I am truly glad," said Betsy, "to hear that Matthew has conducted himself so amiably. I trust that long after I am dead and gone, my dear boys will remember my counsels, and still endeavor to walk in the good and right way. I sometimes think it will not be long before you will have no mother to watch over you, and guide your feet into the paths of virtue and peace."

"I have told you, mother, what I would like, of what I have dreamed, and often pictured to my waking fancy; but you must not take me for an idle dreamer. I believe that life is real, earnest, practical, and that I must do something. Since you have not yet told me the place you have fixed for me in your plan, I will make a suggestion that has, for the last day or two, occupied my mind."

"I had not overlooked you, my dear, in my plan; but go on, and let me hear your proposition."

"Well, it is not impracticable, even under existing circumstances, for me to study law. Mr. Venable, the lawyer at Temple Vale, who, you know, has no

family, is quite wealthy, and getting along in years, has made me a most generous offer. He says if I will go on to school till I am eighteen, he will pay all my expenses, and then take me into his office and train me for the profession. Or, if I prefer it, he says, I can go to college, and he will pay all the expenses of my education, and when I graduate, he will still take me into his office to study law. Mr. Paul thinks his object is to get a young man into whose hands he can turn over his business, and, if he is promising, will make him his heir. But Mr. Venable said nothing to me about this. Now, what do you think of my accepting his proposition?"

"I am not ignorant, Horry, of the facts which you state. I have long known Mr. Venable's wishes ; so has your father. In fact, they have talked the matter over several times. Your father is strongly inclined to accept the proposition. You know that he and Mr. Venable are very intimate and friendly. But not for all that he is worth would I willingly expose you to the pernicious influence of his example and opinions. He has been a friend to us in time of need ; is, indeed, a truly generous and noble man ; but it is said that he is a stanch unbeliever, and rather makes light of religion. But your father has been so set in favor of the plan that I have said but little against it. This is one reason why I did not mention your name in the plan that has occupied my thoughts to-day."

"Mother, our views correspond precisely. I would not accept Mr. Venable's offer ; not merely because he is reported to be an infidel, for I don't believe that he or any one else could shake my confidence in the religion which you have taught me ; but because I would

not have it said that I had risen by the bounty of another, or that I was his *protégé*. I would not sacrifice my own independence, nor cheek the ambition that prompts me to make my own fortune and carve out my own destiny."

"What, then, is the proposition you have to suggest, my son?"

"Mr. Corley, the hotel-keeper, offers me three hundred dollars to superintend his house next year, and, if you and father will consent, I will accept his offer. I don't like the business, but, as you say, I will make a virtue of present necessity, and trust to Providence to open my way. Father needs money; he needs it now; and I would not see him or you suffer while you live, for the prospect of enjoying millions when you are dead and gone."

"God bless you, my darling!" and, saying this, the mother rose, and, stepping across the room, imprinted a warm kiss upon the boy's forehead.

She then opened the front door, and stood for several minutes in breathless stillness, as if listening for approaching voices or footsteps. The heavens were overcast with clouds, and the cold wind came rushing down the valley and across the hills. Now there was a momentary calm, and, inclining her ear in the direction of the creek, where it crossed the road, some two hundred yards below the house, she listened long and patiently, but discerning no sound of voice or脚步, she turned and closed the door.

"Horry, my dear, get some lightwood and prepare a torch; I fear something has happened, or your father and Matthew would have returned before now."

“What are you going to do, mother?”

“I’m going in search of them.”

“No, no, mother; don’t go out to-night. You know you have been threatened of late with a return of your cough; you’ll get sick if you go.”

“I must go, Horry.”

“It will do them no good, mother, and may do you harm; where could you find them this dark, cold, dreary night?”

“I will go as far as Parson Dale’s, and inquire about them; it is only three miles.”

“But what if you do not find them, or hear from them at Parson Dale’s?”

“Then I must go on to the court-house. It is unusual for your father to stay so late, and I fear some accident has happened; or he has met with Brown and—”

“Stay, mother, and let me go.”

“Then I should still be more uneasy than ever; get a torch, and you may accompany me.”

In a few minutes Horry had a torch lighted, and a bundle of split lightwood sticks under his arm.

His mother wrapped herself in a thick shawl, and securing the fire, and fastening the doors, they proceeded on foot, down the hill, toward the creek.

“When we lived in Spartanburgh, father never fell into these strange ways, did he, mother?”

“No, my dear, I never knew him to get out of the way in the least, until he lost that money in Spartanburgh.”

“Did the loss of the money cause him to do so?”

“He has never since that seemed as cheerful and

happy as he was before ; and I suppose the loss operated upon his mind, and weighed him down to such an extent as to discourage him."

" He indulges in his habits now, much oftener than when we first came to Temple Vale, does he not ?"

" Ever since your Uncle Charles Tracy died, he has been subject more frequently to his melancholy fits ; but our late loss has affected him even more than the first."

" It seem to me that if he goes on this way," said Horry, " he will ruin everything."

" I fear so," said the mother, " but you must not complain of your father, son ; he still labors hard, and misfortunes constantly overtake him. Let us be patient, pray to God for him, and hope that he may yet change his course."

" Do you think he will *ever* change his habits, mother ?"

" I do most ardently hope and pray that he will, and that he may become a good Christian."

" Do you *believe* it, mother ?"

" Yes, Horry, I may say with some measure of trust, and, I think, without presumption, *I believe it.*"

" Matthew says the same thing, mother, but it does seem to me to be the hardest thing that ever I tried to get my mind to believe it."

" Hold the light one side of me, son, so I may see how to step on the foot-log."

" Here, mother, let me go before ; you can see better. Now, step up and steady yourself by me ; the log is damp and slippery. The creek is pretty full from the late rains ; there, we're over now. We shall have a

snow-storm I fear ; the clouds are thickening, and the cold is increasing. Mother, what will we do if we don't find them at Parson Dale's, nor the court-house?"

" Maybe we'll hear which way they went."

" And what then ?"

" We must follow them up."

They are now ascending a long, stony ridge, that rises from the low grounds on the creek. Deep ravines run out on the right hand, winding among a continuous bed of hills that extends to the river. All among these deep ravines and mountain gorges, there are dark caverns and dens of wild beasts. Beyond the river, stretches the unbroken wilderness, still the abode of savage men. The torchlight throws a glare upon those dismal gorges, revealing now a huge gray rock, jutting from the side of a precipice ; again a dark opening in the rugged hill-side, or a thick maze of tangled brushwood. The road passes over an uneven surface, and, all around, the country wears an aspect of rugged wilderness, rendered the more fearfully picturesque by the glaring torchlight. The darkness of the night, the dismal canopy of the thickening cloud, the moanings of the wind, as it sweeps over the hills, all conspire to render the rugged way one of appalling dreariness. Now the snow begins to fall so profusely as almost to extinguish the torch in the hand of Horry. But he keeps it constantly replenished by adding stick after stick from the bundle under his arm. Now the hill becomes steeper, the road more rugged, and the gorges, the jutting rocks, the dismal caves, and the tangled brushwood, more hideously grand and appalling. And now there comes

mingling with the roar of the gathering storm, a wild, terrific cry. It comes up from the bed of hills and ravines on the right. The horrid sound is heard above the moaning of the wild mountain wind, and falls in terrible accents upon the ears of the boy and his mother, as they hurried along that dark and stormy night.

Betsy Thurston was a stranger to fear. Nurtured, in early life, amid the scenes of danger incident to a new country, once a captive in the hands of pitiless savages, whose vengeance she had escaped, her whole nature had a tinge of that dauntless heroism which characterizes the inhabitants of a frontier settlement. Many were the instances of heroism furnished by the country in those times ; but, in none of the women of those heroic days beat a braver heart than that of Betsy. This dauntlessness of spirit became more firm and resolute from her constant habit of trusting in God. But the peril now is of such a character as well might strike the stoutest heart with dismay. It is not a superstitious horror, inspired by an oft-repeated legend, that causes Betsy to press up close to the right side of Horry.

The story is, that along the road they are now treading, a white woman was once murdered by the Indians, and that ever since then, of dark and dreary nights, the wildwood had been heard to echo with most terrific shrieks. The peril is more real and tangible. She knows that shriek is the horrid cry of the panther.

“ Now, Horry, my boy, be ready,” said the brave woman ; “ if it comes, thrust the torch into its eyes. It is our only means of defence.”

And so saying, she took a handful of sticks from Horry, and, touching the ends to the torch, soon had them in a blaze.

“Never fear for me,” said the boy; “walk on my left hand, mother; it will come from the right, and I will be ready to defend you.”

It came not. They heard it no more, but hurried forward through the fearful storm of drifting snow.

But whither? and for what?

CHAPTER X.

"BETHEL OAK."

THE money for which Captain Thurston had parted with his possessions in Spartanburg, constituted his sole dependence for the purchase of another tract. Its loss disheartened and almost crushed him. He yielded to the demon of strong drink, and became, not a constant, but an occasional drunkard, of the most disagreeable character.

He had purchased of a noted speculator the tract of land on which he erected the cottage described in a former chapter. It consisted of about three hundred acres of excellent land. He had given his notes, with Charles Tracy, who had accompanied him to his new home, for security, for fifteen hundred dollars, to be paid in three annual installments. He set in to hard work, and, by the end of three years, had paid two of the notes, and obtained an extension of time on the third. About this time, Charles Tracy died, and this calamity was quickly followed by another.

One Nicholas Brown, a famous speculator, who had amassed a large fortune, and lived in the finest house in the village, coveted the noble farm, now rendered almost doubly valuable by the improvements which

Garland had made on it. Brown had discovered that Thurston's title was defective, and, having sought out the real owner, purchased a sound title for a mere song. He commenced legal proceedings, and recovered the land.

This event had taken place but a few weeks before the night on which we have seen Betsy and Horry start out in search of Garland and Matthew. The day before, he had been in bed until nearly nightfall, sleeping off the effects of his dissipation. It was not fully dark when he arose, and walked around the enclosure into a copse of thick wood in the rear of the cottage. He carried his razor, as he afterward confessed to a friend, with a view of terminating his wretched existence.

In the midst of the thicket stood a noble oak tree, full fifteen feet in circumference, with a magnificent brushy top, extending its branches to a great distance around. Matthew and Horry had, for several years, been accustomed to resort to the base of this noble tree in order to perform their evening devotions together.

The characteristic difference between the two boys was distinctly marked in the development of the religious instinct. It might be expected that any boy trained by such a mother as Betsy Thurston, would become an early devotee of religion. How could it be otherwise?—ever the subject of her fervent prayers, and her judicious instruction—ever the object of her maternal solicitude, and thrilled by the music of her imitable voice? The susceptible nature of Matthew began, at a tender age, to unfold the good impressions which were thus produced. He made a profession of

religion and joined the church. Mr. Rufus Paul, his teacher, a pious class-leader at Temple Vale, now came forward to lend a helping hand, and to lead the hopeful neophyte into the sacred mysteries of our holy faith. The boy soon became a pattern of piety, gentleness, and goodness.

Horry was not quite so impressible. His nature was cool, inclining him rather to the stern temper, and immovable determination of his father. He possessed a certain elevation of mind that prompted him to aspire to distinction by some lofty achievement, or the execution of some grand purpose. He panted for an opportunity to display his powers on some broad theatre of action, and looked to the attainment of military renown as the *magnum opus* of his life. Hence, he was not so well fitted as Matthew for the meek, retiring virtues of an humble Christian. Still his morality, his virtuous principles, were as unexceptionable as those of his brother. Indeed, his principles were more solid—they partook of the invulnerable firmness of his character. But Horry became religious at the age of eleven years, and joined the church.

Some months after Matthew became a member of the church, Horry walked, about nightfall, into the copse of wood back of the cottage premises, until he approached within a few steps of the large oak tree. He caught the sound of low tones of voice, mingled with sobs. He stood and listened. It was Matthew pouring out earnest intercessions for his mother, his father, and brother. Horry, awe-struck, stepped forward and kneeled by his side. Matthew passed his arm gently round his waist, and with deeper sobs, and more fer-

vent tones, prayed that his dear brother might be a partaker of the rich grace in Christ Jesus. From that time they met nightly on that consecrated spot, which, ever since, has been hallowed in their recollections as "BETHEL OAK."

The misfortune which, two or three years after this, befell the family in the loss of that pleasant home, made a profound impression upon the boys. They dreaded the consequences upon their father's temper and habits of this new reverse of fortune. They resorted more frequently to Bethel Oak, continued longer in their supplications, and wrestled with unwonted agony for the reformation and conversion of their father. Not knowing that he had gone before them around the enclosure, the brothers went, as usual, and kneeled together at the base of the noble tree. Garland heard them, and concealed himself in a clump of bushes but a few paces from the oak. Horry poured out an earnest, audible prayer. The tones of his voice were clear and steady, but there was an earnestness that could not fail to affect the listening father. He was followed by Matthew, who prayed with such melting tremulousness of tones, such sweet, subduing softness and tenderness, such fervor, mingled with pathetic sobs, as must have touched the cold, hard man who stood listening. Presently the youth grew calm, and his tones were like the music of a flowing brook. A holy serenity seemed to suffuse his spirit, and, rising, he said :

"Horry, can you believe that our prayers will at last be answered?"

"Matthew, I cannot understand this mystery of

faith—not, at any rate, as you do. I believe in the word of God; I think I am a Christian too, but my faith seems more the result of reasoning, than a conscious realization of the truth. With me it is a perception, not a feeling. The perception is, indeed, vivid at times, but there is no kindling up of emotion with it. I believe, too, that there are heart-felt joys in true religion, but I cannot realize them as you and mother, as Mr. Paul and Parson Dale, seem to realize them. I have noticed mother, while under the influence of those heavenly raptures which she so often experiences—and, strange to me, ever since our late calamity, she seems to realize them more frequently—I say I have noticed her closely, and know that real religion imparts true blessedness to those who believe. I have seen Mr. Paul when he seemed to overflow with joy unutterable. I have observed Parson Dale when it seemed to me that he was unspeakably happy. I have seen you, Matthew, while your heart seemed to be swelling with a calm, tranquil assurance of God's love and mercy. I revert often even to my own experience, here at the root of our Bethel Oak, when, kneeling by your side, I felt a gleam of immortal hope. Yes, Matthew, I feel well satisfied that religion is a blessed reality to all who believe. But there seems to be a veil between my soul and this blessedness. My intellect seems wholly inadequate to pierce that veil, and let my spirit into the blaze of that glory, in which I can see that you and others so often exult."

"But, Horry, you do feel; it is impossible for you to pray as you do without feeling something."

"Oh, yes; I feel the infinite worth of the things for

which I pray, but I cannot have a realizing sense of the things themselves?"

"What do you mean?" asked Matthew; "do you not have peace?"

"I think I have, Matthew, at times."

"Haven't you joy?"

"No."

"Do you never have any?"

"Never; at any rate, not such as you have."

"Horry, I believe you are a Christian."

"I hope I am."

"Can you not believe now, Horry?"

"I do believe in God, in Christ, in His most holy truth; but, as I said, there is a veil, a dim, shadowy mist, lying between my soul and the blessedness which you and others describe."

"Well, Horry, I believe *now*; I cannot express to you how sweet and consoling is the assurance."

"Would to God I could feel it," said Horry, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"I believe more, Horry; I believe now, *this moment*, that, in due time, God will bestow upon you such a fullness of his grace, as that you shall scarcely feel your heart sufficient to contain it."

"God grant it may be so!" ejaculated Horry.

"My faith can embrace more, Horry; I do believe that God is about to answer our prayers in the conversion of our dear, but erring father."

"Oh! Matthew, I would give worlds, if I had them to bestow, could I but believe it!"

"Why *can't* you believe it, Horry? is anything too hard for God?"

“Have we not reason to believe,” said Horry, “that this moment he is farther from God, more insensible to his peril than he ever was before? Is he not now, while we talk, hurrying downward, in a career of dissipation, that must plunge us all into deeper misery, and ruin his own soul forever?”

“I see it all,” said Matthew, “and still I believe the hour has come when we shall see a change in our dear father’s conduct.”

“I can hope, but cannot believe,” said Horry.

“I believe even against hope,” said Matthew. “You are looking for the result to come by natural, rather than spiritual forces. God can, in a moment of time, in the twinkling of an eye, as quick as a flash of lightning work a change in his heart, and a complete revolution in his conduct. Why not believe this?”

“Simply because it is a law of my mind, to exercise faith only when there is sufficient evidence to inspire confidence.”

“Then there would be no virtue in believing,” said Matthew. “God promises, and we must trust Him for the fulfilling of His word. Does not the *word* of God constitute sufficient evidence?”

“Now you strike what, to my mind, is the mystery of mysteries. How am I to exercise faith where all the conclusions of my reason are against it?”

“Don’t say against it, Horry; you do not always perceive the connection between causes and effects, even in the natural world, much less can you trace this connection in spiritual things. You are inclining to infidelity, Horry?”

“It may be that I am sadly deficient in true, saving

faith ; but I believe in God, and in His most holy truth with all my heart ; yet I cannot feel, as the result of my faith, either the joyful assurance of which you speak, or the confidence in the sudden conversion of father, which you say you feel."

"I did not mean, my dear brother, that you were an atheist, or a deist, or even a proud, self-sufficient boaster of your reason ; but there is an infidelity of the heart ; you are in danger of that."

"That is the thing, I confess," said Horry, "which I have feared. Did I not say that I could believe only through my intellectual perceptions ? that my faith seems the result of reasoning ? that there is no kindling of a holy ardor or joyful emotions within me ? that there is a mist hanging over the spiritual manifestations of which you speak so beautifully, that my faith cannot dispel ?"

The boys now returned to the cottage, and Matthew asked his mother to sing a favorite hymn. She commenced and sung as follows :—

"Away, my unbelieving fear !
Fear shall in me no more have place ;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of His face :
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield ?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

"Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,—
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise."

. CHAPTER XI.

PATIENCE IN TRIBULATION.

WHILE Matthew and Horry prayed, and talked together at "Bethel Oak," Garland stood motionless as a statue, in the clump of bushes. He heard everything ; the earnest supplications of Horry, the pathetic tenderness of Matthew's intercessions, and his declaration of confidence. The proud old man was moved ; the razor, with which he intended to commit suicide, was put into the case, and thrust into his pocket. He followed the boys toward the cottage, and reached the gate just as his wife commenced singing. A multitude of the sweetest reminiscences of his existence came rushing up, and almost overwhelmed him. When Betsy finished the hymn he turned, and walked back to the root of the venerable tree. He kneeled upon that consecrated spot ! The stalwart frame was convulsed ; the cold, proud heart was touched ; the iron-will was shaken ; and he, who never before bent a suppliant knee, bowed and prayed to God ! There, in the awful stillness and darkness of the hour, he formed a purpose, and promised his Maker *never more to touch* the accursed drink which had well-nigh ruined him soul and body. He arose from his knees so strong

in the purpose of his heart, that, from that moment to the day of his death, he never tasted ardent spirits.

Returning to the cottage, he said nothing of what he had seen and heard—nothing of his new-formed purpose—but sat, in the midst of his family, with an inscrutable aspect. The next morning, taking Matthew, he rode to the justice's court-house of the tenth district. He had been gone an hour or more when a coarse-looking, athletic man rode up to the gate, and called for Captain Thurston. He was told whither he had gone, and, putting spurs to his horse, he pushed on after him. Betsy's eye followed the man, and she felt a presentiment of ill, which occasioned her much uneasiness during the day. As we have seen that Garland had not returned at a late hour of the night, Betsy and Horry started in pursuit of him.

Garland, we have said, was not a constant drunkard. He never lost a day from his farm when it required his attention. Only when his work was done would he take his turn at drinking. At such times he was often, though not always, unpleasant in his family. His stern nature was regulated by good judgment, and a high sense of honor when he was sober; but when he was intoxicated, it became sadly disordered, and Betsy had more than once been the victim of his resentment. Still he was seldom unkind, and never brutal; but seemed, even in his dissipation, to preserve some remains of that high-bred, gentlemanly demeanor which made him one of nature's noblemen. Sometimes his inebriation took a merry turn, and then he would tell the tales of earlier times, and endeavor to infuse the spirit of chivalry into his boys.

His noble wife bore all his humors without murmuring, or answering again. She never crossed him when he was intoxicated ; never reminded him, when sober, of any of his ill behavior. She maintained her imperturbable equanimity so perfectly that she continued to pray and sing on, just as if no dark cloud had overshadowed her life. The sound of grateful melody was often heard in the little cottage, and the surrounding hills seemed to echo with the song of a seraph. Never did she quail before the dread of stern disaster. Sweet woman ! she lived but to bless and cheer all around her. Sabbath after Sabbath did she take her boys and go to the quiet sanctuary overlooking the romantic river, and the lovely plain beyond it. In that happy grove she found a secure retreat from the rude storms of earth. There, in communion with her Saviour, and in the fellowship of the saints, she found "the secret place of the Most High," and dwelt secure beneath "the shadow of the Almighty."

There she had organized a Sabbath school, under difficulties and discouragements which would have baffled any resolution but hers. She had, by her own personal exertions, assisted by Mr. Paul and Parson Dale, collected the children of the village and the adjacent glens, for the purpose of imparting religious instructions.

Thus she lived to do good. Her holy life shed its lustre upon the social circle, in the midst of her family, in the church of God ; and the children of that generation will rise up in the judgment and call her blessed. Patient in tribulation—living in earnest—her heart was full of the peace which the world cannot give, and, thank Heaven, cannot take away.

CHAPTER XII.

AT PARSON DALE'S.

ACHEERFUL light was gleaming through the window-pane of Parson Dale's comfortable log-cabin. The ample fireplace had been filled with oaken logs, and kindled into a blaze. They had burned until the pile was reduced to a mass of red coals, which diffused a gentle warmth through the room. The parson and his wife, with their two daughters, Susan and Rebecca, were seated round the fire, and with them sat a couple of guests. It was evident, from their garb, that they were Methodist preachers.

One was Doctor Sterling—the most eloquent and popular divine in the Methodist church. He was a thorough Christian gentleman. Educated in the most famous institution of the South, he was a ripe scholar; belonging to a wealthy and aristocratic family, he was courtly in his manners, and exhibited, at times, an excess of politeness. Yet he was a plain, unpretending Methodist preacher, and could adapt himself, with the most perfect ease and urbanity, to any state of society. If the ever-changing allotments of the Methodist itinerancy sometimes threw him into the most fashionable circles, no man could grace them with more elegant and

polished manners ; but if he was thrown, as was often the case, into the company of the less polished and refined, or into the cabins of the humble poor, no man was ever freer from aristocratic airs, or exhibited a more condescending and easy demeanor. In person he was of medium height, well proportioned, and handsome. His forehead was broad and massive, his eye bright and piercing ; his hair slightly inclining to gray, and rather thin on the crown, indicating premature baldness. His countenance beamed with a placid, benevolent smile, which glowed into an expression of loveliness while he conversed. His external grace and polish were nothing compared with the benevolence and Christian generosity which welled up within his heart. A Christian of the highest style, no envy rankled within his breast ; with a charity as broad as the universe, he was an utter stranger to bigotry.

His conversation, always interesting and instructive, was often enlivened with wit and humor, but always dignified, chaste, and elegant. By his genuine urbanity, he commanded respect, while he awed by his unaffected dignity and conscious superiority. By his condescension and benevolent suavity, he won the esteem of all who were so fortunate as to make his acquaintance ; and, by his elegant manners and cultivated understanding, he threw a charm over the social circle. To these qualities he added talents of the highest order. He had scarcely attained the meridian of life, yet he had gained a reputation as wide as the range of the great Wesleyan family. Everywhere he was known by his eloquence as a preacher, the excellence of his character, and his affability and genuine piety. Such was the greatest pulpit orator of his day.

His travelling companion, Rev. Archelaus Groves, presiding elder of the Northwestern District, was emphatically *sui generis*. A tall, massive, ungainly figure, a very dark skin, a head of peculiar form, with forehead rising abruptly and exposing a bald front; hair cut close to the head, enormous ears, small eyes, constituted his physical contour. He wore a round-breasted coat—such as the more rigid class of Methodist preachers of that day were accustomed to wear. His vest was buttoned nearly to his throat, and his neck was wrapped in a thick, broad-folded, white cravat. He sat with one foot propped upon the left knee, smoking a dirty pipe, while he evidently engrossed the larger share of the conversation.

Mr. Groves had commenced his career as a Methodist preacher with a very limited education, but with a superabundance of impudence and self-conceit. Yet he was evidently possessed of a strong intellect, and a good degree of native shrewdness. These qualities were often mistaken for indications of talent. His associates in the ministry were, at first, young and inexperienced. With an invincible resolution, and a propensity to push himself up, Groves had put himself forward as a leader, and the others hung back and deferred to him. He had all the tact and shrewdness requisite for the task, and soon gained a commanding influence in the body. He felt the importance of his position, and soon began to use it. To a clear and discriminating judgment, he added, as occasion required, the cool and cautious policy of the diplomatist. But, whenever it suited his purpose to use the sharper weapons of censure and abuse, no man could employ them with greater skill

and effect. He could compress into one short sentence more of withering satire, more of stinging rebuke, and more of harsh and terrible denunciation, than any man that ever wore the clerical garb. There was nothing soft and winning in his manners, nothing, in fine, to relieve the rough angles of his character. The consequence was that many of the preachers of finer sensibilities, either dreaded to come in contact with him, and remained silent, or, one after another, they retired from the itinerary. Others, however, either stood their ground, and did what they could to counteract the pernicious influence of his temper, or, with truckling sycophancy, courted his influence and became his obsequious tools. Not to truckle and court his favor, was to make him an enemy, especially of a young and rising preacher.

Woe to the luckless wight of a youthful circuit rider that refused an obsequious submission to his will. He must be beaten with many stripes at conference—dropped, or located without his consent. But with the elder and more experienced preachers he was less severe. So long as they did not cross his path, defeat his projects, or oppose his favorite measures, they could get along without any serious difficulty with Groves. But even with them, it was at some risk of suffering in their appointments, if they did not succumb to, flatter, and make much of him.

True, there were good and holy men, who, spurning his fetters, went forward in the faithful discharge of their duties. Some of these he was afraid to molest, and, unfortunately, they seemed equally averse to molesting him. Not a few true-hearted men, disgusted

with his arrogance, chose to locate, rather than be in a perpetual wrangle, or so far neutralize themselves as quietly to surrender to an ambitious spirit the direction of the most sacred interests.

There were two stepping stones by which Groves, deceiving many of the best men in the church, ascended into power. These were preaching against other denominations, and glorifying Methodism. Bold dogmatism was his forte. A man of such commanding influence and power, misled the younger aspirants for notoriety, by leading them to think that theological controversy constituted the true *esprit du corps*. In his intercourse with the preachers, his watchwords were “*Methodism*”—“*The Church.*”

The various peculiarities of Methodism, the itinerancy, class meetings, love feasts, the episcopacy and the *presiding eldership*, were always presented with bold prominence; while the important elements of Christian character, faith, hope, and charity, were let down to a subordinate rank. The tendency of this spirit was not only to a dangerous formalism, but to the most repulsive form of sectarian bigotry. Hence the controversial spirit was more prevalent during the reign of Groves, than it has ever been since his day. His arrogant behavior was displayed chiefly in his intercourse with the younger preachers, and in his theological battles—his furor against other sects. He knew how to be condescending, and even obsequious with the members of the church, *especially the wealthy*.

Most of the evening had been spent in conversation between the two ministers, while Parson Dale and his family sat listening with deep interest. Now they were

captivated and thrilled by the charming talk of Doctor Sterling, now disgusted and grieved by the coarseness and verbosity of Groves—who, still puffing away at his filthy pipe, suffered no one to get ahead of him in talking. Hours passed away and nothing but talk, talk, puff, puff, until, at length, some one called at the front gate, and Parson Dale went out of the room.

Presiding Elder Groves had just filled his pipe for the third time, commenced pouring out fresh volumes of stifling smoke, propped his foot upon his knee, and was about to resume the conversation, when Parson Dale returned, ushering Betsy Thurston and Horry into the room. He introduced them to the two ministers as worthy members of the church at Temple Vale. Groves bowed stiffly, but Doctor Sterling rose up, and, taking them by the hand, said, in tones of mingled respect and tenderness :

“ My good sister, you seem to be in trouble ; can I serve you in any way ? ”

“ Only by your prayers,” said Betsy ; “ I am indeed distressed,” she continued ; and she went on to narrate the circumstances which had occasioned her solicitude.

Doctor Sterling looked at the woman with an expression of sympathy, and at the boy with a fatherly regard, and exclaimed :

“ How dreadful to go out such a night, and on such an errand ! ” and the good man brushed a falling tear from his cheek.

“ Do I understand your name to be Thurston, sister ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ That name is quite familiar. When I was a boy,

I knew old Colonel George Thurston. He was one of our gallant Carolina patriots in the Revolutionary war. Are you from South Carolina?"

"Yes, sir," answered Betsy.

"What district?"

"Spartanburgh."

"Too high up for the Thurstons of my acquaintance," said the doctor, in a tone that indicated that he spoke to himself rather than the woman. Betsy remained silent, for she knew that her husband had held no intercourse with his family since her marriage with him.

"I saw Captain Thurston to-day at the court-house," said Parson Dale. "He and Matthew went to Mr. Clark's, expecting to stay all night. He was perfectly sober."

A burden of anxiety instantly rolled from Betsy's mind, and turning to Horry, she said :

"Warm yourself, my dear, and then let us return home."

"Not to-night, not to-night," simultaneously spoke both Parson Dale and his excellent wife.

"Not to-night, not to-night," repeated the daughters, in suppliant tones.

"Don't think of it, my *dear* sister," said Doctor Sterling. "Come," he continued, "sit right down. I must insist on your spending the night with this kind family. Your husband and son are safe, and it is your duty now to take care of your own health, and that of this delicate boy, who seems too fragile for these bleak, mountain winds. Besides, you seem ill yourself; I know you need repose after so much anxiety, and your tiresome walk through the dreadful snow-storm."

Betsy *was* ill. Her anxiety had served to keep her up until she heard that nothing had befallen her husband and son. She now began to feel her strength failing her, and without another word of entreaty, she consented to stay all night. In a few minutes she was completely overcome, and had to be put to bed. Mrs. Dale and her daughters busied themselves to provide for her relief and comfort. They prepared her a cup of ginger tea, bathed her feet in warm water, and put hot bricks to them. Such are the simple remedies which our good old country matrons use; and doubtless they are often as efficacious as the prescriptions of our most eminent physicians.

As Betsy retired from the sitting-room, Groves knocked the ashes from his pipe against the andiron, thrust it into the side-pocket of the round-breasted coat, and adjusted himself for another talk; but the good Doctor Sterling, anticipating him, turned to Horry and asked :

“How long since you came from Spartanburgh, my son?”

“Something over seven years, sir.”

“What is your father’s Christian name?”

“Garland.”

“Captain Garland Thurston!” half soliloquized the doctor.

“He came from Kentucky before he married my mother,” said Horry, anxious to cut off all further inquiries in regard to his father’s family. The doctor now asked to be shown to his room. As soon as he retired, Groves took out his pipe, drew a long twist of tobacco from the depths of his breeches pocket, and cut

from it sufficient to fill his pipe. Soon the dense fog of smoke filled the room, and compelled the family to evacuate it, which they would have done long before, but respect for Doctor Sterling restrained them. Groves and Horry were directed to occupy the bed in the room they were sitting in. Being now left alone with Groves, the boy asked when the quarterly meeting was to come off.

"Saturday and Sunday," said Groves, and on he puffed.

Several minutes of silence ensued. At length Horry asked :

"Can you make it convenient to call at our house, and see father?"

"No; I must stop with Colonel Brown."

At the mention of that name the boy colored, and remained silent. It was the first time he had ever heard that plain *Nick Brown* had been metamorphosed into *Colonel Brown*. But he knew there was no other of the name, except his son, the would-be-captain Dave Brown, who was not quite grown. Presently Horry asked, rather falteringly :

"Can I get you to have a short interview with my father?"

"What for?" asked Groves, rather gruffly.

With a quivering lip, and tears in his eyes, the boy answered :

"I wish you to say something to him about the state of his soul."

"What are his religious opinions?"

"I don't know," said Horry; "mother thinks if he has any, they incline to the Baptists, as she has heard him argue in favor of immersion."

"Well, then," said Groves, in a tone of bitterness, and with a sarcastic expression of features, "I regard him as a gone case; there is no hope for him."

If Horry had been shot through with a dart, he could not have felt a keener pang than these words produced. He was amazed, shocked, and filled with horror. Turning now into one corner of the room, he kneeled down and besought the all-protecting Power for help. That cold, selfish man heard not the half-suppressed sob of that stricken heart, nor the earnest prayer that ascended to Heaven for mercy upon an erring father. There he sat smoking on; and as he smoked he meditated a deadlier onslaught upon *heretical modes* and *horrible decrees*.

Betsy rose early the next morning almost free from pain, and considerably refreshed. Kind Mrs. Dale's remedies had put her into a gentle perspiration, which, added to the refreshing repose of the night, and her freedom from solicitude about Garland and Matthew, caused her to feel stronger and better than she had for several days. She walked into the sitting-room and found the two ministers and Horry seated by a comfortable fire. The broad fireplace had again been filled with large oak logs, which were now in a full blaze.

Doctor Sterling rose from his chair, as she entered, and, with the gentlest urbanity, asked about her health. But Groves sat in his usual posture, with his large ungainly figure, rendered more grotesque by the peculiar form and quality of his apparel. He did not rise nor speak, but simply nodded his head as Betsy entered, and continued puffing away. Doctor Sterling was about to make some further inquiry in regard to the

Thurstons of South Carolina, when a stout, broad-faced young man entered the room. He was of florid complexion, and dressed *a la* Groves.

"Ha! Seth, where do you fall from?" asked Groves.

"Just from Colonel Brown's. Heard you was here, and started by daylight to meet you."

"You had a cold ride, Seth," said Groves.

"Very, indeed," said the man.

He saw Betsy, and extended his hand rather awkwardly. She shook hands with him, saying:

"Good morning, Brother Stanly; let me introduce you to Doctor Sterling."

The good doctor, rising, took him tenderly by the hand, and said:

"My young brother, I am happy to meet with you; draw near the fire, for I see you are shivering with cold. Brother Groves tells me you are the preacher on this circuit."

The young man hesitated, as if doubtful whether he or Brother Groves should reply to the last remark, or whether any reply was required. At length, with some embarrassment, he said:

"Yes, sir."

"So you got up this cold snowy morning, and come out several miles to meet your presiding elder. That's a *good* brother. It reminds me so much of the days of good old Bishop Asbury, when Methodist preachers inured themselves alike to heat and cold. Take a seat, my good brother."

Groves did not rise, but extended his left hand, while with his right he took the filthy pipe-stem from his lips, and said:

"Give us your paw, Seth; how are you, boy?"

"Well, thank'ee, Brother Groves," said the man.

The family now came in, and after shaking hands with the young preacher, bowing to the rest of the company, and inquiring affectionately about the health of Betsy, they seated themselves round the fire. Horry noticed that as Rebecca came in and saw Seth, the young circuit rider, she blushed considerably, and became quite timid. Susy now brought in a table, and placed the family Bible and hymn-book upon it. Doctor Sterling led the morning devotions. Never to his latest breath could Horry forget the prayer of that man of God. He breathed forth, in all the fervor of a sanctified spirit, the most touching supplications, and earnest intercessions for the kind family, for the preachers, for dear Sister Thurston, for her unfortunate and erring husband, for her two boys. Earnestly did he pray for Horry, as the frail, but gentle youth, that had so early consecrated himself to God. "Oh," said the minister, "that he may become a bright and shining light in the church and in the ministry. Devote him, O God, in heart, in intellect, in body, to thy service, and make him an instrument for the accomplishing of much good in the world."

After the harsh treatment which the boy had received from Groves the night before, the prayer was like oil upon the troubled waves—like a precious balm to a wounded spirit. He was melted to tears, and, from that moment, regarded the good Doctor Sterling with feelings of profound veneration.

Shortly after breakfast Betsy and Horry bade adieu to the kind family with whom they had lodged. Doctor Sterling took her tenderly by the hand, and said: ■

“God bless you, my dear sister, and your husband, and your boys.” Then turning to Horry, he said :

“Be good, my son ; be valiant for the truth, and may the Lord make you a great and good man. Farewell.”

The wind had ceased to blow, the clouds were gone, and the sun was shining brightly. The ground was covered to the depth of several inches with snow ; the tree-tops were gemmed with myriads of glittering pends, and the summits of the distant mountains shone gloriously in the soft sunlight.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW MR. PAUL TOLD THE GOOD NEW.

BEWSY and Horry had been at home a couple of hours, when Garland and Matthew rode up to the gate. Garland was perfectly sober, and unusually cheerful. Age has begun to make its mark upon him. His hair is slightly streaked with gray, and features rather corrugated; but he is still a man of gigantic frame and iron sinew. A careworn aspect has stolen over his once handsome countenance; but his eye has lost none of its lustre, and he still presents the contour of one of nature's noblemen. His wife receives him with a warm embrace, and a gentle kiss, which he reciprocates most tenderly. He had just finished telling Betsy of his trip to Mr. Clark's, how he had gone just a day too late, as that gentleman had rented his land but the day before, when a gentleman rode up to the front gate, and, fastening his horse, walked into the cottage.

"Good morning, Mr. Paul," said Garland, with rather more cordiality than he was accustomed to greet persons.

Mr. Paul, a noble, benevolent-looking man, after shaking hands with all the family, took the seat which

Garland set for him. He was an intimate friend of the Thurstons, and often rode out to the cottage, and spent hours in conversation with that pleasant family. Horry was his favorite pupil, and he entertained the most exalted hopes of his future success and eminence. He regarded Matthew as the most pious youth he had ever known ; and loved both the boys as if they were his own sons. But if there was any human being toward whom he felt a regard bordering upon veneration, it was Betsy. He knew how ardent and unaffected was her piety, how strong and masculine her intellect, how benevolent, how pure, and what a noble Christian heroine, she was. He did not scruple to declare that she was the greatest of living women.

Mr. Paul was a man of genuine piety, and had a heart that overflowed with generous sympathies. No man's heart could sooner be touched by a noble sentiment, or thrill with livelier, or more generous emotions. He was what is called a "shouting Methodist;" yet he never gave way to those wild, extravagant vociferations which many ignorant people regard as infallible tests of true piety ; as if the highest criterion of grace were a set of good lungs.

Garland Thurston was never known to cultivate much familiarity with religious people. He still retained his settled reserve and inscrutability on theological questions. Only for a short time, during the latter part of Charles Tracy's lifetime, did he venture to express himself, occasionally, with some measure of predilection for the Baptists. Charles, who in his creed was as stanch a Baptist as ever went under water, was, in Christian experience, in love to God and

man, in good works, a far stancher Christian. No wonder that Garland should incline to principles which were illustrated by such an example. Then, on the other hand, when he saw the same principles of piety demonstrated in the characters of his wife and Mr. Paul and Mr. Dale, and heard such men preach as Groves, who dealt damnation round the land against all such heretics as Charles Tracy, he felt disgusted with all preaching, and relapsed into his natural reserve.

But there was a channel, independent of religion, by which Mr. Paul found his way into the depths of his heart. He loved Matthew and Horry, and that love opened for him a welcome passage to the heart of the father. He became the friend, the confidential adviser, of Garland, and had stood up to him in his long continued litigation with Brown. When, at last, the suit terminated in favor of the speculator, Mr. Paul came frequently to the cottage to talk to and cheer Betsy and the boys. Brown noticed it, and turned against the pious class-leader the fiercest thunderbolts of his wrath. Being a member of the same church with Mr. Paul, he labored to create prejudices against him as the class-leader. He next sought to injure him as the teacher, and, being wealthy, he had sufficient influence to turn some of his patrons against him, and created some opposition among a certain class of church members. But he found it utterly impossible to shake the confidence of the people generally in Mr. Paul. It was thought, however, by some of the best members of the church, that Brown had succeeded in gaining over the preachers to his side. In fact, it had been rumored

that Presiding Elder Groves had gone so far as to tell the preacher in charge, at the third quarterly meeting, that he *must* put Mr. Paul out of the leadership.

Now, Rev. Seth Stanly was a preacher of very moderate abilities and acquirements. Yet Mr. Groves had represented him, at the preceding annual conference, in the bishop's cabinet, as a *strong man*.

During the last session of the conference, when the bishop and the presiding elders, met in "cabinet," to fix the appointments of the preachers, the ministerial status of Seth became a "vexed question."

"What do you mean, Brother Groves," asked presiding elder No. 2 (Brother Groves was No. 1), "by representing Brother Stanly as a *strong man*?"

"I mean," said Groves, "that Seth is a *clear case*."

"I would like," said presiding elder No. 3, "to have a little more light on this *case*, for, I confess, it does not seem to me very *clear* that Brother Stanly is encumbered with more intellect than one less capable in body might afford to carry."

"I say then, once for all," continued Groves, "that Seth is an *extra-ordinary man*."

The brother who called for "a little more light," seemed to be fully satisfied, and he said :

"Now, Brother Groves, you have relieved my mind of some obscurity, and—"

"A very fortunate occurrence, sir," said Groves; "for, in my opinion, you never experienced the like before."

"Come, brethren, come," said the good bishop, "think where you are. It is useless to waste our precious time with such a *case*; I will put Brother Stanly down to the Temple Vale circuit."

"Good!" exclaimed Groves; "Seth is the very man for that work."

He accordingly went to the work. During the year he heard from a young preacher, whom he met at a camp-meeting, what his presiding elder had said about him "in cabinet"—that he was a *strong man*, a *clear case*, an *extra-ordinary man*. This, with certain patronizing airs of Mr. Groves, induced Seth to regard himself as his special *protégé*, and he came to the conclusion that he was in a fair way to rise to a distinguished position in the conference.

But now he found himself in that unpleasant predicament which some persons are fond of describing, by referring to Scylla and Charybdis. But we prefer to suggest the alternative of being strangled by a pretty girl of sixteen, or torn to pieces by a ferocious tiger. Seth loved Parson Dale's pretty daughter, Rebecca, and Parson Dale loved Mr. Paul. To turn the pious class-leader out of office, he feared, would offend the father of the charming Rebecca, and disappoint his hopes. On the other hand, he dreaded the frowns, the scorching rebukes, the stinging satire, and the crushing power of his presiding elder.

He lacked the manliness, not to say integrity, which should have prompted him to resist the dictum of Mr. Groves as a usurpation. The "Discipline" gave to the preacher in charge the sole right and authority to appoint class-leaders, and to change them whenever he deemed it expedient to do so. But, instead of acting in a manly, Christianlike manner, he attempted to accomplish his double ends by duplicity and fraud. We shall see, in due time, the *coup d'état* by which this

clerical trimmer sought to relieve himself of the difficulty.

As soon as Mr. Paul took his seat, he asked :

“ Have you been ill, Sister Thurston ? ”

“ No, sir—that is, not seriously. I was rather ill last night, but am better to day, I thank you.”

“ How you grow, Matthew ! You’ll soon be as stout as your father. The farm-work agrees with you, my boy ; but it’s time you were back in school. You must provide for the mind as well as the body.”

“ My school days are ended, Mr. Paul. Father will have to purchase another tract of land, and I must work to help him pay for it.”

“ Horry, you will not quit school, I trust. You are getting along so well with your Greek and Latin, it would be a pity to stop you. I must confess, however, that unless your health improves, it will be better for you to desist from study, and take a turn on the farm. You study too hard, my boy, and must really do something to strengthen the physical man. Why, Horry, you are getting almost as thin as a shadow.”

“ I have been thinking,” said Horry, “ that, as father has been so unfortunate, it will be better for me to get into some business that will enable me to help him along.”

“ That is an excellent idea, Horry, and I advise you to carry it out. Some active business will recruit your health, and when circumstances are favorable you may return to your studies with new zest.”

“ You see, Mr. Paul,” said Garland, “ that the boys are determined to help me out of my troubles.”

“ Yes, I see, captain, and it is noble in them to do

so. Your pecuniary troubles are now at an end ; I am reminded of your good fortune, and am come to congratulate you."

"Good what, Mr. Paul ?"

"Your recent good fortune, Captain Thurston."

"What do you mean ?"

"Is it possible that you are still ignorant of it, captain ? Haven't you seen it, haven't you heard of it ?"

"Heard, seen what ? Pray, explain yourself, Mr. Paul."

"You treat it as a trifling matter, Captain Thurston, but I do assure you it is far more valuable than you imagine. It is worth at least thirty thousand dollars—some say fifty, and others a hundred thousand—but I never rely on extravagant statements."

"Are you mad, Mr. Paul ?"

"No more than you are, captain. I am perfectly in my senses, I assure you. Have you seen Nick Brown since yesterday morning ?"

"No."

"All safe then ; you are rich, undoubtedly."

Garland changed color, and said, with some spirit :

"Mr. Paul, do you mean to taunt me with my misfortunes ?"

"Heaven forbid ! my dear Thurston ; I never was more serious in my life. I tell you, sir, that, in spite of Nick Brown and all the wiry lawyers in the state, you are rich."

"Why did you ask me if I had seen that villain Brown ? No, if I had laid eyes on him yesterday, I would—I would—"

"Be calm, captain, I meant no harm ; I knew that

nothing would have pleased Brown better than an opportunity to see you yesterday, and to have surrendered his claim to your premises. In fact, I heard it from an unquestionable source, and would have come out yesterday to put you on your guard, but my engagements were such as to forbid my doing so. I have come now to say to you that it is worth tenfold the value of your land, and you must not listen to the proposition."

"You astonish me, Mr. Paul."

"I *knew* it would astonish you. The reason is very plain. There is a company of swindlers who have altered the numbers—that is, they have put out the report, which is extensively believed, that the rich mine is number *one thousand and fifty-two*. This was done for a blind, that they might take advantage of the general ignorance of the real number, and get it for a mere song."

"But," said Garland, "you do not relieve me by your explanation. Pray tell me at once what you mean by my being rich, getting the offer of my land back, not listening to the proposition, changing numbers for a blind? All this is decidedly mysterious."

"I simply mean," said Mr. Paul, "that yours is *the rich mine*, and *not* number one thousand and fifty-two, which they have reported to be the rich mine."

"Mine the *rich mine*; isn't this gibberish? If I didn't know you so well, Mr. Paul—"

"Yes, Garland Thurston, believe me, yours *is* the rich mine. I am simply endeavoring to put you on your guard against the popular belief that the rich mine is the particular number I have mentioned, and to keep

you from falling into the hands of sharpers. They watch the post-office, and, the moment the mail opens, they rush to get the first news of the drawings—”

“Oh, *the drawing*, is that what you mean?”

“Certainly!” said Mr. Paul, “and as I said they watch the post-office, get the news from some of their accomplices a day or two in advance of the regular news. But, fortunately, yours came forward as soon as their own intelligence.”

“Well,” said Garland, “I have drawn nothing.”

“Indeed you have,” said Mr. Paul. “Here it is,” and he drew from his pocket a newspaper containing the last week’s drawing in the land lottery, and handed it to Garland. “There it is,” he continued; “and I do assure you it is the richest mine in the gold region.”

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Garland, “what an unlucky dog I am! I *never* had any good luck in my life—never believed in luck. I didn’t think I *could* draw anything, and just sold all my chances yesterday for fifty dollars.”

“Why, Garland!” exclaimed Betsy.

“O shame, shame upon the swindlers,” said Mr. Paul. “They *knew* it! They knew you had drawn a prize worth, at least, thirty thousand dollars. Villainous speculators! it is almost impossible to escape them. I wish I *could* have seen you yesterday.”

“I might have known there was something wrong by that scoundrel’s offering me fifty dollars. But I relied on Sims’ word, without looking into it for myself. I always knew I was not born under a lucky star. I hate uncertainty, never believed I should draw any-

thing, and have said repeatedly that I would take five dollars for all my chances in this land lottery. But Brown—do you say Brown is at the bottom of this rascality?"

"Vol Brice, who, you know, is intimate with Brown, came to me yesterday morning, and said: 'Mr. Paul, do you reckon Captain Thurston would let Nick Brown have all his chances in the lottery, if Brown would give the land back to him?' I told him that I thought it exceedingly doubtful whether you would condescend to entertain any proposition from Brown. At that time I had not been to the post-office. But, prompted by curiosity, I went, and as soon as I got my paper, and glanced over the list, I knew that you had drawn the rich mine."

Captain Thurston sat for several moments, silent and motionless as a statue. His countenance, which, ever since he reached home, had been lit up with an expression of unwonted cheerfulness, now became dark and threatening. His eye kindled into vengeance, and his whole aspect indicated a resolution of desperation and fury.

There was one, who, in that moment of fearful stillness, by a single glance detected the expression of that countenance, and read the import of that kindling eye. She knew that a long-pent-up mine was about to explode. A gentle hand was laid upon his shoulder. Betsy looked with unutterable calmness, into his face. She spoke in tones so sweet, so tender, so heavenly, that Mr. Paul felt them thrill his inmost soul.

"Garland, dear Garland, listen to me. I do not wish to be rich. I prefer our present poverty to all

the wealth that gold mine could bring to us. My dear husband, with your love, the happiness of my two boys, and God's blessing, I am contented, and therefore rich. Let me see you, Garland, as you have been, as you were when first I gave you my maiden heart, and took you for better or worse, for weal or woe. Tell me, my love, have I ever complained of my lot? Have my hands been idle, my countenance gloomy, or my spirit depressed? If so, by God's help, I will be so no more. I do not complain of you, Garland. You have labored honestly, and have been unfortunate. I honor you for your fortitude and patience, my noble husband. But, Garland, hurl that demon of revenge from your bosom. Hear my plan: Mr. Hays, the tinner, wants Matthew; Mr. Corley, the hotel keeper, wants Horry. Let the boys go and make something for themselves. Let us rent a little house in the village; I will work and pay the rent; you can find employment that will supply us with the necessaries of life. Let us follow this plan; we shall have food to eat, and raiment to put on; having these, let us therewith be content. Let us devote ourselves to God's most holy service, and life's declining years will be soothed with sweet contentment, and hallowed by the mercy of our God. Let those who have defrauded us rejoice; yea, let them be happy if they can. But let us not avenge ourselves, for the Lord hath said, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.' Let us rather pray for than curse our enemies; and we need not fear but *the Lord will provide.*"

Garland was soothed by this tender address. The fiery eye became moist. He thought of the long years of patient forbearance and cheerful hope exhibited by

that lovely wife, and, with a degree of emotion which he had never before been seen to exhibit, he said :

“ Betsy, you are an angel ! It shall be as you say.”

The lion became a lamb. Mr. Paul sat wiping the tears from his face, and Matthew and Horry were so overcome by their emotions, that they left the room. In a few minutes Garland went with Mr. Paul to the village, and the boys took a hunt among the hills. Then the voice of grateful melody sounded forth from that little cottage.

“ God of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head !

“ In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see :
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

“ In a dry land, behold I place
My whole desire on thee, my Lord,
And more I joy to gain thy grace
Than all earth’s treasures can afford.

“ In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away ;
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I’ll pay.

“ My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee,
Then let earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free ;
For whom thou savest, he ne’er shall fall.”

CHAPTER XIV.

SHREWD NICK BROWN.

SEE that fine two-story, white house, crowning a spur of the ridge that juts out from the loftier elevations, and overlooks the level tract at the upper end of the village. That is the residence of Nicholas Brown, or as P. E. Groves would say "*Colonel* Brown," but as the vulgar herd say, *Old Nick* Brown. The broad acres in front of that fine dwelling, on both sides of the river, belong to Nick Brown. The saw-mill, on the river two miles above, seated where the vale begins to widen from one of those narrow, dark gorges, through which that romantic stream descends, belongs to Nick Brown. The store, situated in the centre of the village, just opposite the bridge that spans the little river, and the bridge itself, belong to Nick Brown. The Indians, who daily cross that little river, on that bridge, bringing furs and game from the forest, and articles of their own ingenious manufacture, stop at the store to barter *their* merchandise for that of Nick Brown. They go away laden with blankets, shawls, and ammunition, and seldom fail to carry with them a good supply of the poor Indian's bane—whiskey. They are still flush with cash which they receive in installments from

the government, and not unfrequently bring goose-quills and little phials full of gold dust, which they have taken from the recently discovered gold mines ; and their gold, whether coined or crude, goes into the vaults of "Temple Vale Bank"—NICHOLAS BROWN, CASHIER.

That institution is situated in a little dark enclosure within an apartment attached to the store. Let us look within it, reader. A little hard-featured man, somewhat past the meridian of life, with slightly gray locks, and little, dark twinkling eyes, sits there, with his feet propped up against the stove. That is Nick Brown. Beside him sits a coarse looking man, of rather portly dimensions. That is Voltaire Brice. They are conversing in an under-tone :

"What luck did you have yesterday, Vol?"

"First rate ; I got 'em."

"*Did you?* Well done ! You'll do, Vol, you'll do to trust with the management of business. Let me see, did you get Thurston's?"

"Safe enough, Nick ; here's the writins."

He handed a package of papers to Brown, who, looking over them, exclaimed :

"Bravo ! Fifty thousand dollars at least for that. Why, Vol, it is first rate ; how much did you pay?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Besides relinquishing titles to the land?"

"I said nothing about relinkishin anything," said Brice. "I got 'em all, I tell you, for fifty dollars—that is, all Cap'n Thurston's."

"Capital, Vol ! this is capital!"

"Nick, it is *just* rate!"

"Now tell us, Vol, how you happened to succeed so readily?"

"I never tells all I does,, Nick."

"Come, Vol, you know *me*; you know *I'll* keep dark."

"I 'speck so, Nick, but it's best for me to keep dark, too, for 'twon't do to let that Cap'n know that I know'd all 'bout his drawin' o' that gold mine, 'fore we traded. I tell you I shouldn't like to run foul o' him."

"He shall never know it from me, Vol; I swear I'll *keep perfectly dark.*"

"Well, you's keen, Nick, but you aren't as keen as some folks I knows on. I tell you your bait wouldn't do. I know'd Cap'n Thurston wouldn't trade with you, nor for anything you've got."

"So you said nothing to him about my giving back the land?"

"*Not a bit*; I know'd it had to be everything or nothing, an 'twon't do to mince things when you're gwine 'bout 'em in arnest."

"Well, just give me a little inkling, Vol."

"Well," said Vol, "when I got to Thurston's yesterday mornin', I helloed, and his wife come to the door, and I axed her where was the Cap'n? she look'd sorter hard at me, and said he was gone to the court-house of the tenth districk. So off I gallops in a hurry. After I got on beyant Passon Dale's, I overtakes Bill Sims.

"Hello! Bill, which way?" says I.

"Gwine up to tenth," says Bill.

"So am I—glad to have your company," says I.
"Got a fine chance now, Bill, to make a rise," says I.

“ ‘How?’ says Bill.

“ ‘Well, you know the great prize is drawn,’ says I.

“ ‘No, I don’t know any sich thing,’ says Bill, ‘who draw’d it?’

“ ‘Guess,’ says I.

“ ‘I never made anything yet by guessin’,’ says Bill; ‘but if you’ve got any *business* on hand, and want any help, *I’m in.*’

“ ‘Well, Bill,’ says I, ‘I do want your help.’

“ ‘Good, how much can I make by it?’

“ ‘A hundred dollars,’ says I.

“ ‘*I’ll* do it,’ says Bill. ‘Now,’ says he, ‘give me the dots.’

“ ‘Bill,’ says I, ‘Cap’n Thurston has draw’d the rich gold mine. You go on as fast as your nag can take you, and as soon as you git there, git him to drinkin’. I don’t know any chance to come it over him till you git him ‘bout three sheets in the wind. Pour it down him, Bill, and get him *purty drunk* agin I gits there. As soon as I comes up, you git to axin’ me questions ‘bout the drawin’. I’ve got a list of the spurious drawin’s in my pocket, that Nick Brown give me; so I’ll jist pull it out and hand it to you. Then I’ll sorter begin to banter somebody for his chances. Now, Bill, you know jist as well as me how to play that sort of a game. Push on, Bill.’

“ He did push on in a hurry, and I follows on at a slow pace. Well, when I gits there, the Cap’n was perfickly sober. He hadn’t toch’d a drap; so I begins to feel sorter skeer’d; but Bill axed me, in hearin’ o’ the Cap’n, all ‘bout who’d draw’d, and I pulls out the list that you give me, and show’d it to him; and, says I:

“ ‘ I fotch the list with me, Bill; here it is.’

“ Bill read it over to the Cap’n, and when he was through, the Cap’n said :

“ ‘ Don’t expect to draw anything, myself.’

“ ‘ Why, Cap’n,’ says Bill, ‘ you may draw a mighty fine prize some o’ these days.’

“ ‘ I have no confidence in luck, Mr. Sims,’ says the Cap’n.

“ ‘ I b’lieve in it,’ says I, ‘ anyhow I’ll buy up all the chances *I* can git.’

“ ‘ I’ll sell you mine,’ says the Cap’n.

“ ‘ What will you take?’ says I.

“ ‘ What will you give?’

“ ‘ How many have you?’ says I.

“ ‘ Four.’

“ ‘ I’ll give you five dollars,’ says I.

“ ‘ No, Cap’n,’ says Bill, ‘ don’t you take it. You may draw a fine rich lot some time.’

“ ‘ Maybe I have drawn,’ says the Cap’n; ‘ let me see that list.’

“ Bill handed him the list, and he read it over.

“ ‘ Step this way, Cap’n,’ says Bill, and he said to him in a low voice, almost a whisper; ‘ I wouldn’t let him have my chances, Cap’n, for five dollars. He give old Smith fifty dollars for his four, and he’ll give you that much for yours.’

“ ‘ He’s a fool if he does,’ says the Cap’n, ‘ but you may try him.’

“ So Bill comes to me, and after talkin’ awhile together, I beckons the Cap’n, and when he come to me, I says :

“ ‘ I’ll give you fifty dollars, Cap’n, for your four chances.’

"‘It’s a bargain,’ says the Cap’n ; and so I paid him the money, and he drew up that paper, and give it to me.”

When Vol Brice finished his narration, Brown again looked at the paper, and exclaimed :

“ Well managed, Vol ! You’ll do, old fellow ; I tell you, you’ll do. So you are to pay Bill Sims a hundred dollars.”

“ Yes,” said Brice, “ and you are to pay it for me, and pay me five hundred dollars, and the Thurston place beside.”

“ Yes,” said Brown, and stepping to his desk, he drew out a package of Temple Vale Bank bills, and counted out six hundred dollars to Voltaire Brice. The same day the titles to the Thurston place passed into the hands of Brice, and Garland Thurston’s obligation, conveying all his chances in the land lottery, was in due form transferred to Nick Brown, and locked up in his great iron safe. The lands lately acquired from the Indians, were distributed under the management of the state, by lottery. Two of Garland’s four chances drew, one an inferior tract, the other, the richest gold mine in the Cherokee nation. Brown despatched an agent to the capital, with full authority to secure plat and grant, and the following week sold the gold mine for *fifty thousand dollars*. This was *shrewd* Nick Brown.

CHAPTER XV.

PIOUS COLONEL BROWN.

THE second night after we have seen Presiding Elder Mr. Groves, at Parson Dale's, he and Seth Stanly were quietly ensconced in a handsomely furnished chamber at Nick Brown's elegant mansion.

"What a *nice man* this Colonel Brown is!" exclaimed Mr. Groves.

Nature had not endowed Mr. Seth with any great power of originating ideas, so he responded "very" to nearly everything Mr. Groves said.

"He is so friendly," said Groves.

"Very."

"So high minded and liberal."

"Very, indeed."

(Seth knew how to be emphatic; he could lay no little stress upon the last syllable of that word.)

"So pious!" continued Mr. Groves.

"Ver—I—ah—yes, I 'spose so," stammered Seth.

"Isn't he a *princely* fellow?"

"Very—like a king."

"That was a noble donation, wa'n't it?"

"Which?" asked Seth, in doubt whether to assent or not.

“That he gave Doctor Sterling for missions,” said Groves.

“Who gave?”

“Colonel Brown.”

“How *much* did he give?”

“A hundred dollars.”

“Ah! very noble, *indeed*.”

“You see, Seth, we’re rising. *We’re* becoming a *great* people. We’re getting into *our* church the wealth and intelligence of the land. Methodism is a *great* system, Seth.”

“*Very great.*”

“What *wonderful* progress we have made, Seth.”

“*Wonderful.*”

“What *would* some of the old fathers of Methodism think, if they were to rise up, and see *what a great church* we are grown to be?”

“Wouldn’t they feel glad, Brother Groves?”

“Now, I told you, Seth, at the third quarterly meeting, the last Sunday in October, I believe, that it wouldn’t do to offend our men of wealth, and influence, and standing.”

“So you did, Brother Groves,” said Seth, and he looked a little uneasy, as he spoke.

“Well, isn’t it a cause of offence to keep that man Paul in the leadership?”

“Yes; Colonel Brown don’t like him.”

“Well, he *must* be put out; and, Seth, you mustn’t come up to conference without putting him out.”

“He *shall* be put out, Brother Groves; depend on’t he *shall* be.”

“That’s right; stick to that.”

“I will ; depend on’t, Brother Groves.”

“Wasn’t it ridiculous that he should set *himself* against such a man as Colonel Brown?”

“Very!”

“You ought to have reproved him sharply, Seth.”

“But, Brother Groves, there was Parson Dale and others, standing up to him, and any rationating man—”

“Stop ! Seth ; let me correct your language ; you should have said rational. Our *young men* are so careless, or stupid—I have to correct *so many* of them.”

“Yes, sir ; I see, I misnominated the word—”

“Tut ! tut ! tut ! Seth ; do try to be more correct, my boy ; you should have said *miscalled*. You see, if there is anything more important than another for a young preacher, it is language. We’re rising, Seth ; we are becoming a powerful church ; we’re gaining ground every day ; we’re getting the wealth and intelligence of the country, and ‘twon’t do for our young preachers to be so careless of their language. I was going to say—well, I will say, it is *vital* to *Methodism* that our young preachers learn to speak correctly.”

“I know it, Brother Groves ; and as you said to me the last Sunday in-d October—”

“There it is again ! whoever heard of the month of Doctober ?”

“Did I say *Doctober*, Brother Groves ?”

“Yes ; you said in-d October.”

“Well, I beg pardon, Brother Groves, I didn’t *mean* to say it.”

“Be careful, Seth, be careful ; how would you feel to let Colonel Brown hear you make such a mistake as

that? Why he would take you for a perfect *ignoramus*."

"What does that mean, Brother Groves?"

"It's Latin, Seth (you don't understand Latin, you know), and means that *you* are ignorant."

Seth remained silent for some moments, wondering to himself how long it would take him to become as *high-larnt* as Brother Groves. He was startled from his reverie by a rap at the door. He rose, and opening it, in walked Nick Brown.

"Beg pardon, Brother Groves, for disturbing you at this late hour; but—"

"Oh, no disturbance, Brother Brown, none whatever; come in, come in, sir, and take a seat."

"Well, I thought," said Brown, "after you left the parlor, of what we had been on, and it occurred to me to add just one word, as to-morrow is the holy Sabbath, and it is not fitting that *we* should talk over such matters on that *holy day*." (O thou pious, considerate Nick Brown !)

"Certainly, certainly, we ought to have a due regard for the sanctity of the holy Sabbath—speak your mind freely, Brother Brown," said Groves.

"I just wish to say that throughout my fiery trial—'

"You have had a very great trial," interrupted Mr. Groves; "and I do assure you, brother, you have my *warmest sympathy*."

"If you only knew, Brother Groves," and here his voice began to falter. He sank upon the chair which Groves had set for him, and covered his face with his hands, as if suddenly overcome with emotion. Mr. Groves gave vent to a deep-drawn sigh, and presently

to a long-drawn groan, which told how deeply he felt for the long-persecuted saint.

"Oh, if you *only* knew," resumed Nick as he recovered, "how I have been persecuted by that man."

"I *do* know," said Groves, graciously, condescendingly, *obsequiously*; just like some passionate mother, who, in a fit of tenderness, condoles most piteously with her dirty-faced urchin, that has had the misfortune to dash its foot against a stone.

"I *do* know, Brother Brown; you have suffered unjustly, and have been severely tried. I am astonished at your forbearance; I am amazed at your fortitude and patience."

"Oh, what could have sustained me but the power of religion," whimpered Nick—pious Colonel Nick.

"That's it, Brother Brown—the *power* of religion—it is power. I tell you, sir, *our* religion grows more powerful every day. It is a *great* religion, Brother Brown."

"Very great!" exclaimed Seth.

"I am *so glad* that I met with you, Brother Groves. You have comforted me so much."

"Oh, how good and pleasant it is, Brother Brown, for brethren to dwell together in unity! I do feel so much refreshed at your house, it is one of the green spots in my pilgrimage."

"Very green, indeed," ejaculated Seth.

"I have often thought, Brother Groves, that if there are any men on earth that are truly heroic, any that do present to the eye of mortals a spectacle of moral sublimity, you itinerant preachers are the men. Now a man of your transcendent abilities, who could grace

the halls of Congress, or guide the destinies of an empire—(Here Nick began again to sink under the overwhelming power of his religion)—that you, yes, you, Brother Groves, should renounce all to become a wanderer over the earth, for—*only one hundred dollars a year*. I tell you, it was this very thing that led to my conversion. Oh, it so wrought on my feelings, that I was constrained to acknowledge the power of religion."

" You are right, Brother Brown; we itinerants do have to make *great sacrifices*."

" Very great, indeed."

Doubtless Mr. Seth was prompted to utter this exclamation, by the reflection that possibly he also had relinquished the congressional honors, the supervision of an empire, or some great something-or-other, "*for only one hundred dollars a year*," with now and then a few "green spots."

" Now, I wouldn't have you to think, Brother Groves," said Nick Brown, " that I am at all hurt with Brother Stanly for not at once adopting my hint to turn that—that—well, it doesn't become me to use harsh epithets—that man Paul out of the leadership. But I do think that he has rather neglected his duty in this respect, for the church has suffered, and—"

" Oh yes, I know it, Brother Brown, and *you* have suffered. Well, I have told Seth that he *must* be put out."

" And he *shall* be, depend on't, Brother Groves," said Seth.

" That'll do, so good night," said Nick.

" *Good night*, Brother Brown," simultaneously spoke Mr. Groves and Seth.

On the following day, the Methodist church at Temple Vale was crowded. It had been extensively circulated that the distinguished Doctor Sterling would preach at eleven o'clock. The fame of the preacher had attracted a multitude. From the broad vale and the hill-sides, from all the little coves and mountain glens, the people came in wagons, on horseback, on foot. Sedate matrons and buxom lasses came, trudging along for miles, with bundles under their arms, which they untied as soon as they came in sight of the village, and, doffing their old shoes and rough outer garments, donned their new shoes and finer capes and shawls, hiding the old in the bushes, by the way, until they returned. Such a congregation had never been seen in that village before. Captain Thurston and his family, Parson Dale and his, Mr. Paul and his, were all there. Old Nick Brown, and would-be-captain Dave, leading little Tom by the hand—all came. Men who had never before been at a Methodist meeting came. Even Vol Brice and Bill Sims turned out to hear the great divine of the Methodist church. Neither of them had ever been to a Methodist church before. Nick Brown took a conspicuous seat in front of the altar. Garland sat far back. He looked calm, and wore an aspect of unwonted seriousness. Before the sermon, the presiding elder administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After the ministers had partaken, the laity were invited. Nick Brown was the first to leave his conspicuous seat, and, in the sight of Garland Thurston, of Bill Sims, and of Vol Brice, he deliberately kneeled at the altar and partook of the sacred emblems! *Pious Colonel Brown!*

The Communion ended, Doctor Sterling, in tones most touching, in a manner the most solemn, and with devotion most earnest and pathetic, addressed a throne of grace. Then rising in the pulpit, he announced his text :

"I have seen the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought for him, but he could not be found."

We will not attempt a description of the sermon—it was indescribable. For beauty of thought and expression—for eloquence and grandeur, it was perhaps never excelled by any other preacher in America. The effect was most solemn and wonderful. Mr. Paul looked as if he would cry his eyes out, and Matthew was not far behind him. Horry looked as if he was entranced—but shed not a tear. Garland sat motionless, attentive, but inscrutable. Betsy's expression varied with the flow of the preacher's thought. Now he described the character of the wicked, and depicted his awful doom; and as he did so, she wore an aspect of pity, and stole a glance or two at Brown. Now he painted with transcendent eloquence, power, and skill, the joyful hope of the Christian, by way of contrast; and as he did so, her countenance beamed with joy. Nick•Brown sat for some time gazing, with brazen impudence, into the face of the preacher. But as the eloquent divine proceeded in his discourse, showing how *he* had seen the "wicked spreading himself"—grinding the face of the poor—oppressing the needy and distressed—making haste to get rich—speculating, defrauding, swindling—the dark little eyes twinkled *faster*, and shot lightning glances toward Mr. Paul.

"Who told him of that? and that? and that? See there! he's heard of that Thurston land case! There! he's got hold of that gold-mine speculation! See! he's now hinting at my talking about that man Paul. Who could have told him about all these things? who but the hypocritical Paul?"

Such were the reflections of the *pious Colonel* while the preacher proceeded in the elucidation and application of his subject. The next grand flight was too much for the conscience-smitten speculator; he took his hat, and trembling from head to foot, partly with rage and partly with remorse, fled precipitately from the sanctuary. It was the last time that Nick Brown was ever seen in any house of worship. Early the next year he ordered his name to be erased from the church record, and informed Groves of his reasons for his course.

As the eloquent preacher proceeded in his description of the "wicked," in one of his most terrific flights, he exclaimed:

"Woe to the men on earth who dwell, nor dread the Almighty's frown! Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, who devour widows' houses, and for pretence, make long prayers! Woe! woe! to you speculators, oppressors, and swindlers! Woe! woe! woe! to you tools, you dupes, you truckling sycophants to men of wealth and power!"

At this the cry of "woe!" echoed from the other end of the chapel. Garland started, and, looking round, saw Bill Sims leap from a window, and break into a run, and as he ran he cried, "Woe! woe! woe! is me, for I am undone!"

Vol Brice leaped out after him, and, running, cried, "Stop, Bill! come back; don't make a fool of yourself. Come back, Bill, come back!"

But he continued to run on toward the village, and still he cried, "Woe! woe! woe! is me, for I am undone!"

On and on they ran, both of them, and every foot of the way, in tones that made Vol Brice quake with terror, the poor maniac cried, "Woe! woe! woe! is me, for I am undone forever!"

Now they reach the store and turn down in the way to the bridge. Brice follows hard after, but the madman keeps his distance ahead of him. Now they turn to the left, and run along the river bank. Sims reaches the base of the great mound, he ascends to the top in a few seconds.

"Woe! woe!—"

A leap, a splash, a moment's struggle in the rapid torrent that laves the base of the mausoleum of the fabled princess Namicalola, and Bill Sims' spirit is ushered into the presence of its Judge!

CHAPTER XVI.

HORRY'S DEPARTURE FROM TEMPLE VALE.

IT is summer time, and a great crowd is seen about the village inn. Travellers from different parts have sought this salubrious vale, to find refreshment among the verdant hills, or health-restoring draughts from the fine chalybeate spring. From distant cities come the merchants and men of leisure, from the rice and cotton plantations, the wealthy planters, and languishing invalids from many parts, to pass a few of the summer months in this romantic region. Long trains of glittering carriages, drawn by prancing horses, roll daily along the well-beaten road to the vivifying fountain. Groups of pedestrians, of mornings and evenings, throng the little by-paths that wind among the hills. Others, with hooks and lines, and poles, glide along the river banks in piscatory exploits ; while, here and there, some are clambering up the mountain sides, in search of plants and flowers. Amid the throng that fills the village inn, a couple of gentlemen are seated apart, engaged in earnest conversation. One is Doctor Grantland, an eminent physician from Charleston ; the other is Doctor Marshall, from N——. The latter is a young man who has just returned from a tour through Europe

and the East. He has just been giving Doctor Grantland some account of the wonders of the Old World, when a youth of slender form, and graceful action, passes them. They both bow to him with an air of respect, and he returns the salutation with an easy urbanity, and passes on. Doctor Marshall suddenly breaks off the thread of his narrative, and continues :

“Amid all my rambles, sir, over Europe and the East, I have never visited a spot which to me has been more attractive and lovely than that mound upon the river bank.”

“It is truly a charming spot,” said Doctor Grantland ; “I strolled out there one afternoon about sunset, and, ascending to the top, looked down upon the rapid current that flows beneath it, and beyond at the deepening shades of those lofty mountains.”

“But *I* have sat there,” said Doctor Marshall, “beneath the pale moonbeams, and listened to the sweetest legends that ever thrilled the breast of a mortal. There lacks the soft voluptuousness, the oriental gorgeousness of Arabian story; but all that is romantic, heroic, and thrilling, in the character of the primeval race that ranged these mountains and valleys from unchronicled ages, enter into the composition of those enchanting tales. As I have listened to the charming portraiture of the princess Nanicalola, the courage and magnanimity of Amitilla, the jealous rage of the fiery and impetuous Chestatee, I have felt my heart moved and thrilled by a strange delight.”

“I would,” said Doctor Grantland, “that I had been with you to listen to those curious legends. Can you not make me a partaker of your pleasure, by repeating them ?”

“Impossible, sir! Before you can realize the emotions which those legends awaken, you must go to the spot; you must sit there, beneath the serene sky, beset with the glittering host, and see the silvery moon mirrored from the crystal eddies in that lovely stream, and see the foaming current in the centre as it plunges over its rocky bed; you must sit upon that rock, beneath which the dust of the ill-fated Namicalola rests, and feel the soft breathings of the summer midnight air.”

“I will go with you this very night, and——”

“But you must hear them from the same lips. More than half the charm consists in the manner of the narration.”

“And who, pray, is the gifted narrator?” asked Doctor Grantland.

“Did you see that slender, pale-featured youth? He cannot exceed seventeen. His garb is plain, but intelligence beams from his eye. See how brisk, yet how graceful, his movements; with what a courteous air, what charming urbanity and civility he meets every one; how watchful of the wants of all these guests; with what self-possession he satisfies their various, and often clamorous demands. That is the person from whose lips I have heard those most beautiful legends.”

“You surprise me, Doctor Marshall, by this information. I had indeed remarked the noble bearing of that youth; I had seen his graceful movements and his courteous airs; I had noticed particularly his attentions to the boarders, and the order and precision of his business habits; but had no idea that he possessed such wonderful genius.”

“ His genius, Doctor Grantland, does not consist in the power merely to adorn and tell a tale, though he can, in his lucid but simple style, narrate a story with peculiar interest. I have drawn from him an interesting history of his family. From earliest childhood he has been accustomed to listen, of winter evenings, to narrations similar to such as I have heard him relate; but he has a breadth of intellect, a clearness of perception, and a fund of information, which display themselves even while he narrates romantic incidents and fabulous stories. In him the solid, philosophic, reflective faculties predominate over the imagination and fancy. When I first arrived here and noticed this youth, I was forcibly struck with the intelligence and manly bearing of one so young, and raised, apparently, in an humble sphere of life. But I had no sooner formed his acquaintance, and engaged him once or twice in conversation, than I felt myself in the presence of a superior being. Nor is his intellect his chief excellence; he possesses that noble aspiration of soul, that loftiness of purpose, and that native integrity and strength of virtue, which, in my opinion, constitute the true dignity of humanity. I felt my heart instinctively drawn toward him, and sought every opportunity to be with him when he was alone. For nearly a month we have walked together, nearly every night, when his business was done, to that mound, and sat together upon the stone, half hid among that clump of trees which crowns the eminence. I should be delighted if that youth lived in N——.”

“ You will shortly realize that wish,” said Doctor Grantland.

“How, pray?”

“You know my brother, Moses Grantland, a merchant of N——?”

“Very well.”

“I have engaged Horry Thurston to live with him.”

“As a clerk?”

“Yes.”

“I am glad of it,” said Doctor Marshall; “but your brother can never make a merchant of him.”

“Why?”

“He has a soul that cannot be entombed amid cash-books, ledgers, and piles of merchandise; richer laden argories than ever floated on the seas will glide upon his ripened intellect; purer gems than ruby, topaz, or emerald, will glitter from his heart and life.”

“Do you think so?” asked Doctor Grantland.

“We'll see,” said Doctor Marshall.

A small, but elegantly-arranged and neatly-furnished cabin, sheltered by a hill that rises abruptly from the border of the fertile plain, has become the abode of Garland and Betsy Thurston. A foot-path over the hill, conducts to the highway, in full view of the church. A little farther down, just where the river bends in toward the hills upon its left bank, there is a sheltered cave, or grotto, formed by projecting rocks which overlook the water. Within the grotto are a chair and a table. A hymn-book lies upon the table. Reader, you know for what purpose that grotto is used. Betsy goes thither three times a day to perform her private devotions. She is there now, the tenth day of October, 183—. A lovelier autumnal sunset never cast

its golden radiance over that quiet vale. She is not alone ; Horry is sitting by her side, his hand clasped in hers. She addresses him thus :—

“ Horry, my dear, it has cost me a hard struggle, and many a pang, to give you up. But I believe it is the will of God, and I try to say, ‘ Thy will, O God, be done ! ’ I feel that I shall never look upon your face again. Receive my parting words, my son, as my dying counsel ! Be virtuous, be religious, be a Christian, true and faithful, and we shall meet in the better land. *Never form any associations, never go into any company, never do anything which you would not, if you knew that I, your dear mother, were present, and looking at you.* I am going, Horry, I shall soon be gone ; but if the happy spirits of the bright world to which I go, are permitted to revisit this earthly ball, I will come to you, and breathe into your spirit that love for truth, and that hatred for evil, in which I have taught you hitherto to walk.”

So saying, she kneeled, and commended him to the care, the guidance, and blessing of God. The scene of that quiet sunset hour must have attracted the gaze of those ministering angels who delight to hover over the heirs of salvation. If angels could weep tears of sympathetic joy, their celestial cheeks must have glittered with immortal drops.

We spare you, reader, the pain of that parting scene. Early the next day the stage-coach rattled along the rough, stony road, past the church-yard, and along by the old homestead, bearing Horry away from all that he had ever loved.

“ He’s gone ! ” said Mr. Paul, who, with Garland

and Betsy and Matthew stood, weeping, and straining their eyes after the receding coach, until it disappeared beyond the hill-top.

Garland leaned, for support, against the church-yard paling. The stout heart beat and fluttered in the old man's breast. Matthew was inconsolable; Betsy was calm as a summer evening: she had prayed, trusted and committed the sacred treasure to Him who gave it, and went her way in peace. Well done! thou noble mother, thou hast done what thou couldst, and shalt have thy reward. Thou hast not labored in vain; thy toil shall be blest. Not with thine eyes wilt thou behold the fruit of the patient hope and maternal diligence; but in that day, for which all other days were made, thou wilt gather a rich harvest into the garner on high.

CHAPTER XVII.

“REQUIESCAT IN PACE.”

AGAIN it is summer time—nearly two years after the departure of Horry. Yonder, in the broiling sun, the ploughman pushes his foaming beast along the opening furrow, panting for the shadow at the farther end. Over the broad fields of Temple Vale the green corn waves before the gentle breeze, which floats softly down the opening between those mountain ranges. The hills are dressed in living green, and along their sides graze innumerable flocks and herds. The mountain cliffs smile with refreshing verdure, and their summits are bathed in the bright radiance of a summer mid-day sun. The musical flow of merry brooks mingles with the joyous carols of woodland birds, and the heavier roar of the little river swells the distant murmur of pleasing sounds. The schoolboys cease their active sports, and huddle together beneath those grand forest oaks which spread their deep shadows over the academy yard. The church lifts its modest belfry among the tree-tops, whose foliage-laden boughs interlock across the smooth, sandy avenue, as it invites to pious meditation. And here, amid these quiet shades, a few scattering tombstones tell us that Death has

found his way into this sequestered vale. There, they are digging another grave !

Just as the sun descends beneath the tree-tops on yon lofty range of mountains, a crowd of people, moving with solemn pace behind a bier, enter the gate of the churchyard. They proceed along the sandy avenne until they reach the front steps of the chapel ; then, turning to the right, they proceed to a point about opposite to the northeast corner of the chapel, and deposit the coffin in the fresh-dug grave. The stillness of death reigns throughout the crowd ; only the voice of prayer is heard—the voice of Mr. Paul—as they consign the dust of Betsy Thurston to the tomb ! The people retire, and a robust form is bending over the sod. It is Garland, weeping over the departure of the sweetest wife, the gentlest mother, the purest Christian, that Heaven ever sent to bless a sin-cursed world. Yes, he weeps, for he is a Christian, and his heart is soft. His Betsy died in his arms, singing, in seraphic strains :

"Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are ;
While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there."

There he kneels at the soft twilight hour. His arm encircles the waist of a strong young man who kneels beside him. It is Matthew, weeping, weeping, and lamenting his irreparable loss. At length they arise. Garland casts a tearful glance toward heaven, and exclaims—his countenance radiant with immortal hope : "Yes, my beloved, I'll meet you *there*!" Measuring a step or two to the right, he said : "Matthew, bury me here."

Another year passed, and Garland slept by the side of Betsy ! A single weeper was kneeling there. When he arose from his knees, he looked first at the graves of his parents, and then at another, and said : " *They* are gone, and *he* is gone, and I am left alone ! "

Matthew turned away with loneliness and desolation pictured on his brow. Mr. Paul, too, had passed to the mansions of the blessed. *Requiescat in pace !*

Part Second.

SHOWING HOW "MAN PROPOSES."

CHAPTER XVIII.

HORRY IS INTRODUCED TO A LITTLE YANKEE.

HORRY arrived at N—— early one morning, about the middle of October, and taking breakfast at the hotel where the stage stopped, he set out immediately in search of Mr. Grantland's store. He proceeded only to the first corner, when he saw "Moses Grantland's Dry Goods Store," in large letters on a sign-board over the door of a long wooden building. He entered, and saw the spacious store-room crowded with boxes, containing the newly-arrived goods for the season. Several young men were opening the boxes, and placing their contents upon the counters, while two others stood behind one of the counters, marking the goods as they were unpacked. One of these was a gaudily-dressed, spare-built young man, who stood carelessly holding a pen between his lips, while, with one hand he held an invoice, and with the other a package of gloves which he was just about to mark. The other, a thick-set, smooth-faced, ruddy-cheeked, light-haired, blue-eyed youth, stood whistling, while he separated the parcels, and divided them off into smaller heaps

on the counter. He wore a fiery red cravat, a dazzling velvet vest, and sported a splendid gold chain, with a seal and several keys dangling at the end. When he saw Horry, he said :

“ Alsey ! ” No one responded to the call immediately, and he continued to whistle and separate the parcels. In a minute or so, he spoke again :

“ I say, Alsey, attend to this customer.” He spoke in a tone of authority, and, though much the younger of the two, his air was rather commanding. The first young man took the pen from his lips, and said :

“ Sy, don’t you see I can’t leave this invoice ? Call Bob.”

By this time a sprightly youth of about fifteen, left his mallet and chisel upon the box-lid which he was endeavoring to pry open, and approaching Horry with a consequential air, said :

“ What can I do for *you*, sir ? Have some clothing ? Good coats, nice vests, fine pants ; very top of fashion.”

As he spoke, he scanned Horry’s outer man from head to foot. As he glanced at his well-worn hat, he said : “ P’raps you’d like a hat, sir, or fur cap ? ”

Then casting a look at his country-made shoes, he continued :

“ Look at some boots or shoes ? Very fine lot just opened ; going like hot cakes. Walk round and let’s show ‘em to you.”

Now, Horry was not dressed in the style of the young gentlemen of the store. His coat, of plain country jeans, which his industrious mother had made just before he left home ; his hat, which had been kept for

the last twelve months exclusively for Sunday use ; his shoes, made by a clumsy shoemaker of Temple Vale, contrasted very disparagingly with the splendid apparel of Messrs. Alsey, Sy, and Bob, as these gay young clerks had called each other. Yet, by the simple inhabitants of the secluded valley whence he emanated, he was considered a well-dressed youth. But he was now in the wealthiest and most aristocratic portion of the State, and, in the estimation of the extravagant young men of that most fashionable town, his apparel was anything but elegant. Instead of answering the interrogatories of Master Bob, he simply asked : " Is Mr. Grantland at home ? "

" He'll be in d'rectly ; but what'll you have ? I'll wait on you."

" I just wish to see Mr. Grantland," said Horry.

" Call Mr. Worthy, Bob," said the young man who answered to the name of Alsey.

" Yes," said Master Bob ; " Mr. Worthy, head clerk, 'tends to *all* Mr. Grantland's business ; I'll call 'im in."

Before Horry could tell him that his business was a private matter between himself and Mr. Grantland, the sprightly youth had bounded away to a room in rear of the long store-room. Horry had a moment to glance around him, and take a general view of the store-room and its contents. The long ranges of shelves, extending from the floor to the ceiling, filled with dry goods, hardware, cutlery, and every variety of heavier merchandise common to a large retail store ; the multitude of drawers containing silks, satins, laces, muslins, broadcloths, furs, all the finer articles pertaining to such establishments ; counters and tables cov-

ered with piles of prints, homespuns, kerseys, linseys, etc. ; the mountains of boxes piled up in the centre of the room, still unopened, greatly astonished him. While Messrs. Sy and Alsey continued to separate and mark the packages, and three or four young men continued to discharge upon the counters the contents of the boxes, Horry was reflecting, and wondering whether all these goods would ever be sold. He had not yet seen the heaps on heaps stored away in the back rooms, and in the garret, and in the cellar, and in the great store-room in the rear of the main edifice. He had but little time to speculate on the probabilities of disposing of this vast array of merchandise. Master Bob soon returned, followed by a young gentleman whose appearance was quite prepossessing. He sported no gaudy cravat, no splendid vest, no massive gold chain, with pendent seal and superfluous keys. His face was encircled by a set of flaming red whiskers. His hair, neatly parted, and brushed to one side in a graceful curl, was of the color of his whiskers, but a shade darker. His countenance beamed less with intelligence than with kindness and generosity ; yet he showed, by the settled, determined aspect of his features, that he was the man to keep up a steady, faithful surveillance of the establishment. Accosting Horry in a respectful and gentle manner, he said :

“Can I do anything to serve you, sir ?”

“I only wish to see Mr. Grantland,” said Horry. He spoke with such an air of politeness and good breeding as seemed to surprise Mr. Worthy, who, in a manner still more amiable, and with increasing respectfulness, said :

"He will come in shortly ; but I shall be happy to serve you if you have any business connected with this establishment."

Horry, struck with his amiable bearing, and perceiving that he was entirely different from any of the young men who now gazed at him, as if they wondered what business he could have with Mr. Grantland, that could not be despatched as well by Mr. Worthy, replied :

"I have been engaged by Doctor Grantland as a clerk for his brother, and was directed to come here."

At this announcement Master Bob stared wildly at Master Sy. The latter youth cast a fascinating *coup d'œil* at Alsey, who answered it with an equally fascinating operation with his own optics, and added a facial grimace which caused the smooth-faced youth to draw his lips, first into a pucker, and then to expand them into a broad grin, so as to make the ruddy cheeks resemble a couple of red apples. Another optical wink from Alsey threw the light-haired youth into a titter, which excited Master Bob into a giggle, and the titter and the giggle threw all three into a laughing convulsion.

Fortunately Horry was not oppressed with that foolish weakness called sensitiveness, though he was keenly alive to the dictates of good sense, as well as the decencies of good breeding. He knew the laugh was at his expense. He did not know what effect the surprising announcement had upon the rest of the clerks ; but he stood as imperturbable, and with as much dignity, as you can imagine it possible for a youth of seventeen, dressed in a plain up-country garb, to possess. Mr. Worthy silently contrasted his dignified composure

with the rudeness of his fellow-clerks, and instantly drew the conclusion that fine clothes cannot make a man a gentleman, any more than a coarse habit can make him a boor. A clown will be a clown, rig him as you please ; and a gentleman will be a gentleman, though his coat may be threadbare. Mr. Worthy paused a moment to make this sensible reflection, and said :

“I suppose, then, that you are Horry Thurston ?”

“Yes,” said Horry.

“I am glad you are come,” said Mr. Worthy. “We have been looking for you. Dr. Grantland passed through, on his way to Charleston, and told us you were coming.”

“I would have been here sooner,” said Horry, “but was detained to settle some business for my father.”

“Come with me into the counting-room. Mr. Grantland will come in shortly.”

“Ah ! here you are ! Come at last ! How are you, my dear young friend ? I am delighted to see you.”

Horry instantly recognized the voice, and, turning, Dr. Marshall grasped his hand and, to the amazement of Messrs. Alsey, Sy, and Bob (and perhaps some others), he actually threw one arm around his neck, and gave him a friendly hug.

“I have glanced in here every day, for the last two weeks, to see if you had come.”

Taking his arm from around Horry’s neck, but still holding him by the hand, he drew him to the door, saying : “Step this way. Do you see that one-story brick house across the street there ? Well, that is mine and my brother’s office. Come, no ceremony ;

whenever you have a leisure hour, come over ; you will find me in one of the back-rooms there. You must come soon, and come often. I will carry you to some of my favorite haunts, which, though not so picturesque and beautiful as Temple Vale, are, nevertheless, quiet and pleasant. I see you have just come, and I will not trespass a moment. Mr. Worthy, I know *you* will be very kind to my young friend here : you will find your tastes, in some respects, to be in harmony. Come over soon, Horry. Good morning."

None of the young gentlemen had been so fortunate as to be honored with the friendship of Dr. Marshall. He was a ripe scholar, a successful physician, and an accomplished gentleman. His extensive travels had made him acquainted with the world ; and, though he was still young, his scientific attainments had already made him distinguished. His social relations placed him on a proud eminence. From the moment in which he greeted Horry as his friend, and pressed him so earnestly to visit him without ceremony, Messrs. Alsey, Sy, and Bob, were forced to respect him whom, but a moment before, they had made the butt of their merriment.

Horry had been with Mr. Worthy in the counting-room about fifteen minutes, when a side-door opened, and a man of very small stature entered. He was dressed in a shining suit of black cloth, wore a fine, sleek hat, and a pair of brilliant boots. Proceeding to the door between the counting-room and large sales-room, he took a couple of brushes, and brushed, first the shining black suit, and then the sleek hat, without adding a particle to the brilliancy of the one or the

sleekness of the other. He frisked about with the activity of a young squirrel, while he was engaged in this operation. Casting an eye askance, from side to side, as if to assure himself that the brushes had performed their duty faithfully, he took a duster, and dusted the counters and shelves, although the naked eye could not detect a particle of dust upon them. While he was engaged in this operation, Horry had an opportunity to scan his person and motions. In stature he was so small that his weight could not have exceeded a hundred pounds, but his proportions were symmetrical and handsome. He had a head covered with black glossy hair, and a noble set of black whiskers. His eye was keen and piercing, features sharp, and all his motions quick. He walked with a resolute stamp of the foot, and all his movements exhibited resolution and energy.

"Be careful, Robert, with those *noo* prints; cover them up to keep the dust off."

What a voice! Stentor himself could not have excelled it. Never had Horry heard such vocal power proceed from so diminutive a *human* form. But the voice was nothing, compared with the air of authority with which the command was accompanied. It seemed to intimate that Master Bob had better be mindful of that great voice, and that little man that uttered it, as well as the "noo" prints.

Returning to the counting-room, Mr. Worthy introduced him to Horry. He spoke in a voice which was still appalling to the youth, though it was somewhat subdued, and his manner was a little more pleasant.

"I have been looking out for you," said Mr. Grantland—the LITTLE YANKEE—"and began to calcilate that *p'raps* you had given out coming."

"I was unavoidably detained," said Horry.

"Carry him through the store, Mr. Worthy, and let him learn the places, names, and prices of the goods;" so saying, he vanished through the side-door, which he was careful to lock, putting the key into his pocket. Horry saw him no more during the day.

The reader will remember that Garland Thurston had given his notes for fifteen hundred dollars, to be paid in three annual installments, for the land which had been so villainously wrested from him. Two of these notes had been paid before Brown's suit for ejectment had commenced; the other was sued, and judgment obtained on it, before that suit had terminated. Horry had exhausted the whole of his salary, while he was at the hotel in Temple Vale, by paying up that judgment. This was the business that had detained him. He discharged the debt, and felt the happiness unspeakable to know that he had paid the last dollar that his father owed in the world.

Thus, we see this boy, at the age of seventeen, toiling hard in a village inn, dressing in the most economical style, husbanding his hard earnings, making a filial offering of the entire sum, and then setting out upon the hard path of life, to carve out his own fortune, without a dollar in his pocket!

Blessings on thy head, thou noble youth! peace and plenty crown thy age!

CHAPTER XIX.

PRINCIPLES OF TRADE.

MR. WORTHY, to whom Horry had been intrusted, that he might initiate him into the mysteries of mercantile life, forthwith set about the performance of that duty. He conducted him from shelf to shelf, from drawer to drawer, from trunk to trunk, from box to box, throughout the ample salesroom. Thence he proceeded through all the adjacent rooms, and thence to the garret, and thence to the cellar. Lastly he carried him through the large store-room in the rear, which was never opened, except when a new bale or box of merchandise had to be brought forth, in order to replenish the shelves, rendered vacant by the sale of their contents. The first thing which Mr. Worthy endeavored to impress upon the mind of his pupil, was the place of each article in the establishment, and the extent of demand for it. The next step was to instruct him in deciphering the hieroglyphics used to denote the prices. The cost was expressed in one class of characters, and the selling price was written under them in another class. There was little or no difficulty in ascertaining prices, once the characters were learned, as Mr. Grantland had but one price. He adhered to this

rule with inflexible determination. As long as any particular kind of goods was saleable, it was sold only at the price marked on it ; if it became unsaleable, it was laid aside to be sold at cost, or less, according to the nature of the demand for it. If anything was damaged, the defect was never concealed, but promptly disclosed, whenever it was offered for sale, which was always at a reduction proportionate to the injury.

In the course of a few weeks, Horry comprehended the arrangements of the establishment, and remembered the locality of everything so well, that he was able to lay his hand upon anything that was wanted. He was first employed in selling hardware, and the coarser kinds of domestic and staple dry goods. He continued to improve until, by the end of his first year, he was the most expert and successful, though the least talkative salesman in the house. Although Mr. Worthy was surprised at his success, he believed that if he would talk more, he might succeed better still. They differed, however, very widely in this particular, and frequently discussed the question at length.

“I think, Horry,” said he, “that you would do well to recommend the goods a little more earnestly than you are wont to do.”

“I have no ambition, Mr. Worthy, to be considered an elegant speaker, if dry goods are to constitute my only theme.”

“Yet it is very necessary to success in business,” said Mr. Worthy; “few salesmen can succeed well without talking.”

“But if *I* talk,” said Horry, “I must have something to talk about. True, I might say of an article—

this is *good*, or it is *fine*—it is *extra*—I might say this is *nice*, or *handsome*, or *beautiful*; it *makes up well*, it *will become you*, it is *in good taste*. I might expatiate on the texture, color, use, in short, on many qualities, properties, and uses of things. But can you conceive of anything less interesting, or rather, I might say, more *disgusting* than such clap-trap? Are not such expressions in the mouth of every haberdasher? Do not sensible people loathe the very sound of such stereotyped nonsense?"

"You may call it nonsense, Horry, but, believe me, it is the very life of successful trade."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Worthy, or I am at fault in my judgment of human nature. If an article does really possess any of the thousand and one good qualities which our eloquent salesmen attribute to it, I am sure that an intelligent customer will discover it, nor will he feel himself at all flattered by our efforts to enlighten him. On the contrary, he must oftener be repelled, than enticed by our harangues."

"Some may be," said Mr. Worthy, "but others will feel themselves complimented, and fancy that you pay them reverence by doing so much to please and accommodate them."

"There is a better way to pay reverence to human nature," said Horry. "It is a better way, because there is no sly artifice, no deception, no trick of trade in it. It does not consist in tickling the fancy, nor flattering the pride; it is not to bait in order to ensnare, not to beguile in order to fleece."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Worthy.

"It is the language of the heart, and the conduct,

Mr. Worthy, rather than of the tongue, though this, too, is included. First of all, then, consider the true, original dignity of humanity. It may be defaced by sin, it may be blurred by vice; it may be sunk by ignorance, by bad passions, many degrees below its original grandeur; but, like some proud edifice crumbling to decay, it is still magnificent even in its ruins. The human soul, with all its faults, still presents the only object in the visible creation, which bears any trace of the image of God. I say, then, reverence the human soul."

"Well, what has that to do with a commercial transaction? with a mere bargain?"

"A great deal, sir. We must love our neighbor as ourselves. This allows of no tricks in trade, no commercial pranks, no taking advantage of his ignorance, or other weakness in order to secure his custom, and get his money. To do so would be to speculate in human infirmity—to put it in the market. It would be making a *commodity* of his pride, his vanity, or the weakness of his understanding. Such infirmity is indeed a part of your stock in trade—in short, you make merchandise of that which bears the image of God, and thus degrade it."

"I don't think I understand you," said Mr. Worthy.

"Then I will be a little more explicit," said Horry. "We should recognize *every human being* on the face of the earth as possessing what is infinitely more valuable than gold. That priceless thing is his *soul*. Reverence that, and you will then be truly *polite* to *every man*. You sacrifice nothing, you gain everything.

You gain his respect, his esteem, his confidence ; and, gaining these, you gain his custom too."

"Now, I understand the secret of *your* success, Horry, and will endeavor to profit by the example. But still, why not talk more earnestly as a salesman ? Can it do any harm ?"

"Mr. Worthy, I know I *could* sell more goods than I do, by *talking*, if I would do it, but I have only one way to talk—to *tell the truth, the whole truth*, if I know it."

"I would not advise you to talk otherwise, Horry ; nor would it elevate you a particle in Mr. Grantland's esteem if you were to do so. Still you might say many things which you do not, and yet not go beyond the limits of the truth."

"I admit it," said Horry ; "but there are other matters to be attended to besides truth."

"What things ?"

"I must take care not to persuade any one to injure my employer."

"Of course."

"Some people buy goods, Mr. Worthy, who are either unable or unwilling to pay for them."

"But you must learn whom to trust, and whom not," said Mr. Worthy.

"That is a part of my commercial education which you neglected, Mr. Worthy."

"No, sir ; I have often told you the names of our most reliable customers, and when you have been in doubt, you have prudently consulted Mr. Grantland or me."

"True, Mr. Worthy, but you have never laid down

any rule as an infallible guide by which I may know *whom to trust*, and whom not. How may I know that the glare of a splendid equipage may not be the false glitter of an insolvent? How may I know, by the extent of *visible* resources, the extent of *invisible* liabilities? How may I know but that one of unquestionable ability and integrity, might not chance to be one who would recoil with loathing and disgust from my pertinacious harangues?"

"But suppose you are selling for cash, cannot you then afford to talk as earnestly as you please? But why, even in that case, do you say so little?"

"Because, Mr. Worthy, I have no right to persuade my neighbor to injure himself, his family, his creditors, or the cause of God. Think, if you please, of the strength of that instinct which prompts so many people to worship *respectability*. What multitudes bow at the shrine of this idol! How many have cast away a competence in a vain endeavor to keep pace with their wealthier neighbors *in respectability*! How many moderate incomes have been thus offered to this rapacious deity! How many helpless children have been cast at the mercy of this Moloch! How much bone, and sinew, and muscle, have been crushed by this ponderous Juggernaut! And for what? Why that the man worth but fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, may have as fine a house, as splendid a carriage, and that his wife and daughters may be as magnificently attired, as his neighbor who is worth a hundred thousand. No, sir, rest assured that as long as there are so many who will sacrifice all they have, reduce their families to want, defraud their creditors, and neglect the claims

of heaven-born charity, in their blind worship of respectability, they shall bear the responsibilities of their doings, upon their own shoulders—I will not share that dread responsibility."

"You will never become a successful merchant, Horry, if such are the principles on which you are resolved to act."

"Why do you think so, Mr. Worthy?"

"What! assume the guardianship of three fourths—yea, nineteen twentieths of all the community! Bless your soul, Horry! you are too conscientious for this world of frail mortality."

"Some people, Mr. Worthy, may be the victims of a morbid scrupulosity, but I assure you it is an affliction—it is as certainly a disease as hypochondria, or dyspepsia—in fact, a moral consumption, eating out the very life, and consuming the strength and glory of the moral sense. It is as different from a right perception of the relations of good and evil—of right and wrong, as night is from day. Nothing is better fitted for such a world as this—frail and mortal though it be—than a *good conscience*; nothing can better promote a man's real interest, even in commercial life, than a good conscience."

"Don't understand me to say you may not keep a good conscience, and be a successful merchant. But, Horry, the great lever of the commercial world is self-interest, and competition is its legitimate offspring. The fundamental rule of success in business is, to persuade men that they will promote their own interest by trading with you."

"I have no objection to what you say about self-in-

terest and competition ; but I will not endorse your maxim. For if I must, in order to succeed in business, persuade men that it will be to their interest to trade with me, in preference to any other, I must first be convinced that my goods are not only better, in every sense, but cheaper than those of any other. If I were to act thus, I might not only say what would be false, but do an injury to my neighbor. Your fundamental rule will not do, but mine will—*do right, and leave consequences to God.* But in *doing right*, remember that many things are included, which may be summed up under a few heads—*honesty, veracity, temperance, industry, and economy.* Whoever attends to these things, will have a good conscience—such a person cannot fail in any business pursuit on earth. Fire, it is true, may consume the fruit of his toil ; floods may drown, or destroy ; commercial revolutions may break him up ; but he will have a good conscience, which is better than all the fortunes in the world. Then, when everything else is gone, his virtue still remains, and this will give him a fresh start. Confidence is a good capital, even where dollars are wanting. Let commercial men have confidence in your integrity, and they will take you by the hand and help you begin the world anew. Away with the notion that we must part with a good conscience in order to succeed in commercial life !”

“ May not a man pursue an honorable rivalry, and still push his own interest ?”

“ Certainly he can, and while he pushes his own interests on right principles, he is bound to succeed. But if he violate the golden rule, he must suffer the

consequences. If we understood the mysterious operations of that Providence which controls and guides the destinies of commerce, as certainly as He directs the trade-winds, the Gulf stream, and the monsoon, we should perhaps discover that many failures in business result from a violation of those rules of commercial integrity which ought to govern every trader in the world."

"You admit, then, that a man cannot help leaning to the side of self-interest in his trading transactions."

"Cannot help it? He is not required to help it, else God had never planted in the human breast the possessory instinct. But, like every other affection and propensity of human nature, it must be watched, and kept within legitimate bounds. Falsehood, dishonesty, all the arts and tricks of sharpers and swindlers, as well as the censurable artifices of honorable tradesmen, proceed from the abuse of principles in human nature which are as innocent in themselves as the desire to eat when you are hungry, to drink when you are thirsty, or to rest when you are weary."

"Then if he may lean to self-interest, Horry, he may sometimes be impelled, ere he is aware of it, to take advantage of his neighbor's ignorance, weakness, or necessities."

"True, but that will not make it *right*. Mr. Worthy, you said something about self-interest and competition. Self-interest, sir, is mutual. Mutual dependence makes mutual interest. What is your self-interest often becomes, or at any rate involves, the self-interest of another. This is one of the strong cords that bind the human family together. The master is dependent upon the

slave that digs for him, and makes his bread ; that slave is dependent upon his master. The sailor, struggling with wind and tide, is dependent upon the princely merchant ; the princely merchant upon the sailor ; and both upon the agriculturist and the slave that digs. The miner, delving in dark pits, far away from the cheering sunlight of heaven, is dependent upon the manufacturer ; the manufacturer upon the miner. Every art, and trade, and profession, and enterprise, stands indissolubly linked with every other. Even genius itself is dependent upon bone and muscle and sinew—upon the physical energy that digs the earth, and works the mine, and tugs with the oar, and hoists the mainsail, and builds the massive piles of shops with brick and mortar. The poem, the statue, the painting, the oration, must emerge from the coal-pit, the foundry, the printer's office—and be borne along the canal, or on the ship, the steamboat, the rail-car, before they can shed their light upon the world. The statesman is dependent upon the people ; the people upon the statesman. The mighty captains of the earth are dependent upon the dauntless soldier who sheds his blood to cover them with glory. Mutual interest, Mr. Worthy, is the lever of commerce. Competition is a law that runs through every department of business, and rears the mighty pillars of the world's great enterprises. Without it there had been no civilization, no trade, no commerce, no refinement, no wealth. One slave competes with his fellow-slave for the boon of the master's approval, and exemption from hardships which might otherwise be imposed. Rising in regular gradations through various ranks, we see the law at work among

farmers, mechanics, merchants, lawyers, doctors, politicians, and rulers. Everybody is competing with some one else for fame, or pelf, or pleasure. You and I are aiming, I will say, for the same thing. The prize is before us—one of us must win, or we must divide it equally or unequally between us. It is natural, it is right, that each should exert his utmost endeavors to get the larger share. But, honor bright, no tricks, no fraud, no foul play. Let him that wins do it by superior courage, or skill, or knowledge. But, then, let him not be like the selfish cur that sneaks away with the bone, to have it all to himself. Let him divide with the poor fellow who ran well, but was defeated only by greater speed. Let mutual interest work on—let competition fight its battles upon the plain of honor ; but when the battle is done, let charity descend from the skies, and nestle in the heart of the victor.”

CHAPTER XX.

THE BORN MERCHANT.

If the assertion of Horace—*poeta nascitur non fit*—be true, the same may, with equal truth, be affirmed of the successful merchant. Although merchants, since the days of Cush, Midian, and Ishmael, have been more numerous than poets, yet the proportion of successful merchants, compared with the whole number of those who have dabbled in trade, from the owner of East Indian argosies to the wandering Jew peddler, is about as the Homers, Virgils, Miltons, and Shakespeares, compared with the vast tribe of versifiers. If ever there was a *born merchant*, Moses Grantland was that man. His first speculation was at the age of five years, with that least and simplest of all musical instruments—a jew’s-harp. Significant emblem of traffic! If great inventors are apt to dream of the successful issues of their enterprises, and of the blessings and praises which the generations unborn are to heap upon their memories, we think that Jubal, “the father of all such as handle the harp and organ,” could hardly have imagined that any “harp” would, in a New-England village, some six thousand years from the date of his grand invention, have laid the foundation for

a fortune of something less than half a million of dollars.

Perhaps no family in New-England could boast a more industrious, honest, or temperate head than the one from which Moses Grantland sprang ; yet there was hardly a poorer family in all the land of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Little Mose, when quite a child, happened one day to stroll into one of the village shops, where he begged for a *jew's-harp*. The shopkeeper, struck with the sprightly aspect of the child, offered to give him the harp if he would *dance* for it. Whether Mose then conceived the idea that from that time he would have to "struggle" for his living, or whether he was moved by the sublime purpose of "discoursing sweet music" to his three-year-old twin sisters, so it was he made his *first shuffle*, and then bore his prize triumphantly toward home. Eager to test the mysterious virtues of the harp, he made his way slowly toward home, performing, in the best way he could, the national air of *Yankee Doodle*. He had proceeded but a little way, however, when he met another specimen of Young America, who offered him three copper cents for his musical instrument. If there was any poetry, music, or kindred passion, in the soul of Mose, it immediately yielded to a stronger. The bargain was struck, and he proceeded home, regaling himself with far sweeter music by the jingle of the coin. He now had a little capital, and was not long in ascertaining that a *silver dime*, though so much smaller than a copper cent, was ten times more valuable. He determined, therefore, to set his inventive faculties to work, in order to invent

some scheme by which he might convert the three cents into ten. He could conceive of no better plan than to make a bold venture, and invest the whole of his fortune in jew's-harps ; so to the shop he went, expecting to purchase three at a cent a piece. On inquiry he ascertained the price of one was *five* cents. With an air of disappointment, he was about to return home, when the shopkeeper, pleased with his evident *sang froid*, proposed another dance, with a like reward. Mose "shuffled" again, with even greater gusto than at first. The shopkeeper was so much delighted that he rewarded the little performer of the terpsichorean art with *two* jew's-harps instead of one. He was not long in disposing of his merchandise, and he became the delighted possessor of a dime. From that day the idea of traffic took possession of the child, and he became a trader. At seven he was sent to school. He made various successful ventures with balls, marbles, jack-knives, and the like, among his schoolfellows, who, though they were all shrewd Yankees, yet Mose was shrewder than they all. When he was about ten years old his capital amounted to several dollars.

Happening one day to step into a silversmith's shop, he observed an old brass watch, and, inquiring the price, was told, "*inasmuch as it was he,*" he could have it for one dollar. After some hesitation, during which he was making an accurate "*calkilation*" of the amount of reduction from the usual price intended by the ambiguous phrase, "*inasmuch as it was he,*" he at last made the venture, and bought the watch.

This speculation proved, in the end, the most profitable he had ever made. He sold the watch to a wag-

oner for seven dollars, thereby realizing six hundred per cent. on his investment. But it was far more profitable in another respect, as it enabled him to learn the practical value of a maxim, which he ever after regarded as the foundation of his fortune. The wagoner had propounded, as is usual in such cases, a number of questions respecting the time-keeping capacities of the watch. Now Mose would not tell a downright falsehood, but he evidently concealed a part of the truth, for the watch would hardly run regular for three days at a time. Perceiving this defect, he determined to have it regulated, and then dispose of it at prime cost rather than keep it any longer. Fortunately, he had just taken it from the shop where it had been regulated but a few minutes when, meeting with the wagoner, his genius instinctively pointed him out as the person to trade with. He accepted the man's own offer, and pocketed the seven dollars.

At the end of three days, the wagoner returned, and accused Mose of cheating him. The precocious merchant, however, triumphantly vindicated himself by declaring that he had accepted the wagoner's own offer. Complaint was then made to his father, and Mose was, in due time, arraigned before the paternal majesty. Then it was that his venerable parent laid down the maxim that "honesty is the best policy," and peremptorily ordered him to restore the money, and take back the watch. This, however, was more than the complainant required; so he consented to take back five dollars, and keep the watch. Thus the affair was settled to the satisfaction of the wagoner, leaving Mose with a clear gain of a hundred per cent.

From that day forward Moses Grantland acted upon the maxim laid down by his father, and never afterward took any dishonorable advantage, told a falsehood, nor concealed any defect in an article he offered for sale.

At the age of seventeen, with the rudiments of a good business education, Moses left his native state, where his father had died two years before, to seek his fortune in the South. His eldest brother had gone before him, in the capacity of physician, and settled in Charleston. Moses had something over two hundred dollars as the result of his trading enterprises. This sum, except barely enough to pay his travelling expenses, he left with his widowed mother, to aid in the support and education of the twin sisters, Flora and Julia, a couple of as pretty flowerets of humanity as ever opened upon the soil of old Connecticut.

In the autumn of 1818, he stopped in N——, without so much as one dollar in his pocket. But in a few years he had, by industry and economy, saved from his salary, as a clerk, a sum sufficient to commence business for himself. A few years after this, about twenty thousand dollars were added to his fortune by his marriage with the beautiful and accomplished Harriet Hampton. At the time Horry entered his store, in like circumstances of penury, Mr. Grantland was worth several hundred thousand dollars. This magnificent fortune was the product of his own honest industry and successful enterprise.

He was remarkable for the neatness and elegance of his apparel, the cleanliness of his habits, and the order and precision that marked all his proceedings. At all times the shining black suit, the sleek hat, the brilliant

boots, and the corresponding adjustment of every part of his dress, bespoke him a man of elegant taste and personal cleanliness. He had a mortal antipathy to dust, insomuch that his use of the brushes in dusting his clothes, hat, the counters, shelves, and goods, became a confirmed habit. As often as he frisked into the store-room, the first thing he did was to brush himself from head to foot. And then brush, brush, dust, dust, round and through, the counter, shelves, and boxes—every nook and corner wherever a particle of dust could secrete itself. This characteristic gained him, among the gay young clerks, the cognomen of “Old Brushy”—though their most usual appellation was “Old Mose.”

He was equally distinguished for order. His favorite maxims were, “a place for everything, and everything in its place”—“a time for everything, and everything in its time.” The store-room bore indisputable evidence that these maxims were not merely theoretical, but practical. Not a box nor trunk, not a piece of goods throughout the vast establishment must be found out of its proper place; even a box of ribbons was so arranged that each piece had its particular place in the box. So with the entire range of boxes, packages, books, and papers, throughout the building. Indeed, the spacious sales-room fairly glittered with an air of neatness and order, and presented at all times a spectacle of beauty from the exact regularity of its arrangements. These habits of cleanliness, neatness, and order, he instilled into his clerks by both precept and example.

He observed the same order and regularity in respect

to time. Never did he lie down at night without having his books posted, and his business arranged so methodically that, if he were to die during the night, his executor would have found no difficulty in ascertaining the precise condition of his affairs.

The same regularity marked his course in all his commercial transactions. Never was he protested ; never a day behind in making his payments. He was equally exacting of others. His books had to exhibit a perfect balance at the end of the year ; accounts had to be liquidated ; all bills receivable had to be cashed. He had no favorites, whom, to secure their continued patronage, he exempted from the operation of this rule. The best customer he had would have been sacrificed, before he would have deviated a hair's breadth from his established policy.

Mr. Grantland was not a professor of religion, though he constantly attended the Presbyterian church, of which his wife was an orderly member. But his moral character was unexceptionable, while for truth, honor, probity, commercial integrity, he was a model worthy of admiration.

In nothing, save one particular, was he so much distinguished as for his propensity to save. The man, who, through a long and successful career, could never forget his first essay in trade with one poor jew's-harp as his only fortune, might be expected to cultivate the habit of saving in small things ; but one can hardly conceive of the extent to which he carried the principle. He would not pass over a pin on the floor, nor even in the street, without stooping to pick it up, and putting it into a little cushion which he always carried for the

purpose. Every morning he walked along the edges of the pavement, and picked up the nails which a careless clerk had swept out of doors, and then the sweeper might expect to be reminded of some such maxim as this—"a penny saved is twopence gained"—"take care of the cents, and the dimes will take care of themselves." This habit did not arise from a niggardly, or even penurious disposition. No man was ever more free from such faults. On the contrary, he occupied an elegant mansion, lived in a princely style, contributed to the support of his mother while she lived, took the lovely twins, after her death, to live in his own mansion, and educated his youngest brother for the medical profession.

Nor was this man's fortune alone for himself and his kindred. With an inborn propensity to trade, and a disposition to save, extending to the smallest trifles, he yet had a charity whose benefactions had kindled a glow of grateful emotion in the heart of many a desolate widow, many a friendless orphan, and many a care-worn, destitute wanderer. Mr. Worthy told Horry a pretty story once, of which the following is the substance :

"It was the coldest day in that long-to-be-remembered winter of 182—. I was then but a boy, and had been living with Mr. Grantland only a few months. You know, Horry, that we have very few poor people here in N—. There is, in fact, scarcely a family, or an individual, whose circumstances are so low as to place them entirely upon the public charity. We seem to be almost an exception to our Lord's declaration, 'The poor ye have always with you.'

" Well, as I was saying, it was the coldest day of that dreadful winter, and I sat here in the counting-room, hardly able to keep warm by a rousing fire, when I was startled by a cry, in fact a piercing shriek of anguish. I ran instantly to the front door to see what was the matter, when, gracious Heavens, what did my eyes behold ! A woman, pale, sickly, attenuated, whose thin garments hung almost in shreds around her fragile form, with a half-naked infant which she was endeavoring to preserve from freezing, by pressing it close to her bosom.

" ' O, sir,' said she, ' for Heaven's sake will you give me a piece of cloth to wrap my poor freezing baby in ? '

" Horry, I could not speak, I was unable to move, I seemed nailed in my tracks to the very floor. I was so filled with amazement and horror, that, for some moments I seemed deprived of volition. Before I had sufficiently recovered to reply, she turned off, wailing :

" ' No, I see you will not ! I might have known it. Oh, my poor baby ! must you die, must you freeze here, my precious darling, with none to pity, none to save ! '

" A moment more, and she was gone. She proceeded to the next street and turned the corner before I had sufficiently recovered my self-possession to be able to determine what to do. There happened just then to be no one in the store but myself. Mr. Grantland had at that time only one other clerk, and he was absent. I looked this way, and that, for some one to go and bring the woman back. I would have taken my coat off my back to wrap that poor baby in, for, Horry, never to my latest breath shall I forget the

heart-rending wail of that poor creature. My heart began to smite me that I had not instantly flew to her relief, and that I had suffered such an opportunity to pass without showing the compassion of a human being, to say nothing of a Christian. Fortunately the woman could not have proceeded far, after she turned the corner, before Mr. Grantland came in. I related the incident to him in as few words as possible, and he said, in tones which almost made me tremble from head to foot :

“ ‘ William, why didn’t you ask her in by the fire, and give her some blankets ? ’

“ ‘ I was so much frightened, sir,’ said I, ‘ that I could not think what to do ; but if you’ll permit me, I’ll go instantly and bring her back.’

“ ‘ Stay ! ’ said he, ‘ I’ll go myself,’ and directing him which way to go, he started off at a rapid gait.

“ Merchants and their clerks ran to their front doors ; mechanics left their tools on their work-benches ; delicate maidens, in their well-furnished chambers, ran to look out at their windows ; servants, as they bore their burdens along the streets, laid them down ; and the whole town seemed to stand still and look with amazement ; but I imagine that if the angels can weep tears of sympathetic joy, they must have looked out from the portals above with glittering cheeks, as they saw Mr. Grantland run through the street crying, ‘ Stop ! stop, woman ! stop ! ’ Some of our good townspeople must have thought, from the way they gazed, that the woman had stolen something, and the poor creature herself, hearing Mr. Grantland’s thundering voice, calling her in such tones of authority, looked frightened,

and seemed for a moment to hesitate whether to return or flee from him. At length Mr. Grantland overtook her, and taking her baby from her arms, unbuttoned his great coat and put it into his bosom. Then taking the shivering mother by the hand, he said, in softer tones, 'Come with me, poor thing, and you shall have fire to warm you, and bread to eat, and blankets for yourself and little one.'

"He brought the woman into the counting-room, and directing me to set a chair for her by the fire, and to throw a blanket over her shoulders, he wrapped the baby in a large shawl, and sat down, holding it on his knee. The poor woman, completely overcome by her grateful feelings, sat with the big tears rolling down her cheeks, while she was so full of sobs as to be unable to speak for some minutes. Silently we sat by the fire for a quarter of an hour, for, to tell you the truth, the weather was so intensely cold there was no one came in to trade with us, and we had nothing else to do. At length Mr. Grantland gave the babe to its mother, and left the room. He returned in a few minutes, followed by a servant bearing a waiter, with some food for the woman. Horry, I couldn't help it to save my life, I gave vent to my feelings in sobs and tears, when I saw that poor creature's look of unspeakable gratitude. I could not believe that she was a thing of sin and shame; but even if I had known her to be such, I could not have kept from crying. After she had eaten, and become a little composed in her aspect, Mr. Grantland asked :

"Are you a *married* woman?"

"She blushed deeply and answered, 'Yes, sir; my

husband is now confined in the penitentiary of this state, and I am on my way thither to see him.'

"‘I knew it,’ I thought to myself; ‘she could not be one of the abandoned of womankind.’ There was, in spite of her dejected state and miserable apparel, an air of virtue and intelligence about her that made me itch to hear her story: but Mr. Grantland was not inquisitive, and it was unseemly in me to ask questions.”

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STORY OF POOR LENNY.

“AFTER a few minutes of silence,” continued Mr. Worthy, “the poor woman said :

“Your kindness, sir, obliges me to give you an explanation of the reasons why you see me in this wretched plight, and to show that you have not thrown away your charity upon one of the base of my sex.”

“I should be pleased, madam,” said he, “to hear your story ; a sad one I know it must be.”

“You are right, sir,” said she, “my story is indeed a melancholy one, but, sorrowful as it is, you are entitled to hear it. I have seen better days, sir, and was reared up amid every enjoyment which the largest affluence and the fondest paternal indulgence could lavish upon me. My father was a wealthy merchant of Columbia, and I was his only child. My mother dying when I was but six years old, I was left to the care of a maiden aunt, who, though she was sometimes kind to me, had such airs as greatly disgusted me. My father, who had made the larger part of his own fortune after he married my mother, took my aunt Molly and supported her. Though she had nothing but his mere bounty on which to depend, she behaved, at times, as

if she were mistress of himself and all he possessed. Always in his presence she would caress me tenderly, and call me the daughter of her poor deceased sister, *her own dear* daughter, her darling Lenny. 'Oh!' she would exclaim, 'how could I live without my sweet little Lenny?' Thus she did in the presence of my father, but his back was no sooner turned than her entire demeanor toward me was changed. Then, 'naughty child!' 'pert thing!' 'trying, little shrew!' were the appellations with which she saluted me. Too young and artless to draw conclusions from my aunt's conduct, I could but wish either that my father would remain with me all the time, or that I might never behold her face save in his presence. One day my father took me in his arms, and, kissing me fondly, said :

"' My dear, you will soon have another mamma—one that will always love you, just like your poor mamma that is dead and gone.'

"' O dear papa!' said I, 'who is she? Do tell me.'

"' Your aunt Molly,' said he.

"' O papa, I am so glad! Then aunty will always love me, and never scold me any more. She will love me as well when you are gone as when you are at home; won't she, papa?'

" My father seemed a little confused, but my aunt happening just then to come in, she took me in her arms, and, pressing me to her heart, said, with apparent rapture: 'O the sweet creature! O my own darling Lenny! my child! my dearest child!'

" In a gush of love I threw my arms around her, exclaiming: 'Mamma! my dear mamma! you are no

longer my aunt Molly, that scolds me so when papa is gone, but my own dear mamma !'

" 'Oh, the precious darling !' she said, without a moment's confusion, 'she thinks aunty scolded her, but aunty didn't mean to scold her precious Lenny.'

" To make my story short, sir, my father and aunt were married, and I was only too happy to call her 'my own dear mamma,' who a short time before I would have shunned with disgust. For a time she seemed all that I could desire in a stepmother ; but gradually her imperious temper got the better of all her kindlier impulses, and eventually it broke loose beyond all control. Even the presence of my father could no longer restrain her from treating me with harshness. At first he seemed deeply pained at her unkindness toward me, and would sometimes take me in his arms when she was not present, and say tenderly : ' Papa loves his Lenny. Never mind, dear ; don't weep.' Seeing that it was painful to my dear father, I began, as far as possible, to conceal my feelings, and to bear more patiently with my aunt's ebullitions of passion. I was now large enough to be sent to school ; so, with my daily attendance at the seminary, and my studies at night, I was in a measure free from her tyranny. Thus I grew up to the age of seventeen, with every accomplishment which the famous seminary of Columbia—with painting, drawing, music, and dancing—could confer upon me. About this time my father received into his store a young man by the name of George Felton. There were so many noble qualities in this youth that he attracted my admiration, and soon won my heart. We met daily at the same table, and were con-

stantly thrown into each other's society. At length in about two years he proposed marriage, and I promised, if he could obtain my father's consent, that I would become his wife.

“Your father's consent, Lenny, can never be obtained.”

“Then, George,” said I, “we can never marry; but why think you that my father will not consent?”

“Because I am only a clerk, and your father is the richest merchant in town.”

“Well, I cannot think, George, that my father is so sordid as to make that an objection. We can afford to wait. Continue in the faithful discharge of your duties until you gain my father's confidence. This, my George, I know you will soon do, and I cannot but think he will consent.”

“No, Lenny, no; I am sure he never will consent; so, if you will not promise to be mine absolutely, now and forever, we must part at once, and never meet again.”

“Then go, sir!” said I, indignantly; “if your love is not sufficient to induce you to wait until you can satisfy my father that you deserve the hand of his daughter, I am sure it is neither ardent nor sincere. I despise myself for listening to your suit.”

“Hear me, Lenny; hear me, dearest——”

“Go, sir!” said I, “and never speak to me again.” But I must confess that the earnestness of his manner affected me greatly.

“No, dearest,” said he, “I cannot go until I have vindicated myself against the imputation of a spirit which I do not deserve.”

“ There was a subduing sweetness in his tones, a noble ingenuousness in his aspect, that held me bound to the spot, despite my efforts to get away.

“ ‘ I happen,’ he continued, ‘ to know more of your father’s designs, if not of his disposition, than you do. I am credibly informed that the young, talented, and wealthy Colonel Tippler is just about to make suit for your hand. He is a young lawyer of brilliant talents, of the highest connections, and, it is said, if he will only leave the wine bottle, to which he is addicted, he bids fair to become one of the first men in the state. I am furthermore informed, by a confidential friend of Colonel Tippler’s, that your father has so far committed himself as to say that no gentleman in the Old Palmetto State would please him better for a son-in-law.’

“ ‘ What !’ said I, ‘ can it be possible that my father would give me up, whether I will or no, without any reference to my own likes or dislikes ?’

“ George’s manner had completely disarmed me, and subdued my pride, which for a moment was wounded, and, after a short pause, I continued :

“ ‘ Then hear me, George, my own true and faithful lover : if that young limb of the law does presume to pay me his addresses, I will settle the matter with him at once ; and if my father does manifest the disposition which I hear imputed to him, which I am unwilling to believe, I then say, Come weal or woe, *I am yours.*’

“ I had it fully settled in my own mind to treat the presumptuous Colonel Tippler with triumphant disdain. But I had greatly misconceived his character, for he had no sooner presented himself than I saw and

felt that he was one of the most accomplished gentlemen I had ever seen. True, his face was somewhat flushed from too free a use of the wine bottle ; but all that was dignified, graceful, polished in manners, all that was promising in talent, all that was magnanimous and chivalric in spirit, seemed to centre in him. He paid his suit with such charming grace and tenderness that, had my heart not been given wholly to another, he must have captivated and borne it away in triumph. I could not find it in my heart to treat him rudely, but, in the most delicate manner possible, endeavored to evade a direct refusal of his suit. Perceiving my agitation, and construing it favorably, he pressed his suit with impassioned ardor, blended with such a fascinating sweetness, that I was compelled to tell him plainly that, but for a previous engagement of my affections, I should find it difficult to resist his offer. Like a true gentleman, as he certainly was, he at once desisted, and, with an air of sadness and disappointment, retired.

“ As soon as I was left alone I threw myself upon the sofa, and gave vent to a flood of tears. I could not help pitying from the bottom of my heart the man who seemed every way qualified to render me happy : I could not help approving my father’s judgment and discernment. I then thought of my hasty engagement to George, and shuddered to think of the consequences. I reproached myself for my foolish haste. But then I thought my father would not insist upon my giving my hand where my heart could not go with it, and that I should still be free. Consoling myself with this hope, which seemed every way natural and reasonable, I dried

up my tears, and soon regained my wonted cheerfulness. My father soon learned, through the confidential friend of Colonel Tippler, the result of his suit. Accordingly, the next day, he called me into the parlor for a private interview. He demanded my reasons for rejecting the hand of Colonel Tippler. Feeling no small degree of resentment at what I considered an unkind attempt on the part of my honored parent to abuse my affections, I replied, with some spirit: 'Because, sir, my affections are not to be treated as you treat your dry goods.'

"For some years before this my father had not treated me with the tenderness which he had formerly lavished upon me. He had several young children by my stepmother, and upon them he seemed now to bestow all the fountains of his tenderness, while to me he often assumed an aspect of austerity and coldness which almost broke my heart. My stepmother omitted no opportunity to represent me to him in the most unamiable light. This I learned through my maid, Phœbe, who had chanced to overhear many of her unkind representations of me. Unwilling to expose my poor maid to her resentment, I did not tell my father the true state of the case, but bore my lot as well as I could; but still I pined away for want of love and kindness. The only real happiness I experienced, even in my luxurious paternal abode, was the consciousness that, at least, I was loved by George; and my heart swelled at times with unutterable ecstasy, in the sweet consciousness that I could reciprocate his love with all the ardor of my nature.

"My father seemed not to regard the spirited manner

in which I had replied to his inquiry, and, with an aspect of unwonted tenderness, he simply exclaimed : 'My daughter !'

" 'O papa ! dear papa !' said I, bursting into tears, and flinging my arms around him, 'forgive me for answering so petulantly ; but, papa, I cannot love him ! Papa, I cannot love him !'

" 'My child, Colonel Tippler is every way worthy of your love.'

" 'I know it, papa ; I know it ; but, Oh, I cannot love him !'

" 'I suppose, then,' said he, in a tone, and with a manner which indicated his usual austerity, 'that you love another ?'

" I remained silent.

" 'I demand of you his name. To whom, Miss, have you had the audacity to engage yourself without my knowledge or consent ?'

" Sinking now at his feet, I said : 'O papa, dear papa, do spare me !'

" 'His name, I say ! give me his name, if you have a remaining spark of respect for me, or reverence for my authority.'

" Hiding my face in my hands, I answered, with a steady and earnest tone : 'George Felton.'

" My father grew desperately calm in an instant, and, raising me up, said :

" 'Lenny, that base ingrate shall this day leave my service, and the day that sees you wedded to him will cut you off from my love, my protection, and my fortune—FOREVER.'

" With these words he left the room. I fell sense-

less upon the floor. I know not how long I lay there. When I came to a full consciousness of my state, I was in my chamber, in bed, and my maid Phœbe watching by my side. I was prostrate for many weeks with a raging fever. At last I began slowly to recover my health and strength. After the lapse of two months I descended to take my meals at the table with the family. I noticed that George did not come, as formerly, to take his meals. No one mentioned his name. I was kept in total ignorance of his whereabouts, and was afraid to inquire even of my maid. My father appeared unusually kind, and even my stepmother began to assume a less fiendish aspect in my presence. My little brothers and sisters now gathered around me, clinging to me, and, seeming to realize that I was some way related to them, would say, 'Sissy Lenny ! Sissy Lenny !' I took them up, and pressed them to my heart with a warmth of affection and sympathy which I had never felt for them before.

"Eight months had now passed away since I had seen George. I still loved him with inexpressible tenderness. I could not forget him, nor would I try. Still I had never, during all that time, heard his name pronounced by another. I had not a solitary memento of him—not even a lock of hair, a ring, or a book ; but his image was stamped forever upon my heart, and I resolved that it should never give place to another.

"One day my maid ran into my chamber, trembling almost from head to foot with excitement, and, without a word, handed me a note. I opened and read it. It was from George, asking permission to see me in the parlor.

“ ‘ Where is he, Phoebe ? ’

“ ‘ Walking in front of the house, Miss Lenny.’

“ ‘ Admit him to the parlor.’

“ Without waiting to change my apparel, I hastened down stairs. My heart flew before me. I entered the parlor, and George clasped me in his arms, exclaiming : ‘ Lenny ! my dearest Lenny ! ’

“ I returned the embrace with all the fervor of my soul, exclaiming : ‘ O George ! what have I done, my dearest, by that cruel promise ! ’

“ ‘ And has it been to my Lenny a *cruel* promise ? Then take it back ; take it back, I beseech you ; for, though I never can love another, before I would cause my Lenny a moment’s unhappiness I would say to my heart, *die ! die ten thousand deaths of agonizing torture !* Take back that cruel promise, my Lenny, and give me one last kiss of true love—one last sad embrace ! ’

“ ‘ Never, George ! never shall we be separated again until death shall sever the tie that binds our mortal life ! ’

“ ‘ Away, then, my love,’ said he, ‘ let us haste. Come to my own sweet cottage in the wilderness, far, far away ! ’

“ I did not return to my chamber—I said nothing to my maid—I took no clothing but what I had on—but, snatching a book from the table, I tore a blank leaf, and wrote with my pencil :

“ ‘ Adieu ! kind and dearest father, adieu ! Never, alas ! to be such to your Lenny any more—I surrender your *love, your protection, your fortune*, for my *George*,

whose love, whose protection, whose fortune or misfortune, shall henceforth be more than all the world to your poor

“‘‘ LENNY.’

“We proceeded to the outskirts of the town, and were married. Away we sped upon the wings of love ! In the bosom of an immense forest, far from towns and thickly-settled neighborhoods, remote from the din and bustle of the world, we spent three happy years in a lonely cottage. George tilled a small farm, and made our bread. His mother owned the cottage and the land. Never was there a happier little family. We had no servant ; I became both cook and laundress ; yet, in that sweet cottage in the wilderness, I forgot my home, my luxuries, my kindred, and my former friends. Those years were an uninterrupted scene of bliss. I knew but one sorrow during those happy years, and that was amply compensated by the new blessing which it brought. Our first born, our infant Lenny, sickened, died, and we laid her away beneath a little clump of oaks. To me it was the dawn of a new life. George’s mother was a saint. Yes, sir, if ever there *was* a saint on this earth, George’s mother was that saint. When I was cut down like the stricken fawn, my heart bleeding at every pore, she came to me, whispering peace and consolation unutterable. She told me the story of the man of sorrows, the man who died on Calvary. Oh, wondrous story ! Yes, sir ; I had indeed heard it before ; I had read much of Jesus, but until then he had no comeliness that I should desire him. My saintly mother pointed me to his atoning merits, to his grace as the

balm of the wounded spirit, to his love the solace and joy of a breaking heart. Then I sorrowed and mourned for him ; then I trusted, and loved, and rejoiced. Oh, sir ! the love of George paled before the love of Jesus ! My sins were forgiven, and weeping and sorrow fled away. Then my saintly mother sickened, and wasted, and died. We buried her beside our infant Lenny, and our little home was sad again. Then followed disaster upon disaster. George now ascertained that the land was only given to his mother as a life estate. We relinquished it to the legal heirs, and sought a cottage in the nearest town. George sought for weeks to find employment, but all in vain. At length he engaged with the stage contractor to drive the stage. My story darkens ! only three months and George, my George, my incomparable George, is arrested and borne away to prison ! Oh, cruel fate ! that my husband should be torn away from my arms, away from his Lenny, when my child, and my sainted mother were torn away by the hand of death ! I could have called down curses upon the heads of his accusers, his calumniators—for my George never had it in his heart to rob the mail. Yes, I say, I could have cursed, even crushed his persecutors, but for one thing—I thought of the man, the incomparable, the Divine man of Calvary ! Then I sunk in lowness at his feet and said, ‘ Master, didst thou drink that bitter cup, and shall I not drink this ?’ Months passed—George was tried—I was with him—an angel could not have convinced me of his guilt—but the jury were convinced, and he was found guilty. Four months after he was borne away to the state-prison, I gave birth to this precious babe, and here I

am on my way to him, to George. I'll share his bondage—I'll enter his cell, and soothe his sorrows. Naught on earth shall part me from my injured and persecuted husband. I'll cling to him till death shall sever the bond that binds our mortal life, and shall summon us to the Heaven where our infant daughter and sainted mother, released from the sorrows of earth, are hymning the everlasting praises of the Man of Calvary."

"During this narration, Horry, I could not control my feelings. I sometimes sobbed so that I thought I should have to leave the room. You know that Mr. Grantland never sheds a tear. He seems, especially in the presence of any of his clerks, so dignified and stern, that he would perhaps consider it unmanly to betray any emotion. Well, he did not weep, but I could see the muscles of his face working as I never saw them before, and I knew that if I left the room he would give vent to his feelings in spite of himself. The woman paused, as if she had completed her story. In a few minutes Mr. Grantland asked :

"Did you see your father no more after your marriage ?"

"Oh, yes, sir ;" she said, "I passed that over, but your generosity brings me under such a weight of obligation, that I cannot omit that most painful portion of my sad story."

"Hold, madam !" said Mr. Grantland, "you owe me nothing—not any part of your history for anything I have done. I have only performed a duty which one human being owes to another. But I am deeply, painfully interested in your unhappy history, and if perfectly agreeable to your own feelings, I would like for

you to proceed ; but if not agreeable to you, consider yourself under no obligation to relate any more to me.'

" 'It is not for my sake, but for my poor blind father's—'

" 'Then he has gone blind, the——' Here Mr. Grantland checked himself, for he was about to say '*the brute*,' '*the demon*,' or something like that, when, perceiving that it would be painful to the woman, he paused.

" 'Oh, no, sir ; I do not mean that he is naturally blind, but spiritually ; for you must know that he has no attachment for the glorious, the Divine Bedeemer, and he is in total ignorance of that peace and blessedness which the Man of Calvary bestows. But, sir, that you may see the full extent of misery to which the woman whom you have befriended has been reduced, I will relate the particulars of a visit he paid me just after my child here was born. He had seen in the papers an account of my husband's conviction and sentence to the stateprison. Having parted with everything I possessed, in order to do something for my poor George's comfort while he was in prison, and in my efforts to procure his acquittal, I was compelled, at length, to leave the humble cottage in which we resided at the time he was arrested. As no one seemed to care for or pity the wife of one whom they regarded as so great a felon, I was compelled to accept the humblest shelter and the meanest fare with a poor widow in the village. About three months ago, when she was gone out to seek food, I heard a footstep upon the threshold, and, turning, judge of my surprise and joy

to behold my father. I flew to him and, prostrating myself at his feet, and clasping him around the knees, exclaimed : 'O my papa ! my dearest papa ! have you come at last to find your Lenny in the midst of her desolation and misery !'

" 'Rise, my child.'

" I instantly obeyed him, and, throwing my arms about his neck, kissed him in all the ardor of my soul.

" 'Forgive me, dearest papa, for having caused you grief of heart.'

" 'Lenny,' said he, 'I have come for you, my child, to carry you away with me.'

" 'Dear papa,' said I, 'will you not first carry me to see my poor George ?'

" I saw to my infinite grief and amazement that his brow was knit in anger. Loosing my arms from about his person, he cast upon me the same calm and steady, but stern look which he did when I first avowed to him my affection for George, and, with the same resolute tones, he said :

" 'Lenny, I am come for you, but it is upon conditions. You are to take the name that I shall give you, live in the place that I shall assign you, and *never let it be known that you are my daughter.*'

" 'O my father ! will you still disown your wretched Lenny ? Shall I not be permitted even to call you father ?'

" 'Hear me, child : I will come to you ; I will see you often ; but you must do as I say. Nor is this all that I require. You must now swear to me that you will disown and forever abandon George Felton.'

" 'O my father ! my father !' I exclaimed, and sunk down at his feet.

“ He raised me up, but, too weak to stand, I threw myself upon a chair, and buried my face in my hands.

“ ‘ Will you comply ? ’ he asked, in tones which pierced my heart like so many spear-points.

“ ‘ Your pardon, your pardon, my dearest father, but I cannot, I dare not, at the peril of my soul, forsake my husband.’

“ ‘ And will you,’ he continued, with maddening rage, ‘ will you, amid poverty, rags, and disgrace, still cleave to that villain, that felon, that robber ? ’

“ ‘ Papa, George is as innocent as the immaculate angels.’

“ ‘ Lenny, hear me ; it is my last offer : refuse, and I leave you to your fate. Come with me on the conditions stated, and I will this day place in your hands, for your sole benefit and use, a child’s part of all my fortune. It will be at least fifty thousand dollars. It shall be yours, Lenny, my child ; it shall all be yours.’

“ ‘ O my father ! if you ever hope to be forgiven, and to stand accepted of your Judge at last, I beseech you pity and forgive your sorrow-stricken child.’

“ ‘ I will, Lenny ; I will, my child ; but it *must be* on the conditions *I have stated.*’

“ ‘ But, father,’ said I, ‘ I cannot abandon my unfortunate, my injured, and persecuted George.’

“ ‘ *Then starve !* and without another word he vanished.

“ ‘ I swooned away, and knew not how long I remained insensible, but when I awoke to consciousness my kind friend, who was an humble disciple of my Master, was bathing my temples. It was many days

before I recovered from the shock, but when I did, I made a most solemn vow that, so long as I live in this world——”

“‘ You’ll hate, abhor, detest, and spurn from you as something infinitely detestable, the very name and memory of that cruel, that unnatural, that diabolical father.’

“‘ Horry, as soon as Mr. Grantland uttered these words, I never saw such a glance, such unutterable beauty and glory in a glance, not at Mr. Grantland, not at me, but upward, as the woman said :

“‘ Man of Calvary forbid it ! but daily, on my knees to pray to Him who bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows, that He may touch the heart of my poor blind father with one spark of his own incomparable love, so that he may feel one emotion of pity for his poor Lenny before he dies !’

“‘ Madam ! madam !’ said Mr. Grantland, ‘ this is too much for me. Whence did you come ? from Heaven ? pray tell me, for you cannot be of earth.’

“ And he wept, Horry, he wept right there before that angel of a woman. With his handkerchief to his eyes he left the counting-room, and did not return under fifteen minutes. I sat there contemplating the now serene and heavenly aspect of the woman with a feeling of indescribable awe.”

“ Mr. Worthy,” said Horry, “ your story of that poor woman, you perceive, has affected me deeply. I can compare her to but one human being that ever dwelt on this earth, save only that man of Calvary about whom she spoke so sweetly. If ever I am so happy as to get to that bright world to which her infant cherub

was borne, and to which she was evidently tending—if in that celestial sphere spirits are mated off according to the degree of their virtue in this life, I shall expect to see that woman and my mother twin spirits in that heavenly country. But proceed, and let me hear the whole of her history."

"It is soon told," said Mr. Worthy; "the woman arose to depart on her melancholy journey just as Mr. Grantland returned to the counting-room.

"Stay, madam! stay!" said he, 'I cannot consent for you to depart in such a plight. Remain at my house until the weather moderates. Let me have some clothing prepared for yourself and little one, and I will send you forward in my carriage.'

"The woman gratefully accepted his generous offer, and after spending several days, she was sent away in a comfortable carriage, decently clad, and with a hundred dollars in cash."

Ah, Jubal! Jubal! had all thy antediluvian harps and organs been brought together, they never could have played sweeter music to the human ear than that one jews-harp played that day upon the grateful heart of one saintly woman. Nor could all the unsanctified harmonies of earth excite more pleasing emotions, than those which were awakened in the three hearts that beat around the counting-room fire-side of the "born merchant," on that bitter cold day.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DOG STORY.

WILLIAM WORTHY was a pious member of the Baptist church. He possessed many noble traits of character, which won the esteem and confidence of Horry. He commenced clerking for Mr. Grantland when but a boy ; but grew steadily in the good opinion of his employer, until he had now, for some years, officiated as chief-clerk and book-keeper. He was not skilled either as a good chirographer or an accurate accountant ; his chief excellence consisted in his qualities as a salesman. He delighted in having an opportunity to expatiate upon the quality of his goods before a crowd of young ladies. With all his noble traits he had that amiable weakness, or vanity, which made him something of a *beau*. He almost worshipped the fair sex ; and often his speeches were spiced with sentiment, and his eloquent addresses reminded one of a young hero paying his orisons to his goddess. The fair, who always love the worship of the sterner sex, when their charms have brought youth and genius and chivalry to their feet, are ever fond of lavishing their smiles upon the adorers of those charms. Mr Worthy became a popular and successful salesman.

Indeed this was his *forte*. Having no earthly aspirations beyond a well-filled store and a thriving trade—unless it were to win, as his life-long companion, one of his fair listeners to his bosom—he had trained himself to business with the utmost assiduity. He availed himself of all the genius he possessed, in order to make laces, ribbons, and muslins, assume an important aspect in the view of all the fair ones who listened to his earnest harangues. No stump orator ever managed to carry his point with greater tact and adroitness, than did William Worthy, to effect a sale of goods.

There is no distinction attainable in any department of life without some failures or discouragements, some hindrances or mishaps at the start. It was so with the immortal Demosthenes, whose impediment in speech occasioned him more than one mortifying failure, until, by dint of perseverance and the use of his pebbles, he was at length enabled to give vent to those orations, which had power to charm, not only all Greece, but all subsequent generations. Our friend Worthy's first defeat was before a blushing maiden of sixteen, shortly after he commenced his career. She called for some *cotton hose*. The youthful Worthy, happy at the opportunity of serving the charming sylph, darted away to one of the back rooms, and, returning in an instant, threw before the astonished maiden a number of agricultural implements, known in the South as *cotton hoes*.

Mr. Worthy did what our friend Moncy once did, and the young lady did what we once knew a body of grave divines to do. Moncy was a lawyer of at least *some* notoriety. Through the influence of some friends,

he appeared before the body of grave divines as the advocate of a certain institution. In the midst of his most brilliant flight of oratory, he addressed the chair thus :

“ May it please Your Honor—”

Of course the grave divines all laughed, for the style of addressing the chair was “ Bishop”—or “ Mr. President,” and not “ Your Honor.” Moncy sat down confused and *speechless*. Mortifying as was his defeat, Mr. Worthy was enabled to draw from it a useful lesson, viz. : *there is often a difference between sound and sense.* From that day his oratorical powers improved, and he became so expert, at length, as to do as the politicians—convert his most ludicrous mistakes into the most effective capital. But, as we have before intimated, Horry became a more successful, though less talkative salesman. What one effected by talking, the other even exceeded by penetration and good judgment.

At the close of his first year Mr. Grantland was looking over the books, and noticing Horry’s handwriting, said, in a half-soliloquising way—

“ He writes a good hand—it is *bootiful*—spelling so good, figures so accurate, letters formed so smooth and regular, leaves no blot on the page—no erasures, no mistakes. I *calkilate* his *edication* must be very good. By the way, William, don’t we need an assistant-book-keeper ?”

“ I think so,” answered Mr. Worthy ; “ I find it very hard work to do all the writing, and often sit up till after midnight to get the books posted.”

“ Well, take him for your assistant.”

"Very good," said Mr. Worthy.

Horry was forthwith promoted to the office of assistant book-keeper—an office to which Mr. Ransom Dowdy had formerly aspired. The mention of his name reminds us of the necessity of turning, for a season, to look after another class of characters by whom Horry was surrounded.

Robert Stuart was the son of a respectable farmer residing in the county. He had been with Mr. Grantland about a year before Horry came. Alsey Rawls had been with him about three years. Sy Hampton was Mr. Grantland's brother-in-law. Of all the fighting, swearing, licentious, mischief-making boys, he took the lead. His father having died when he was but six years old, Mr. Grantland became his guardian. Sy was sent early to school, but studying little, and advancing rapidly in mischief, at the age of fifteen Mr Grantland determined to check his career, and compel him to attend either to study or business. He required undeviating conformity to his rules. He earnestly hoped, by this means, to make the youth steady, and to instil into him some ideas of business, and of the value of time and money. Should he improve, and acquire a turn for business, he could invest his fortune, which consisted of a plantation and negroes, worth some thirty thousand dollars, in merchandise, and thus lay the foundation of vast wealth. Such, at any rate, were Mr. Grantland's "*calkulations*."

Master Sy soon learned how to manage "Old Mose," or "Old Brushy," as he sometimes called him, with an air of contempt. By some sort of intuition he discovered that Rans Dowdy was the person, of all others,

whom he would choose to aid him in his plans. Night after night would they sit by the fire, in the sleeping apartment of the clerks, and relate, in the hearing of the other young men, the history of their nocturnal adventures, which, reader, if you are too simple to guess, pardon me for informing you, were all of an *amorous* character. They succeeded at first in winning to their ways but one of the young clerks of the establishment. The rest, disgusted with their polluting converse, would leave them to have it all to themselves.

Not so with Alsey Rawls, as pure a minded boy as ever left his home with the paternal blessing on his head. His father, a devout old Methodist, had instilled into his mind the principles of virtue. Being a member of the church, he had come to N—— with his certificate of membership in his pocket. But he soon became ashamed to let it be known that he was a member of the church. Not for the world would he incur the taunts and ridicule of Sy Hampton. Sy and Rans were not long in making a conquest of Alsey. Boys from the town were now brought in, and the clerks' room became a scene of noise and riot. This apartment was some distance from the counting-room, where Mr. Worthy was engaged till about midnight with his books. Every night, therefore, until about eleven o'clock, ardent spirits, cards, oaths, and dissolute converse beguiled the hours with the three clerks and their boon companions. Just before time for Mr. Worthy to go to his own apartment, they adjourned to some other equally entertaining rendezvous. Thus matters continued until Horry's arrival among them.

It was just a week before the second Christmas after

his arrival in N——, that he was sitting by the fire in the sleeping apartment of the clerks, reading, with profound attention, a new work on natural history. The three clerks already mentioned, with Master Bob, whom they had now seduced, sat by, conversing in their usual style. Horry determined, at length, to lay aside his book and listen, if perchance he might gather a useful lesson from the volume of human nature. They were all in high spirits, and, from the tenor of their remarks, he learned that they were in for what they termed "*a breeze*." Horry had no idea of anything bearing that name but what was generally produced by the aërial element. But as he knew that those young gentlemen were not capable of *extemporizing* a very alarming atmospheric commotion, he rightly judged that they meant some kind of sport. In a few minutes the matter was explained by Sy. As it would be highly offensive to piety as well as decency, to give *all* the words of Master Sy, we will be compelled to leave some blank spaces for the imagination of the reader. Even with these, we fear the reader, who dislikes to see certain practices alluded to in print, will find the details revolting to his moral sense. If with this warning, reader, you are minded to venture through the remainder of this chapter, you must not blame the author. He tells you now *you had better skip it*.

"Well, boys, we got 'em safe enough."

"The —— you did!" exclaimed Alsey. "What became of the old codger, Sy?"

"Cut strop. He vanished at the front door, struck a *bee line*, and trotted off just as if all —— was after him."

“Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !” roared the four clerks.

“It would have done you good to the very bottom of your gizzards, boys, if you could have heard the old fool blubber and call his dog : ‘Here, Trove ! here, Trove ! here, Trove ! here, Trove !’ And he went on blubbering and calling until I thought I should die a-laughing. Presently he came to the door where Rans and I were standing, and said : ‘My young friend, have you seen anything of a dog that I had tied to that wagon ?’

“‘No, my daddy,’ said I, ‘but there’s a chap, I guess, who can tell you about it, as I saw him leading one off just now.’

“I gave Rans the wink, and the old fellow asked him where his dog was.

“‘You must speak loud to him, daddy,’ said I, ‘for he’s mighty deaf.’

“‘Where’s my dog ?’ he bawled out at Rans.

“‘Speak louder,’ said I, ‘he don’t hear you.’

“‘Where’s my dog ?’

“‘What did you say ?’ asked Rans.

“‘W-h-e-r-e-s m-y d-o-g ?’

“‘I can’t hear you,’ said Rans, ‘speak louder.’

“By —, boys, I couldn’t stand it any longer. I ran back into the storeroom and fairly bellowed. There he stood, bawling out at the top of his voice to Rans, ‘Where’s my dog ?’ and every time Rans would say, ‘Can’t hear you ; speak louder.’ I then lay down on the floor in the back room, and I wallowed and roared.”

“Ha ! ha ! ha !” As soon as the four clerks recovered from this paroxysm of laughter, Alsey said :

“I suppose, then, that he cried, did he, Sy ?” —

"Yes, Alsey, he fairly blubbered ; the big teardrops rolled down his — old cheeks and dropped off on the ground. I laughed till my tears flowed almost as freely as his."

Here the whole crowd, save Horry, gave vent to another violent burst of laughter.

"Young gentlemen," said Horry, "it does not appear to me at all surprising that a man should weep for a dog. A good dog that has guarded his master's premises, protected his children in his absence, or accompanied him in his lonely journeys, shows so much of truth, love, and fidelity, that he might, it strikes me, bear a favorable comparison with some human beings who seem to be utterly destitute of such qualities."

Here Master Sy cast furtive glances at Dowdy.

"Besides this," continued Horry, "I think that a man who could weep for the loss of such an animal has a heart. That old man's tears prove that *he* had a heart. No doubt he loved his dog, and he might have had some good reason for it."

Alsey, who was famous for his optical performances, cast sundry edifying winks at Master Bob, who sat with his lips firmly compressed, as if, for once in his life, he was making an earnest effort to restrain his giggling propensity. But Horry, unmoved, continued :

"There might be some very touching incidents in the history of that dog that would call tears to the eyes of any one who *owns a heart*. The farmer's dog Sirrah, belonging to the Ettrick Shepherd, and the wise dog that belonged to Sir Walter Scott, of which I have just been reading in this book, show how much of almost human intelligence some dogs possess. Then

how much of tenderness, love, and devotion do some dogs exhibit! The dog of Ulysses recognized him after many years absence. Dogs have rescued children from the jaws of death. Their affection for their masters is sometimes so strong that it does not end with the master's life. The dying soldier, forsaken by the officers for whose renown he perished on the battle-field, and abandoned by all his fellow soldiers, is still attended by his faithful dog. How touchingly was such an instance of canine affection exhibited in the little lapdog of Mary, Queen of Scots, which followed her to the scaffold, nestled among her clothes, and, when forced away, died—shall I say?—*of a broken heart*. Had that been your mother, could either of *you* have wept at the loss of such a dog?"

The four clerks responded to Horry's question with another hearty laugh, and Sy proceeded:

"Well, as I was saying, boys, we got the dog safely locked up in the back store-room, and now if you want to see the very — raised, Rans and I can do it for you. But to show you how we at last got rid of the old fool. He seemed at last to smell a *mice*, and asked me if Horry Thurston was at home, saying that he knew he would help him to get his dog."

"What was his name? did he tell you his name?" asked Horry.

"No, I didn't ask him; nor do I care — whether he had a name or not."

"Mr. Hampton," said Horry, "when you address any remark to me you must leave out your — and your —. It is sufficiently unpleasant to be forced to hear your profanity from day to day without its being cast into my face."

“The —— you say ! Well, my precious saint, my right reverend and holy Mr. Thurston, be so good as to ask me no questions.”

“Sir, I perceive that you have treated the feelings of a poor old man with insult, and have added injury to that insult. I wish you to know, once for all, that I can treat your scoffs with even greater contempt.”

“Who cares —— for *you* or *your* contempt ? But if you disdain the appellation of *precious saint*, you’ll hardly decline that of —— little Methodist puppy.”

The last words had hardly escaped his lips when Master Sy tumbled at full length upon the floor. He got up with bleeding mouth and nose, caused by a well-directed blow from Horry’s fist. As he rose he drew a dirk, and made a pass at Horry which must have severed his neck-veins, if he had not seized the tongs, and knocked the deadly weapon from the grasp of his assailant, breaking the blade into several pieces. Sy then drew a pistol, but Alsey seized it, and exclaimed :

“Good heavens ! Sy, don’t shoot ! You’ll alarm the town, and bring Old Mose down on us.”

With the help of Dowdy he wrested the pistol from Sy, and forced him to take his seat, which he did, muttering horrid oaths and threats of vengeance. Horry stood very calm in aspect, but he was terribly aroused. It was the first blow he had ever given any human being—the first time he had ever been so much provoked. The blood of three generations of as dauntless spirits as ever faced the cannon on the field of battle rose up within him. He was bold, defiant, and spoke as did not become him.

“Sy Hampton,” said he, “you have the heart of a

base coward ! Had I seen you treat that poor old man as you did, I know not that I could have kept my hands off you. You can speak as you choose to men who relish your vulgarity, but, sir, I have taught you for once that you shall respect me as a gentleman, and shall not, to *my* face, insult the religion of my mother. If you ever again presume to address me in language interlarded with oaths, your cowardly spirit shall quail before this arm in spite of all your dirks and pistols."

As Horry uttered the last words, he made such a gesture, and presented such a demeanor, as caused Sy instinctively to move further from him under the apprehension of another blow.

"Fear not, coward, another blow from this arm now, nor ever again, unless you choose to venture upon a similar experiment to the one you have this night attempted."

Horry now resumed his seat, and Sy, as quiet and tame as a lamb, washed the blood from his face. Rans Dowdy left the room, and a short silence ensued. Presently Alsey commenced a conversation with Bob. The crest-fallen Sy made several awkward attempts to recover his spirits. He made two or three despicable efforts at wit, which so excited the sympathies of his boon companions, that they evidently forced a laugh. In a few minutes Rans returned, dragging in a dog.

"Now for it, boys ; now for the breeze. Come, Alsey, get a piece of twine. Bring a paper, Bob, and, Sy, you get the spirits turpentine"

Everything was now in motion. Sy, forgetting his castigation, bounded into the storeroom, and returned with a bottle. Bob handed him a paper, and he saturated it with the combustible fluid.

“ Bring the candle, Alsey,” said Rans.

“ Here, Sy, hand it to him,” said Alsey.

They dragged the dog to the front door, and Sy, handing the lighted candle to Bob, said :

“ Touch it to the paper, Bob.”

He did so, and the paper was instantly in a blaze. Away went the dog, yelping with terror, while those cruel breeze-makers made the welkin ring with their shouts. But, horror of horrors ! the dog turns from the street ; he passes round a corner, and disappears through an alley ! Now it is time for the tables to turn, and for those wicked young men to run in as great alarm as did the poor animal they were torturing. Away they fly in pursuit. Their fears were too well founded. The dog had turned under a dry goods store, and the litter underneath had caught, and the building was already in a blaze. They worked and struggled for some time with all their might, and finally subdued the flame without alarming the town. They returned to the room, where Horry had resumed his book, and was again absorbed in its pages.

“ It was Bob,” said Sy Hampton ; “ it was Bob. If the house had burnt down he only would have borne the blame, for he touched fire to the paper.”

Bob was just about to reply, when a gentle rap was heard at the back door. Perfect silence ensued for a moment. Another rap, and Alsey crept softly to the door and listened. Another, and he opened.

“ Walk in, ladies,” said Alsey, and in walked *four women*, varying in color from a light bronze to a deep ebon. The four clerks and the four women went into the storeroom, and remained so long that Horry concluded they were *trading* rather largely for persons in

their condition ; so he laid down his book and walked into the store, if perchance he might read another lesson in the book of human nature. The young men were not abashed at his presence, nor was he surprised at a certain degree of familiarity they exhibited toward those whom they were pleased to accost as "*ladies*." He had noticed them in similar familiarities before with that class of people. But he was not quite prepared to witness the *sang froid* with which the *ladies* used the names of Rans, Sy, Alsey, and Bob, *sans* the prefix "*Master*," invariably used by their class when they address white persons by their christian names. They informed the young men that there was to be a grand "*nigger hop*" the following Saturday night, and that they would be expected to attend. All except Horry promised to attend. The women retired, each with a bundle of goods under her arm, followed by the four clerks. Horry returned to his seat by the fire, where he spent about forty minutes in making a practical elucidation of the first great lesson which he had learned from the book of human nature. He was enabled to discover certain qualities in the *genus homo* which were not elucidated in his new book on natural history. He was about to turn to his perusal of the latter work, when the four clerks returned, accompanied by four young men from the town. One of them, a youth of about his own age, whom they called Joseph Winfrey, he had never seen before. One of the young men laid on the table a piece of cheese ; another placed on it a mug of oysters ; a third drew out a bottle of brandy ; and Sy Hampton threw down a deck of cards. Sy Hampton and Alsey Rawls, against two of the newcomers, engaged in a game of cards, while the rest set

about preparing the oyster supper. The supper finished, and the bottle drained to the dregs, the young men from the town were about to retire, when Sy Hampton said :

“ Master Joe Winfrey, Alsey Rawls and I have won five dollars from you. You will oblige us by forking over the cash.”

“ I thought we were playing for fun,” said the youth, “ and that we staked our coffee grains, each representing a dime, merely to keep account of the game.”

“ So we were playing for fun, my precious Joseph ! but a part of the fun is to pocket the dimes.”

“ Indeed ! Then I am under ten thousand obligations for your telling me so. Here, sir, is the money ; I pay it without grudging, for henceforth I shall regard it as the price of an invaluable lesson. You, Mr. Sy Hampton, the *soul of truth*, the quintessence of *honor*, the *high-bred gentleman*, incapable of practising *fraud* under the guise of a *double entendre*, are welcome to the dimes. But, sir, I now bid you and your *high-toned* associates a long farewell. Henceforth I shall take my honored father’s advice—never drink another glass of spirits !—never throw another card ! I hope I may never forget that I am indebted for this happy resolution to the *honorable* Mr. Hampton.”

The words of Joseph Winfrey seemed to sink with some weight upon the rest of the young men, who shortly followed him. After all the rest were gone, Rans, Sy, and Alsey left, doubtless in pursuit of incidents wherewith to embellish their future converse. But Horry and Bob still retained their seats by the fire.

“ Mr. Thurston,” said Bob, after a serious interval

of silence, "Sy Hampton was very unjust and very ungenerous to lay *all* the blame of that affair on me."

"Robert Stuart, do you feel that *you* are blameless?"

"No, I don't; I know I *am* to blame, and I would not have my father nor Mr. Grantland to know it for the world."

"In that, sir, you are still more to be blamed. The best thing that you can possibly do for yourself is to make a *clean breast* of the whole affair to Mr. Grantland, and trust to his generosity to forgive you, or let him send you back in disgrace to your father."

Here Robert gave vent to his emotions, and wept. Horry was touched, for he saw that the youth was still within the bounds of rescue, and, in a very tender and gentle manner, said :

"Robert, take my advice. Tell Mr. Grantland the whole affair. You are under no obligations to the rest of those worthless young men. Do you not see plainly that they have ensnared you? Had the house burned down you see they would have made you the scapegoat of their own sins. They would have sacrificed you and escaped themselves. Take care; I see that you are in the power of that wolf, Sy Hampton. Mark it, now, if you do not forsake him and his associates, they will lead you to a disgraceful end. Have the firmness and manliness of that young Mr. Winfrey, who, as soon as his eyes were opened to their real designs, forsook them."

"Mr. Thurston, Sy Hampton would kill me if I was to tell Mr. Grantland."

"Well, tell him, if he does kill you. Choose to die rather than unman yourself. It is death anyhow—

death to your character, and death to your soul—if you don't tear yourself from his influence. Better to die nobly than ignobly."

"Oh! Mr. Thurston, can you not help me?"

"With all my heart and soul, Robert, if you will endeavor to help yourself. But unless you endeavor to act the part of a truthful, honorable, and noble boy, all my help will be useless. You must inevitably sink unless you will nerve yourself to do right, regardless of consequences."

"Then I will tell him all."

"And will you tear yourself away from your seducers?"

"Yes," said Bob.

"Do so," said Horry. "and it will make a man of you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DISCOVERY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE following day Horry, endeavoring to elucidate and apply the principles of his first great lesson from the book of human nature, narrowly inspected the books to ascertain whether the four clerks had *charged themselves* with the forty or fifty dollars' worth of goods which he had seen borne off by the four *ladies*. Finding no entries to satisfy his inquiries in that direction, he next inquired of Mr. Worthy, the keeper of the cash book, whether any money to represent the amount had passed into his hands. Mr. Worthy informed him that none had passed into his hands since the cash in the till had been counted the preceding night at nine o'clock. Now Horry reached a philosophical and practical conclusion, and gave Mr. Worthy a hint. From that moment the eyes of no less than three Arguses were upon the movements of the four clerks.

The following Saturday night, just after nine o'clock, Horry, with his book, took his seat by the fire in the clerks' room. The four clerks were present. Three of them, with an uncommon flow of vivacity, were engaged in their favorite style of conversation. The other, with a down-cast, dejected look, sat a little apart

from the rest. About ten o'clock a gentle rap was heard at the back door. Alsey opened, and in walked the four *ladies*. They walked into the store room, followed by three of the clerks. Horry walked out at the back door, and round to the side door of the counting-room, and found Mr. Grantland and Mr. Worthy within. They all took their station, unobserved, near the partition door, where they could see and hear all that passed between the clerks and the women.

"Whar's Bob?" asked Ebon.

"Ah! he's left us," said Sy. "He's turned to be a saint, with our spindle-shanked Lazarus here."

"What you say, Sy?" asked the lightest bronze. "He! he! he!" giggled the four women.

"Go tell him to come here, Sy," said Ebon.

"What! draw him away from such heavenly contemplations, from such holy delights! 'Twould be a pity to deprive the church of such a gem of piety, and the pulpit of such an ornament."

"Hear dat!" exclaimed bronze No. 2.

"Nebber see your beat in my life, Sy. He! he! he!"

"Here, Sinda, take this," said Rans, and he handed a gold bracelet worth twenty dollars to bronze No. 3.

The women all (except Ebon) having received costly presents, retired, followed by the three clerks.

The following day the three clerks were discharged from Mr. Grantland's service.

Robert Stuart did not, as he had promised, tell Mr. Grantland anything of the "breeze." But as he seemed penitent, Mr. Grantland forgave him, and determined to try him a while longer. He grew steadily in the confidence of his employer for several years, until—

well, we must not anticipate. But we will trace the fortunes of Rans Dowdy a little further.

Not many miles from C——, in the state of North Carolina, there lived, many years ago, an honest farmer named John Dalton. He had an only daughter, and her name was Catharine. One of the meanest and most despicable wretches in the state was old Rans Dowdy, and his son Rans inherited all his inborn baseness of spirit, and cultivated it into confirmed habit. But he was shrewd, plausible, and had a certain address by which he could counterfeit any one's very *beau ideal* of goodness. By this means he won the heart of Kitty Dalton, and got her parents to consent to the match. The time drew nigh for the marriage to be performed. But now there came to the ears of honest John Dalton an ugly report, to the effect that his daughter's intended had been guilty of no less a crime than the seduction, under promise of marriage, of a poor but worthy girl in a remote part of the county. The marriage was postponed in order that Rans might, if possible, establish his innocence. The delay only confirmed the rumor; a warrant was issued for his arrest, and he fled from the state. He reached Charleston, where he got into business through the influence of a distant relation, and through whom he soon formed the acquaintance of Doctor Grantland. The discerning Yankee doctor was completely *taken in* by the plausible address of Rans, and he engaged the young adventurer as a clerk for his brother.

As soon as Rans was discharged from Mr. Grantland's service, he fell in company with a young gentleman whom he had met at the gaming table. The young man had just come into possession of a hand-

some sum of money by inheritance, and Rans proposed a co-partnership in the mercantile business. Hall acceded to the proposal ; a handsome brick store was soon erected ; Rans proceeded to New-York to purchase the goods, and very soon long columns of advertisements, with attractive captions, appeared in the newspapers, signed by Dowdy & Hall. Only a couple of months elapsed, after the new concern was opened, when Rans concluded to visit his native state and county. For years he had kept up a secret correspondence with Kitty. Before he parted from her he had lifted his hand to heaven *and swore that he was innocent*. Kitty, in the warmth of true love, and the earnestness of her faith, declared that *the whole world* could never convince *her* of his guilt. Everything was understood between them. Rans reached a certain place *in the night* when Kitty met him, and left *in the night*—bearing away the one stay and prop of honest John Dalton—his *one ewe lamb* that he had tenderly nourished in his bosom. It was done ; the cruel blow was struck, and poor Kitty never felt what a treasure of paternal love she had despised and trampled under foot, until the mournful tidings reached her, about two months after that, of her father's sorrowful death. Her self-reproaches were bitter and lamentable. But these, time might have mitigated. To help her bear her burdens, and endure her hardships, Rans—who was now prosperous, as the brick store, the crowded shelves, the long columns of advertisements plainly attested—determined to buy his Kitty a servant. He accordingly purchased the identical Sinda to whom we have seen him making a costly present, and who had *long familiarly addressed him as plain "Rans."* Kitty

was not long in observing coolness on the part of her husband, and insolence on that of her servant. Time drew nigh for her to become a mother. The coolness grew into indifference, the insolence began to be noticed by others as well as herself. Now a bitterness inexpressible began to rankle in poor Kitty's heart. At last she saw something—saw it with her own eyes ! Oh, heavens ! ten thousand deaths were in that fatal look !

“The tragedy ! the tragedy ! Oh, the horrible suicide committed last night !”

These words were uttered by every fire-side, in every store, and office, and counting-room, and along the streets.

“What on earth—who—what is it ?”

“Mrs. Dowdy cut her throat with her husband's razor ! I do from the bottom of my heart pity the poor man ! He looks just like he'll grieve himself to death. How *can* he endure it ?”

Two months, only two months, fly rapidly away, and Mr. Grantland's store is broken open at night. About three thousand dollars' worth of goods, consisting of the finest laces, silks, watches, jewelry, &c., are stolen. Three days of diligent search have not sufficed to get on track of the thief. At last a form is seen to glide in the direction of an old well. Some one follows that form. It is a negro ; it is Sinda ! She is instantly seized. Another eye is opened upon the scene, and Rans Dowdy flies, and, entering the store in breathless haste, says :

“Hall, open that chest and give me all the money it contains. Take my portion of the goods, and the books, and Sinda, for indemnity. I have just heard that my

father has fallen into sore trouble, and I must fly instantly to his relief."

"Ah! Rans, my noble fellow, take it every cent and go."

Dowdy leaves at one door, and five minutes later the sheriff enters at the other.

"Where's Dowdy?"

"Gone, just gone," said Hall. "Why, what's the matter?"

"He broke open Mr. Grantland's store," said the sheriff, "and I have come to arrest him."

"Away! fly! pursue him! Here, he went this way; follow, overtake him; bring him back, or I'm a ruined man!"

Poor Hall! he was ruined. When Rans purchased the goods in New-York he made a deposit of Hall's money in the bank, in an assumed name, and bought his goods on credit, giving the notes of Dowdy & Hall. The goods on hand, the fine building, all the assets, including Sinda, were taken to meet the liabilities, and Hall was still three thousand dollars worse than nothing. Rans made his escape so effectually that he was never heard of afterwards.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

WHEN Horry had been in N—— a little more than four years, Mr. Worthy left to commence business for himself in an adjoining state. Horry succeeded him as chief clerk and bookkeeper. One fine afternoon, in the latter part of October, having finished his day's work at the desk, he drew a chair and small table near a window which opened upon the street. The shutters were thrown open, and the balmy air floated through and fanned his cheek. He drew from his coat pocket a neatly-folded package, and, opening it, laid several letters on the table. These were the letters which he had received from the loved ones at home during his absence. He often sought a lonely spot, and read them over again and again. What emotions struggled in his bosom as he perused them ! The pleasing reminiscences of boyhood, as he read the letters of Matthew—the pious resolutions and prayers, as he read his mother's—the flush of manly enthusiasm and aspiring hope, as he read Mr. Paul's—may all be imagined better than described. He now opens and reads the first of a package of three which he had separated from the rest. It was the one Mr. Paul had written two years before, containing an account of his

mother's death. That paper bears other marks beside those of the pen—marks which remind him of his boyhood's home, of his schoolboy aspirations, of fireside interviews, and of friendship as pure as ever dwelt on earth. They are marks of tear-drops which fell from the eyes of his saintly preceptor as he penned that epistle ! Then the account of his father's conversion takes up the closing paragraph of the letter. While Betsy still lingered in her last fatal attack—while she sunk gradually from day to day—while the calm serenity of faith unwavering grew into the rapture of a beatific vision—while the perishing mortality grew weaker, and the immortal hope stronger—Garland, trembling under the double apprehension of wrath Divine and of an irreparable loss, drew Mr. Paul aside, to the little grotto under the hill, and, weeping, confessed his sins, and besought the good man to pray for him. How they bowed together in humble prayer ; how Garland wept and mourned on account of sin ; how he suddenly grew calm, and then raised his voice in exultant praise ; how he testified to the truth and power of religion ; how touchingly he alluded to his first awakening, as he listened to the intercessions of Matthew and Horry at Bethel Oak—all were portrayed most graphically by Mr. Paul.

Horry, wiping the tears from his face, folds and replaces that letter, then takes another. It is from Matthew, and contains an account of the last moments of Mr. Paul. The third, also from Matthew, containing an account of Garland's death, he now opens and reads. One sentence has fixed its impress indelibly upon the heart of Horry :

“ *Oh, my brother ! how I wish you had seen our*

dear father as he breathed his last ! his countenance beaming with unearthly lustre ; his eyes lifted toward heaven ; gasping, with his dying breath, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly !’ ”

That was the last letter Horry had received from Matthew. Folding up the package, with a gush of tears, he exclaimed :

“ How lonely ! Oh ! where is Matthew ? Why has he not written ? Twelve long months, and not a line from him. Again and again have I written, but no response—no tidings of my dear brother.”

He now felt most painfully the absence of all the objects of his warmest love. He liked Mr. Worthy ; he had a profound regard for Dr. Marshall ; but he felt no sentiment for either like the love he had for his parents, for Matthew, and for Mr. Paul. He pined for some object of affection—some being whom he could fold to his heart with a warmer pressure than a mere object of friendship. He often thought of the poor woman whose sad story he had heard Mr. Worthy relate, and he felt like he *could love her with a pure, brotherly love.* Often he wished most heartily that he might meet with her.

The shades of dusk grew on, and he rose to shut the window-blinds. As he did so, a stout man brushed by the window along the pavement. As he turned to walk into the storeroom the same man clasped him in his arms. “ Horry ! ” “ Matthew ! ” were the only words which escaped their lips. The brothers stood folded in each other’s arms in speechless emotion.

What reminiscences are bound up in the two hearts that throb against each other in that fraternal embrace ! Their memories run back a year, and they seem

to be embracing over the sod that hid their fond parents from their sight—on to Bethel Oak, where again they seem to kneel in pious supplication—back to schoolboy sports, and along the shady avenue to the portals of the sanctuary—back, along the green-clad hills, the rippling brooks, the grassy plats, the sun-lit fields—back and back to tenderest childhood, and the very dawn of their recollections. All of life seemed to come up in that loving embrace. A couple of hours later, they are seated together in the counting-room. Matthew has just finished an account of many particulars concerning the last days of his parents and Mr. Paul that could not be communicated in the letters.

“Now, Matthew,” said Horry, “give me a particular account of your personal history since we parted.”

“I continued with Mr. Hays, the tinner, until about four months ago. He failed in business, all his property was sold by the sheriff, and he moved away.”

“How did this calamity befall him?” asked Horry.

“The story is short, but very sad. You know that while Mr. Paul lived he exerted a happy influence upon Mr. Hays. But he was a weak-minded man, and could easily be led astray. About the time Mr. Paul was taken with the disease of which he died, a young man by the name of Lang, a brother of Mrs. Hays, came to Temple Vale. He dressed in fine style, put on such aristocratic airs, and held his head so high, that everybody took him for a *born gentleman*. He soon, however, proved himself unprincipled and dissolute. Mr. Paul had not been dead a month, when Lang proposed to Hays to let him establish a retail liquor shop in one end of the tin shop. Mr. Hays could not resist *his fascinating brother-in-law*. So a partition was run

across the shop, and Lang opened his establishment. A great change took place in the village. It became the scene of drunkenness and riot. Old Nick Brown and his friend Vol Brice became habitual drunkards, and young Dave Brown soon followed their example. The people living out among the hills and valleys, who formerly came to the village only on business, now collected frequently about Lang's shop, and sometimes bloody encounters happened, and on one occasion a horrible murder was committed."

"Who was killed?" asked Horry.

"Let me proceed with my account of Mr. Hays; I like to tell you in the regular order of events. Hays soon fancied that the liquor trade was more profitable and less laborious than manufacturing tinware. He proposed to join Lang in copartnership in both branches of business. His proposition was accepted; he learned to tipple, became a drunkard, and—and was—ex—"

"What's the matter, Matthew? what ails you?" asked Horry.

"Oh—well, nothing—he was expelled from the church."

"Are you sick, Matthew?"

"No, Horry; just let me proceed."

Horry noticed that Matthew's voice trembled, his lips quivered, and his whole body shook violently, while he touched upon the melancholy defection of Mr. Hays. Recovering his self-possession, he continued:

"Lang became a drunkard and a gambler. At length, quarrelling with a man who accused him of winning his money unfairly, he drew out his knife, and, stabbing him, absconded. He either carried off all the money of the concern, or had made away with it before

he left. So in this manner Mr. Hays was ruined, and all his property was sold. I lost all my wages, and was compelled to go into the forest and cut timber for a sawmill, in order to supply myself with clothing."

"So it was Lang who killed the man, was it?"

"No; the man that Lang stabbed recovered. The vengeance fell upon Nick Brown."

"Nick Brown! No doubt it was for some villainy."

"Yes, it was; he was about to be arrested for some fraudulent management of Temple Vale Bank. He accused Vol Brice of betraying him, and Brice murdered him. Everybody believed it was a cold-blooded murder, yet the name of Nick Brown was so detested, that I don't believe that a jury could have been empanelled that would have convicted any man for his murder. Vol Brice was acquitted. The Temple Vale Bank failed entirely, and many persons lost money by it. This was one reason why Brown was hated by so many people."

"Truly the Lord hath said, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.' What became of all his property?"

"A large portion of it he had secured to his wife and children by some means, so that it has not yet been made subject to his debts."

"Tell me now about my old friend Corley."

"Poor Corley, he, too, was ruined by Lang. He became a drunkard and a gambler, lost all his property except the hotel (which, you know, belongs to his wife), and finally died in a fit of *delirium tremens*. His wife, poor woman, still holds on, working hard for the support of her children."

"What about Mr. Vennable?"

"He is dead—died a few months ago. Did you ever know little Billy Crosby, whose father, a poor, but honest, industrious old man, lived up the river five or six miles?"

"No, I don't recollect him," said Horry.

"Well," continued Matthew, "Mr. Venable educated him, and, just after he was admitted to the bar, died and left him heir to all his fortune. You see now, Horry, if you had taken up with Mr. Venable's offer, that fortune would have fallen into your hands."

"I'm glad I didn't accept it, Matthew ; though I rejoice that a poor but worthy young man has been so fortunate."

The two brothers now retired to bed, but they could not sleep ; they were too happy to sleep. Locked in each other's arms, they lay in bed, talking till near the break of day. As soon as daylight appeared Horry, perceiving that Matthew had fallen into a gentle slumber, arose, and, dressing, went into the storeroom.

CHAPTER XXV.

LOVE'S LABOR.

As soon as Horry had set things in order in the store, and given directions to the clerks for the duties of the day, he took an armful of ready-made clothing, and returned to his own room. Matthew was still asleep, and, returning to the storeroom, he brought a number of hats of various sizes, boots, cravats, handkerchiefs, &c. As soon as his brother arose he began to array him in a new suit of clothes. Matthew objected.

"Why, Horry, what do you mean? I have no money to pay for all these fine clothes."

"Well, your brother has, Matthew, and you *must* put them on."

"Nay, but I cannot consent for you to support me from your own earnings, Horry."

The contrast between the two brothers was very affecting. Horry was tall, spare-built, graceful in all his movements, courtly in demeanor, and dressed in a style which combined elegance with simplicity. On the other hand, Matthew was robust, with broad, rather coarse features. His dress was inferior to that of Horry when he first arrived in N——. In fact, it was not *only* of the coarsest material, but well worn and shabby,

and his whole appearance indicated the saddest neglect. His face, quite ruddy, still wore the aspect of genial good-nature, and the deep lustrous eye betrayed the fountains of poetic feeling which welled up within him. It was with deep mortification that Horry beheld his manly form arrayed in so uncouth a garb ; but it was with the very opposite sentiment that Matthew looked upon Horry. He gazed upon him, as he stood out the very model of a young gentleman of refinement and cultivation, and felt a mixture of wonder, pride, and pleasure, as he contemplated his noble form.

“ I must insist on your wearing this suit, Matthew. I have selected the articles carefully, avoiding finery on the one hand, and coarseness on the other. I do not wish you to dress in a style unbecoming your condition and prospects.”

“ I never expected to be so finely dressed, Horry, and really I’m afraid people will think I’m proud. In fact, I don’t know how to behave myself in such a fine suit. Take them off ! Take them off, Horry ! I can’t wear them !”

“ Matthew, have you no aspirations ?”

“ Bless your soul, Horry, what have fine clothes to do with aspirations ?”

“ I have a place in view for you, Matthew, and wish you to dress in a style becoming the position. Mr. Kean, a prosperous merchant in town, is in need of a clerk. I wish to carry you to see him immediately after breakfast, and will make an application for you.”

“ I’m not qualified for such a position, Horry ; my education is not as good now as when I left school, and is very inferior to yours when you left Temple Vale. Can you not get me employment in a tin-shop ?”

At this Horry's face colored up, and he replied :

"I think, Matthew, that a brighter prospect now opens for you. A successful merchant acquires more influence in the world, occupies a higher rank in society, and is esteemed more highly than a mechanic, unless that mechanic is a real child of genius, and originates some enterprise which entitles him to the gratitude of mankind. Even if you are such a genius, I think your trade will hardly afford sufficient scope for the attainment of such distinction."

"I see you have not laid aside your high notions yet, Horry."

"Well, hear me through, Matthew. I will lay before you the plan which I have thoroughly digested since your arrival. Mr. Grantland has several times proposed to take me into copartnership with him in business. I have hitherto declined it, because I am not inclined to be a merchant always. I am in the business now only from the stress of necessity. My friend, Dr. Marshall, has repeatedly urged me to study law. I had just obtained my own consent to do so, as soon as my term of engagement with Mr. Grantland expires. But now I have an entirely new plan of life. I will be a merchant, not with Mr. Grantland, but with you."

"With me, Horry!"

"Yes, Matthew, with you. Hear me before you raise any more objections. I have saved two thousand dollars; in three years I can save three times that sum. In three years you can become thoroughly acquainted with business. Together we shall have saved enough to commence business on a respectable footing. Now I wish you to get the situation with Mr.

Kean, and apply yourself to the business with all your might. We shall become prosperous, rich, and influential."

"But how am I to fill a position for which I am not qualified, Horry?"

"Qualify yourself for it."

"How?"

"By energy and perseverance. If you will suffer me, I will suggest a remedy for your present deficiency."

"I cannot consent to go to school, Horry, and allow you to pay my way. No, let me get employment in a tin shop ; that is the place for me."

"You can go to school gratis, Matthew."

"But would Mr. Kean consent?"

"The arrangement will not interfere with your obligation to Mr. Kean."

"I cannot understand you, Horry."

"I will explain, if you will promise not to get offended."

"Offended ! How can I get offended with *you*, Horry?"

"Well, would you consent to be taught by your junior brother?"

"Most gladly, if you have time to instruct me ; but you will have a dull pupil."

"I'll promise not to weary of my pupil, if you will not of your teacher."

"Very well, brother, you are now my little school-master. Don't get into a passion, now, and chastise your scholar. Pedagogues are sometimes very tyrannical, but I hope you will be very patient and very kind with your dull pupil."

"Everything you wish, Matthew, if you will just

wear that suit you have put on. It fits very well, and I see no reason why you should fall out with it."

"And what shall I do with these?"

"Throw them away; burn them up."

"What, burn my dear old kersey breeches! If you knew how many lusty blows I struck for the two dollars they cost me, you wouldn't be so cruel."

"There's a better pair, Matthew, which you may have without any blows."

"Ah! Horry, the memory of the blows is not grievous; but I see you wish to make sad havoc of my old duds. Will you let me retain nothing to remind me of my former self?"

"Nothing, Matthew; nothing to remind either of us of the plight in which you came here. There is one thing we cannot now remedy—your hair. Why, Matthew, it falls in all sorts of knots and twists and fantastic curls about your forehead, eyes, and shoulders. You need shearing, my precious lamb; but it is too late now; we shall be called to breakfast soon."

"So it is out of season for shearing. Well, if you only want a little wool, take that in lieu of my own redundant locks."

Here Matthew cast his old clothes at the feet of Horry, and they left the room.

The business was soon arranged with Mr. Kean, and Matthew became his clerk. Horry now felt a new impulse given to his energies. He had but little taste for mercantile pursuits. Ambitious and aspiring, he aimed at distinction on a broader field of action than commercial enterprise could afford. Just as he had yielded to the solicitations of his friend Dr. Marshall, and consented to study law, Matthew came. Now he felt that the

whole plan of his life and destiny was changed. For Matthew's benefit he consented to forego all the hopes and aspirations of his lofty mind. He proposed nothing for Matthew but the sphere of a successful merchant, eminent in that sphere, and distinguished for commercial integrity. Bright visions of future prosperity and respectability now beamed upon his path, and he began to covet wealth—not for his own sake, but for Matthew's. Never did fondly-doting parent feel a deeper interest in the welfare of an only son than did Horry for his brother. And now he entered upon that course of toil and self-sacrifice which his fraternal love prompted. That night, after nine o'clock, he was with Matthew in his room at Mr. Kean's. They were seated at a table on which lay paper, pens, ink, slate and pencil, and books. Matthew was acquainted with the ground rules of arithmetic, and Horry gave him a lesson in "Fractions." While Matthew studied the rules, and worked out his sums on the slate, Horry wrote on several sheets the captions, "Merchandise," "Bills Receivable," "Bills Payable," "Cash Account," "Interest Account," &c., &c.

"Here, Matthew," said he, "I wish you to copy this book on these sheets. When you have finished them I will explain the principles of bookkeeping, first by single, and then by double entry. This you can do as you have intervals of leisure during the day. At present you must proceed with your arithmetic. You must memorize the rules, and, as you perform the sums on the slate, I will ask questions, and teach you the process of analysis."

"Look over that, and see if it is correct," said Matthew, as he handed the slate to his brother.

"Yes, it is correct. Now work this sum," and he pointed him to another.

Horry continued to write, stopping now and then to answer Matthew's questions, to overlook his operations on the slate, and to direct him to another sum.

"Here are some rules, Matthew, to which I now propose that we affix our names, in a solemn pledge and covenant to observe them through life."

Matthew read the paper, while Horry sat gazing upon him, and marking the aspect of his countenance. The paper contained a plan for the useful employment of each hour in the day, from early dawn till twelve o'clock at night. Duties were assigned to each day and each hour of the whole week. Then followed the "Sunday plan." The holy day was divided for public and private worship, for the reading of the Scriptures, and for attendance at the Sunday school. Then followed rules for the government of their conduct. They bound themselves to the strictest habits of *temperance, veracity, honor, fidelity to their employers, and undeviating integrity of character.* They engaged to use every honorable means to "rise in the world," to be respected, esteemed, and honored by mankind. They pledged themselves to a steadfast adherence to their religious principles, and to the church of their choice, with its institutions and usages. This resolution was appended to the whole :

"Resolved, That we will never form any associations, nor go into any place, nor do any thing, which we would not, if we knew that our dearest mother was present, and looking at us."

Various charges flitted across the countenance of Matthew as he read. When he finished the paper he

laid it down with a cry of anguish. Horry thought he understood the cause of his agitation. He had no doubt that his mother had carried him to the grotto under the hill ! He had no doubt that she had spoken to him in the very language of the last resolution ! He had no doubt that *her very words* recalled the agony of the dying scene, and extorted that bitter cry !

“ You are the elder, subscribe your name,” said Horry.

“ Yes, I will—I’ll try—I’ll endeavor once more——”

Muttering thus to himself, Matthew took the pen, and, with a trembling hand, subscribed his name. Horry wrote his name with a steady hand. One thrilling thought flashed through him ; one solemn conviction entered his soul ; and, looking at his brother, while his countenance beamed with a sublime rapture, he said :

“ Matthew, there are precious links of thought, feeling, and sympathy, between earth and heaven. I *have* felt it, and I thank God that I *still* feel it. I came here ignorant, artless, uncontaminated by the vices of this world. I have been surrounded by scenes of lewdness, dissipation, and crime. I have witnessed more dissolute conduct among young men than I ever before imagined that God would suffer in a Christian country. Yet amid all *I have been preserved*. Yes, Matthew, I have been preserved amid such temptations as I pray God may never cross your path. Whenever I was tempted to go astray, I thought of her—of the pure and spotless spirit of our sainted mother. I know that she is now present—that she looks down upon this scene with delight. I can almost see her image—I can feel the breathings of her gentle spirit. O, Matthew !

Matthew ! our glorified mother is present ! she's in the room ! she's come to arm our souls for the great battle of life !"

Matthew burst into violent weeping, almost loud enough to be heard in the street. Presently the brothers kneeled together in prayer, and then separated for the night.

Months rolled away, and they were exact in the observance of their plan. Matthew had completed arithmetic and commenced the study of algebra. He had reviewed English grammar, and had found time to read a portion of Rollin's *Ancient History*. His hand-writing had greatly improved, and he had acquired a thorough knowledge of the principles of bookkeeping. He displayed considerable taste for polite literature, and was rapidly acquiring accuracy in the use and pronunciation of language. He evidently had the taste and disposition for the highest grade of cultivation. Horry encouraged all his aspirations, and labored assiduously to promote his advancement in knowledge. Now his friend Dr. Marshall came to his aid.

During the whole time that Horry had been in N—— he had kept up a constant intercourse with this friend. One of their favorite haunts was a park belonging to Judge Marshall. Seated upon a moss-covered rock, overlooking a sparkling brook, they had often spent hours together in conversation. Dr. Marshall's conversation was always of a lofty character, and it inspired Horry with resolution to put forth all his efforts in order to reach the highest excellence in intellectual attainments. He continued his classical and mathematical studies, assisted by his friend, until he became a ripe *scholar*. He had mastered several branches of natural

science, and enjoyed fine opportunities for illustrating them in the Doctor's cabinet and laboratory. Dr. Marshall, having made the tour of the East, had returned home with an ardent love for oriental literature. By his assistance Horry had studied the Hebrew language. Seated upon their favorite rock, they had read in the original the Book of Job, the Psalms, and some of the enrapturing strains of Isaiah. Aided by the erudition of his friend, Horry was enabled to grasp some of the grandest idealities of the Hebrew poets, which it is impossible for any translation to convey adequately. He traced with delight many indications of similar idealities among the Greek writers. The ELOHIM (an instance of the *pluralis majestaticus* of the Hebrews) overwhelmed his mind with the majesty and grandeur of the Jewish idea of God. The HACHMOTH of Solomon, in the first chapter of Proverbs, revealing the personified Wisdom, the great, infinite, eternal Reason, corresponding to St. John's divine Logos—filled him with a wondering awe. Then the RUACH, the all-creating, life-giving *Animus* of the universe. That he could trace in the writings of Plato such indisputable resemblances to these idealities was sufficient to assure him that the Grecian sage was familiar with the Hebrew literature. Did St. John borrow his term *Logos* from Plato, or did they both get it from a common source? Horry was fully persuaded that they both got it from the Hebrew writers. Dr. Marshall shook his head incredulously, and went off into a train of reflection on the *archaeology of Egypt*. Champollion's disclosures concerning the monumental hieroglyphs were just coming out. Horry could not understand those things at that time, and

endeavored to bring back his friend to the superiority of Hebrew idealities to the Greek, even where the latter manifestly borrowed from the former. The Doctor then gave vent to a train of reflections in the style of Volney. Horry perceived with pain that his friend was a skeptic of the French school.

We said that Dr. Marshall came forward to aid Horry in giving direction to Matthew's studies. He lent him books, and invited him to come, whenever it was convenient, to his laboratory. But there was an air of negligence about Matthew, and a slovenliness, which distressed Horry. His chamber was often a scene of disorder ; his clothes were scattered over the room, one piece here, another there ; his trunk had the lid thrown back against the wall ; his books were thrown helter-skelter over the table. This habit of carelessness grew upon him as he advanced in study. In vain did Horry endeavor to instil into him some of Mr. Grantland's excellent precepts. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," "A time for everything, and everything in time," were maxims which were thrown away upon Matthew. At length Mr. Kean called on Horry one day, and, taking him aside, said :

"I come to suggest that you endeavor to find some other place for your brother."

Horry asked if Matthew had done anything wrong.

"Oh, no !" said Mr. Kean, "but my business does not suit him, Mr. Thurston."

"Perhaps he'll improve, Mr. Kean, when he acquires more experience."

Mr. Kean shook his head, and continued :

"He has no taste for the business, Mr. Thurston, a

commercial education would be thrown away on him. He reads all day long, and often, when a customer stands rapping on the counter to call his attention, he neither sees nor hears, but goes on reading. If at last he is aroused, he attends to the call, *but forgets to charge the goods he sells.*

“Do you know of an opening in any other kind of business, Mr. Kean?”

“Yes, Mr. Mood is in need of a young man to attend to his hotel.”

The arrangement was made the same day with Mr. Mood, and Matthew entered upon a new scene of life. All Horry’s fond hopes of making him a *highly respectable and influential* merchant were now cut off. The plan which they had adopted had now to be modified to suit the change of circumstances. But Horry was too hopeful to despair—too energetic to relax his labor of love. Every opportunity that presented itself he seized, in order to continue his course of instruction. It was often ten or eleven o’clock at night before he could find Matthew alone.

In the centre of a common, on the outskirts of the town, there was a large locust-tree. Many a Sunday afternoon did the two brothers walk out, and sit at the root of that tree. There they listened to the carols of the birds, the lowing of the cattle, as they grazed the common ; or, as evening drew on, to the music of the church-bells. There they talked of their past histories and their future prospects ; of the religious lessons of the day, which they had gathered from the pulpit and from the Bible ; and there they spent many precious moments in prayer together.

Matthew soon became as much absorbed in study as

ever. Rollin, Plutarch, Shakespeare, were the volumes that he always had near him.

One evening, after nine o'clock, Horry called, and found him reading a new book.

"What have you there, Matthew?"

"A new French Grammar."

His face was unusually red, and his voice sounded unnatural.

"Matthew," said Horry, in a stern manner, "you are growing too neglectful of your business. Here are gentlemen all around you calling for attention, and you are absorbed in a book which may never be of any practical use."

"If anybody wants anything," said Matthew, "he can call for it. I'm here all the time."

"But you should be ready to anticipate the wants of your customers. Attention to business is the only guarantee of success. Come to yourself; lay aside your book; look around you, and study something practical and useful."

Matthew laid his book upon a chair, and, ringing for a servant, directed him to show some gentlemen to their rooms; he then resumed his book. Just then Mr. Mood entered through a side-door. He wore an aspect of displeasure, but, seeing Horry, he beckoned him into an adjoining room. They spent about half an hour together, and Horry returned to Matthew. The company had all retired, and the two brothers walked out to their favorite locust-tree.

"Mr. Mood is displeased, Matthew."

"Who has displeased him?"

"You."

"What have *I* done?" asked Matthew.

"He is displeased, not so much at what you *have* done, as at what you have *not* done."

"What, then, have I *not* done that has displeased him?"

"I am truly grieved, Matthew, that you do not know it, that you cannot see it, that you have to be told of it, and that mine is the unpleasant task to tell you."

"Why, Horry! What's the matter? Does he know—?"

"Yes, Matthew, he knows all about it. He knows you got the book, and—"

"And did he see me—?"

"Yes, he saw you, too: he saw you buried in your book, with gentlemen all around you complaining for want of attention. I cannot express my pain and mortification at your indifference to his interests, and that you should even *desire*, much less attempt, *to conceal your conduct from him*."

"But how did he see—how did he know that I was in—that I—?"

"Matthew, can you be so forgetful of what is ingenuous and noble, of what is true to the impulses of your lofty nature, as to desire to gratify your own—?"

"Yes, yes; my own appetite. Oh, Horry! shall I tell you all? Would God—?"

"I know it already, Matthew, for you didn't attempt to conceal your conduct from me."

"Didn't attempt to conceal it from you!"

"No; I knew your *appetite*, as you term it—your *passion* rather—for books. I have often told you, Matthew, that attention to business is essential to success. Mr. Mood complains of neglect of duty on your

part. When the claims of business are urgent, you are found with a book in your hand."

"Horry, you have often urged on me the importance of mental culture."

"Yes, and I have as often urged the importance of attending to business. By your business you are to live ; by it you are to rise in the world ; by it you are to reach that honorable distinction to which I so ardently wish you to attain. There is a time for study, and a time for business ; *never forget it*, Matthew—when business presses its claims, let books alone."

"Well, what shall I do, Horry ?"

"Restore yourself to the confidence of Mr. Mood. Continue with him, attending to every branch of your duty, until an opening occurs for some employment more favorable to the accomplishment of our plan of study."

"I can find such employment now."

"With whom ?"

"With Mr. Varner, the tinner."

The scene of Horry's labor of love now changes to Mr. Varner's tin-shop. Night after night he toils on, using every means in his power to stimulate the ambition of his brother, and to encourage him to look up for a "better opening" and for brighter days. A work-bench is the student's desk, a stool the professorial chair. The studies are Greek, Latin, Rhetoric, Natural Science. In this manner two years pass. To other branches of learning Matthew adds a fair knowledge of the French language. Dr. Marshall has furnished him some of the choice productions of Bossuet, Fenelon, Massillon, and Bourdaloue.

The fourth of July, 183—, was celebrated in N— with great enthusiasm. Governor —, and other distinguished gentlemen from different parts of the state, were present. Horry had been appointed by a town meeting, at the instance of Dr. Marshall, to deliver the oration. His subject was “The Elements of our National Strength.” The orator distributed these elements into four classes—*Patriotism, Loyalty, Intelligence, and The Heroic Love of Liberty.*

Many were the compliments passed upon the young orator, but none of them were more flattering than that of Governor —. He said to Dr. Marshall :

“That oration displayed much learning and wisdom, as well as a profound insight into the principles of government. That young man bids fair to become a statesman.”

“I have told him so,” said Dr. Marshall. “He possesses every quality for such a position.”

“I have heard many Fourth-of-July orations,” said Governor —, “but never listened to one that pleased me so well.”

The festivities of the day closed with a grand *reunion* in Judge Marshall’s park. As soon as Horry reached the park he looked around for Matthew. He could not find him, and grew uneasy. The town-bell was ringing furiously, and many inquiries were made as to the cause. Horry knew that Matthew kept the key of the belfry, and that it could not be rung without his knowledge. His anxiety increased, and he returned to town just as dusk grew on.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FRATERNAL COVENANT.

IT was quite dark when Horry knocked at the door of the tin-shop. No one responded, and he walked away toward Mr. Grantland's store. As he passed along the street his ears were saluted with the sound of boisterous laughing and merry shouts. A moment more and a crowd of boys rushed in sight, and hurried along the pavement in pursuit of a man who wore on his head a tin frame with several prongs attached to it, and transparencies at the tip ends. The spectacle was grotesque and ludicrous beyond description, and the noisy rabble pursuing him filled the town with their uproar. They hurried out of sight on the opposite side of the public square, and Horry proceeded on to the counting-room, oppressed with a sad feeling which seemed to forebode some dreadful evil.

He took his seat near an open window, and was soon absorbed in profound meditation. The mysterious absence of Matthew, the constant ringing of the town bell during the whole afternoon, and the strange scene he had just witnessed, perplexed and troubled him greatly. He was at last aroused from his reverie by a rap at the door. He opened, and Dr. Marshall entered. His voice and manner betrayed unusual excitement. A

heartrending tale was soon told. Matthew was a drunkard ! He was drunk then—had been repeatedly intoxicated of late : it was he who had been exciting the curiosity and displeasure of the whole town by ringing the bell ! It was he who had been running before the noisy rabble, at once the object of their sport and scorn !

Cruel was the blow which the tidings inflicted upon Horry. The next day he was confined to his room—the only day he had lost from business in nearly seven years. All his fond hopes were at once blasted—all the bright anticipations of Matthew's future eminence were blighted in a single moment. There was nothing now for which Horry could wish to live. He remained in his room, and neither ate nor slept. How could he show his face again in the town ?—Matthew was fallen, disgraced, ruined, *and everybody knew it*. The terrible struggle with his wounded pride lasted only for a day. Horry was not the man to waste time in useless regrets ; he had a mind superior to the emergency. About dusk he left his room and walked to the locust tree. There he formed a new plan in a few minutes. He determined to study law and endeavor to get Matthew to join him in that profession. He knew that his brother had genius, that he was studious, that he could master a science as soon as any one else—law, then, was the field for his talents to unfold and display themselves. He had just matured his plan, when, in the brilliant moonlight, he saw Matthew approaching.

“ O Matthew ! what would mother *now* think, how would she *now* feel, if she were living and were to see us ? ”

Matthew uttered not a word, but, throwing his arms around Horry's neck, wept bitterly.

“I saw you coming, Horry, and followed you to bid you farewell.”

“Do not tell me so, my brother,” said Horry.
“Why would you leave me?”

“I have not come to a hasty conclusion about the matter, Horry ; I have studied it long and thoroughly, and my resolution is taken. I *must* go.”

“But when will you go, and whither?”

“I go now—immediately—this very night : to-morrow’s sun shall not reveal my face to an inhabitant of N—— ; but where, *I know not, I know not.*”

“Matthew you must not, you *will* not leave me ; don’t you know I love you?”

“I know you love me, Horry, and God knows I love you as I love no other being on this earth ; but henceforth our destinies will be apart.”

“O Matthew ! Matthew ! whence this strange whim ? What has induced you to resolve upon this singular course ?”

“My love for you, Horry ; it is for your good.”

“For my good, when you know it will break my heart ! O my brother ! don’t be cruel to me. Stay with me, Matthew, stay with me.”

“No, Horry, I must go.”

“*You must not, Matthew.*”

“*Yes—*”

“No ! no ! no ! you must not, you shall not go.”
And Horry clasped him in his arms. “Don’t I love you, O my brother ? and will I have any on earth to love when you are gone ?”

“Horry, listen to me : I am calm, I am sober ; I *will tell you all that is in my heart. Would to God I had told you before !* I would have done so—many

times I was just on the point of telling you, but fear of giving you pain induced me still to retain the dreadful secret. Indeed, Horry, I could not tell you—I *could not*."

"What secret, Matthew? Do tell me; keep me not in suspense; tell me everything."

"I will, Horry, *I will*. I am not as I have been. I was once pure, and deserved your warmest love. I once was happy, but now I am miserable. I was once respected for my integrity, now I am ashamed to see the face of any one that I ever knew. I am *fallen, disgraced, ruined*. I am lost, *and everybody knows it!*

"A few days after I wrote you my last letter from Temple Vale I felt miserable. I was solitary and friendless. Depressed in spirit, with a feeling of unutterable desolation, I stepped into Lang's grocery, in the delusive hope that brandy would benefit me. I drank a glass, and it did cheer and elevate my spirits. My despondency gave way, and I soon regained my cheerfulness. When the effect of one glass wore off I took another, and the first day I drank three glasses—*the first I had ever tasted in my life*. Now I congratulated myself on the discovery of a great secret: *I knew just how much brandy I needed to make me happy*. Oh, then, thought I, why will not men learn to use, without abusing, the blessings of a benign Providence?

"Now, in order to avoid resorting too frequently to the grocery, I procured a bottle of brandy, and kept it hid in my room. One night I felt the effects of my last glass had left me sooner than usual, and I was restless. Disinclined to sleep, my mind roving and dissatisfied, I arose and applied to my bottle for relief. *The following night it was the same way, and now—*

found *five drams* a day were necessary to preserve my equilibrium of spirits. Months passed in this way, until one day, as I worked at my bench, I was startled by the utterance of the following words : ‘ *What! not be found upon your knees in secret prayer for a whole month!* ’ It might have been my own thoughts, but it seemed like one standing at my side and whispering in my ear, the words were so distinct ; they really seemed to be audible. I turned my head in an instant, but seeing no one in the shop, I was filled with amazement and terror. I knew it was the truth, and acknowledging the justness of the rebuke, with feelings of shame and confusion I sat down and rested my head upon my hand for some minutes. It did not then occur to me that it was *brandy* that had caused me to neglect a duty which I had performed night and morning ever since my earliest recollection. I resumed my private devotions that very day, and may have continued them for a month or more. But I still continued to resort, five or six times a day, to my bottle. All this time brandy was getting the full control of my appetite. I yielded—I fell—I became intoxicated, and was cited to appear before the church, to answer to the charge of drunkenness. Ashamed to face my brethren, I refused to attend, and was expelled. The recollection of this disgrace caused my agitation while I was telling you of the defection of Mr. Hays, when I first came to N—. I have already told you that after the failure of Hays I went into the forest to cut logs for a saw-mill. I was away now from the scene of my dissipation and ruin. I had time to reflect. I determined to abandon forever the use of ardent spirits. As soon as I had earned money enough to purchase a little clothing, I deter-

mined to come to you. I had made arrangements to take the stage at Temple Vale at a certain time. I went to the village the day before to make my preparation for the journey. I packed up all the things left by our parents in boxes, and left them in the care of Mrs. Paul. Father's papers I *put into a square box and marked it so as to show its contents.* If you ever go there you may get it. All my preparations were made before night, and I took supper at Mrs. Paul's, expecting to be off before daylight the next morning. I had occasion to go into the neighborhood of the old tinshop. It was still closed, but some person had again opened the grocery and was retailing liquor. As I passed the door the fumes of spirits assailed my nostrils, but I hurried by, strong in the purpose of my heart. The temptation was powerful, but I prevailed. I passed several times during the night, and each time the temptation grew stronger, but each time I triumphed in the conflict. At last I felt heroic ; I was invincible ; I defied my enemy, and, taking my hat in my hand, I ran by with all my might. I was delirious with joy at my triumph, and determined to treat my enemy with *disdain.* I ran by the door and shouted—yes, I shouted a loud, joyous shout of triumphant disdain. Again I whirled about, and ran by the grocery door and shouted—*victory ! victory ! victory !* Again I ran—I turned—I leaped into the grocery—I flew to a bottle, and drained it to the last drop ! I fell—for three days I remained insensible. When I became conscious, I found myself at Mrs. Paul's. I took the first stage to N—— after I came to myself. I will not stop to describe the horror of my feelings. When you handed me the paper containing the rules which you

proposed we should adopt, the first night I spent at Mr. Keans'—when my eye fell upon the words of that *last resolution*, I remembered them. They were the words our sainted mother spoke to me in the little grotto, the day before she was taken sick. She had a presentiment of her approaching dissolution, and she prefaced those words with these—‘*I'm going, Matthew; I shall soon be gone!*’ The resolution recalled her dying counsel to me, and my self-reproach was insupportable. I should have told you all then, Horry, but I could not.

“I maintained my resolution until the last night I stayed at Mr. Mood's. I had just been to the book-store, and purchased the French grammar you found me reading. As I returned I passed the grocery—I went in—I turned off a glass of spirits. I resolved again, and kept my resolution until about three weeks ago. We had been up till after our usual hour to retire. You remember I detained you to read over that beautiful passage in Homer, where the venerable Priam appeared before Achilles to beg the dead body of Hector. After you left, one of the workmen came in with a bottle of brandy. He invited me to drink. I at first refused, but he said it would strengthen us for a heavy job of roofing we had to do the next day. I yielded. Several times during the night I drank. The next day I was wholly unable to work, and *feigned sickness*. After that you were busy preparing your oration, and did not come to see me. I gave way, and drank almost incessantly. Still *pretending to be too feeble to work*, I remained in my room and drank. Yesterday I gave loose rein to my appetite. Mr. Varner saw me *intoxicated*, heard of my late dissipation, and told Dr.

Marshall. To-day I remained in my room, sent for Vamer, had a settlement ; and now, Horry, farewell !"

He clasped his brother in his arms, strained him to his heart, then tore himself loose, and started off. Horry ran after him, and, overtaking, grasped him round the neck.

" O Matthew ! leave me not, leave me not ! Matthew, my brother, my brother, leave me not !"

" I must get out of your way, Horry."

" You *are not in my way*, Matthew. Stay, my dearest brother, and let us form a new plan for our future course."

" Horry, there remains nothing for me but *infamy and death* ! To you the future is full of hope. You will rise and shine. Yours will be a path of success, of fame, and glory: The lustre of your fame shall suffer no diminution by comparison with my *degradation*. You shall shine in the beauty of your own peerless virtue, and in the glory of your own achievements. Were I to remain I would but obstruct your progress : I would only operate as a *dead weight* upon your energies."

" Matthew, can you think me capable of preferring *any* position, *any* degree of success, to your happiness ?"

" No, no, Horry ; it is not in your nature to prefer self in any respect ; neither will I injure your prospects by my hopeless dissipation. Let me go ; *forget that you ever had a brother* !"

" O God ! that ever I was born to see this hour ! Stay, Matthew. Resist evil ; God will help you ! I will help you ! At any rate, stay ; leave me not, oh, my brother !"

“Adieu ! Horry.”

“Matthew, hear me !”

“Speak quick, for I must, I will go.”

“Do you remember——”

“What ?”

“Bethel Oak !”

“Yes, yes, yes ; O Horry !”

Matthew fell to the earth, and cried with a loud and bitter cry of lamentation.

“Matthew, will you reform ?”

“Yes, by the help of the God of my father and of my mother, I will ; yes, *I will !*”

“And will you stay, Matthew ?”

“No.”

“Then hear me, ere we part. You are safe ; you will never fall again. The spirit of the departed is near us ! I feel her gentle breathings ! I have faith ! Matthew, you had faith once at Bethel Oak. Here, come and let us get under our beloved locust. Now, Matthew, here, beneath these green boughs, I declare before heaven I have faith—faith in the God of our Bethel ! Let us make here a covenant ; let us renew our resolutions, record them again upon *paper of spotless white*, and put them in this tree. Meet me here just twelve years from this night, and tell me if the God of Bethel has not saved you.”

“I’ll do it ! I’ll do it ! By the help of the God of Bethel, I’ll do it !”

That night the brothers wrote their resolutions upon another sheet of paper, and, depositing them securely in an auger hole in the tree, they bowed together in prayer, then arose, embraced, and parted.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TRAGEDY.

HORRY now had many friends, and they entertained the most exalted hopes of his future eminence. On the very day that he locked himself in his room, tortured in mind on account of his brother's conduct, four of his warmest friends were holding a consultation in order to propose some plan for the promotion of his future welfare. These were Governor —, Judge Marshall, Dr. Marshall, and Mr. Grantland. They could not agree unanimously on any plan. Judge Marshall contended that the *army* was the place for Horry to display his talents. He knew he had courage, and he could discover, in his cool and masterly self-control, in the order and precision of all his movements, and, above all, in his peculiar power to control the minds of others, traces of a military commander. Governor — thought he was destined to attain distinction as a political leader and statesman. Dr. Marshall agreed with the Governor, and was for proposing to Horry, as he had often done before, to make choice of law as a profession. Mr. Grantland dissented from all the plans proposed, and "calkilated" that no business would suit Horry so well as the mercantile.

Following the advice of his friend Dr. Marshall,

Horry studied law, and in a few months was admitted to the bar. Robert Stuart, who had grown for some years in Mr. Grantland's esteem and confidence, succeeded him as chief clerk and bookkeeper. About the time Horry left Mr. Grantland, there came a youth of about nineteen years of age, by the name of Alfred Gordon, from New England. Being well recommended, Mr. Grantland employed him to assist Robert. Joseph Winfrey had been employed by Mr. Grantland in the place of Alsey Rawls, and was still one of his clerks.

Sy Hampton and Alsey Rawls were now regular gamblers, and were supposed to be rich. They were bosom friends, and partners in every game. Hampton's family connections, his wealth, and fascinating manners, gave him a position in society which was far above the ordinary status of men of his profession. He was not habitually intemperate, but seemed to be careful and saving of his money. His patrimony had been prosperous, and he was now a wealthy planter. These advantages of fortune, added to his personal attractions, notwithstanding his vices, rendered him an object of interest to many a fair young belle in the *beau monde*. The dashing, facetious, and gay Mr. Hampton ! The model young man ! How perfectly resistless ! So he was regarded, not only by many of the young ladies, but by the young men, too. He could tell such fine stories, embellish them so beautifully, laugh so heartily over them, that to be like him, and do like him, was thought to be very natural. The rendezvous of himself and his associates (the back-room of the principal bar-room in the town) was the resort of many of the young men, whose parents (fond creatures !) imagined them quietly ensconced in bed.

One night, a few months after Horry was admitted to the bar, Sy and his associates were engaged in a game of cards in the apartment just referred to.

"What do you mean, Sy?" said Alsey. "This is the sixth time we have lost to-night! If we go on at this rate we'll be broke."

"Bad luck, Alsey, bad luck; but we musn't give it up."

"Four, five, six hundred dollars lost to-night. If we lose this game I'll stop."

"Never!" exclaimed Sy; "the last dime shall go before I stop with such luck as this. Yankee Doodle, I see, is a regular old hand at the business, and he's got Bob as good at tricks as himself. Did you ever see better skill in playing, Alsey?"

"Never; he'll ruin us, Sy, if we don't stop."

"The old rule is reversed, you see, Mr. Hampton," said Alfred Gordon. "All I know of such tricks I learned from you. The disciple for once is above his master."

"That's the best joke of the season, Gordon. Ha! ha! ha! You knew what you were about, my Yankee Doodle! Tell me! That's one of your Yankee tricks."

"No, sir, you are mistaken; I never knew one card from another until I was initiated by you. I never bet in my life until Rawls persuaded me into it."

"Oh yes, yes, you have been an apt scholar, I see. Hoyle himself couldn't have trained a better. What say, Alsey, shall we go a thousand?"

"Go it."

"There, cover that," said Hampton, and he laid a check for a thousand dollars on the table.

Alfred Gordon looked at Robert Stuart with an uneasy expression. Stuart drew from his pocket, not a check, but a package of bank bills, amounting to *five thousand dollars*. Rawls and Hampton exchanged glances, in which they manifestly betrayed pleasure instead of alarm. Stuart laid a thousand dollars on the table and Gordon dealt the cards. They won the stakes, and Hampton put up a check for two thousand. They won again, and Hampton put up a check for *five thousand*.

Gordon drew Stuart aside, and said :

“It is dangerous to hazard that sum.”

“Oh, no danger,” said his partner, “luck is in our favor. We’ll be sure to win, and then we’ll stop.”

“Propose half the sum,” said Gordon.

This was done, and Sy Hampton put up a check for twenty-five hundred dollars. Gordon and Stuart won the stakes, and Hampton laid the check for five thousand dollars on the table. *Stuart dealt the cards*, and Hampton and Rawls won the stakes !

“There, cover that,” said Sy. He laid on the table a check for *ten thousand dollars*.

“We haven’t the money,” said Stuart.

“How much have you ?” asked Sy.

“Sixty-three hundred dollars.”

“Put it up against the check for ten thousand.”

“No, Stuart,” said Gordon, “let us stop, or we’ll be ruined.”

“Stop ! stop ! did you say ?” vociferated Hampton. “Have the run of luck all night, and as soon as it turns against you to want to stop ! Who did you learn that precious gem of honor from, Gordon ?”

“*Mr. Hampton*, the sum is too large. It is unreas-

onable for you to require us to risk everything on a single chance. Let us stop, Stuart, and we'll still have enough left to—”

Before Gordon could finish his sentence, Hampton flew into a rage. He swore furiously, and contended that it was contrary to all the rules of *honorable* gaming for men who had been treated so courteously to decline playing when fortune turned against them.

“Here,” said he, “I have been losing all night, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my partner, and have been successful in but a single game. Now that I offer you nearly two to one in the next chance, though your skill is so much superior to mine, you wish to stop full-handed. I am willing to call in gentlemen, and appeal to them as to the fairness of my offer.”

The money was laid on the table, and Hampton won. As he swept off the stakes, Gordon rose and grappled at his throat. Rawls and Stuart interfered, and kept them apart. In a few minutes Gordon's rage somewhat subsided, and he sat down pale and silent. Several young men now entered the room, and Sy, with Rawls and Stuart, was about to retire. Gordon rose and followed them to the door.

“Mr. Hampton,” said he, “I was wrong to get into a passion ; I regret it exceedingly. I wish a word with you before you leave.”

“It is useless, Gordon, I will play no more with you, and will have none of your apologies.”

“Mr. Hampton, hear me ; I'm a stranger here, and you have won all my wages.”

“When you put yourself up for a crack sportsman, Gordon, you ought not to complain when you are unsuccessful”

"You won't take the money, will you, Mr. Hampton?"

"What, my *dear* Mr. Gordon, do you think I will do with it? Isn't it mine according to all the rules of honorable gaming?"

"You will not take it from *me*, Mr. Hampton?"

"Think you, sir, that I let you win my thousands for mere amusement?"

"You will not, you *cannot* deprive me of *all* my wages, Mr. Hampton."

"That's your own look out, my Yankee Doodle."

"Hampton! Hampton! hear me. I have a poor widowed, consumptive mother, a blind sister. I came here a solitary stranger, a thousand miles from my home, to make something for their support. I saw you, Hampton, and was charmed by you. I took you for a man of generous and noble spirit. You taught me to play my first game of cards. You persuaded me that it would afford me amusement and social pleasure. I put myself fully under your control, and now you have ruined me."

"Ah, yes, you are a precious dupe, I see. Now, Gordon, it is useless for you to put up such a pitiful plea for sympathy here. It is well known that you *feigned* ignorance of cards only that you might fleece some unsuspecting victim."

"It is false!" said Gordon, and he rushed upon the gambler with the fury of a madman; but some one caught him by the arm and drew him back.

"Come, Alsey," said Sy, "let's be going, the fool's beside himself."

"Stop, Mr. Hampton! stop for Heaven's sake! Let me tell you just how the matter stands."

“On, Rawls !”

“Hampton, I’m a ruined man ! That money belongs to Mr. Grantland !”

“The fellow’s mad, boys, let us go on,” said Alsey.

“Save me, Hampton ! save me ! You can, you will, I know you will ! O, Mr. Hampton, Mr. Hampton !”

Here Gordon, with frantic energy, leaped toward the gambler, and caught him around the neck. Sy shook him off, and thrust him violently against the wall, saying—

“Away, robber ! if you have stolen anything, restore it.”

There was a musket standing in the corner of the room. Gordon’s head was thrust against it and it cut an ugly gash on his face. He seized the gun, and before any one could prevent him, plunged the bayonet into the breast of Sy Hampton.

The heartless wretch fell to the floor, and expired, without uttering a word.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SUCCESSFUL ADVOCATE.

DEAR B. MARSHALL stepped into his brother's office, early on the morning after the tragedy narrated in the preceding chapter occurred. Horry was within, earnestly engaged with his books.

"Come, Horry, lay aside your books ; there is work to do, and serious work."

"What is the matter, Doctor ?"

"Oh, this unfortunate affair ! It has excited the whole town, and I believe the mob will tear down the jail, and hang Gordon without even the form of a trial."

"What can we do ?" asked Horry.

"I have sent for my brother ; he will be here in a few minutes."

"Send for Mr. Grantland, too," said Horry.

"The very man !" exclaimed the Doctor ; "I'll step over and bring him ; I see the Judge is coming."

In a few minutes the four were consulting together as to the best course to pursue in order to prevent violence.

"Are you acquainted with the true state of the case, gentlemen ?" asked Horry.

"I know nothing," said Judge Marshall, "except

that Gordon and Stuart are in jail, and the mob is going on in that direction."

"Then let us proceed at once," said Horry. "Let Judge Marshall get ahead of the mob, and call the sheriff to his aid. Endeavor to get them quiet enough to address them; then let Mr. Grantland speak; his relationship to Mr. Hampton will enable him to command the attention of the mob."

His suggestion was adopted, and they proceeded to get ahead of the mob. Such a scene had never before been witnessed on the public square of N——. The populace had collected *en masse*, and were shouting:

"To the jail! to the jail! pull it down! Drag the murderous Yankee at once to the gallows!"

The sheriff, with several bailiffs and justices of the peace, was on the spot, endeavoring to quell the tumult. He was soon joined by Judge Marshall, who, as Judge of the Superior Court, used all his authority to suppress the disorder. On pressed the infuriated populace to the very door of the jail.

"Bring forth that infernal Yankee," they roared, "who has had the audacity to murder one of our *most respectable citizens*!"

Now one of them, having procured an axe, ran up the steps, and began to batter down the door. Judge Marshall, followed by Mr. Grantland and the sheriff, went after him.

"Fellow-citizens!" cried Judge Marshall, "for heaven's sake, for the country's sake, desist! Let the law take its course; let justice be done. You are not prepared to do justice in this manner. You will be precipitated into a rashness that you will never cease to regret. You will bring reproach upon our character

as orderly and law-abiding citizens. Let me entreat you to disperse, and await the due process of law."

His words produced silence, and then Mr. Grantland spoke. He reminded the people of his relationship to the deceased. He assured them that he would use all means in his power, that were lawful and honorable, to bring the murderer to punishment. But he would be very sorry to see the people take the law into their own hands. He *calkilated* they would do well to take the advice of the Judge, and not attempt to *renooy* the excitement.

The speeches produced a perfect calm, and the mob retired. Horry and Dr. Marshall were then admitted into the jail, to see and converse with the prisoners.

They first entered the apartment of Robert Stuart, and, after conversing with him an hour, and getting all the facts they could concerning the tragedy, they were about to leave him, when Stuart said :

" Will you not defend me, Mr. Thurston ? "

" No, Robert, I cannot defend you. Remember, I warned you of this years ago. I see no possibility of your escaping the penitentiary. That is *your* doom, and you need not hope for anything else."

They next visited Gordon. He lay stretched out upon the jail floor, his eyes turned upward, and his countenance wearing an aspect of despair.

" Mr. Gordon," said Horry, " you have done wrong, but mustn't despair."

" O, sir, I would that I had never been born ! I would that I had died in my native state ! I would I had never come to this place ! "

" You need not fear capital punishment, Gordon ; but to save you from the penitentiary, I fear, will be

impossible. Even had you not killed Hampton, the *other crime* would inevitably fix your doom."

"My life, sir, is of no consequence. O, when my poor mother hears it, it will break her heart ! it will break her heart !"

"Gordon, you shall not lack for counsel. It is all-important that you compose yourself and put me in possession of all the facts, so I may break the force of a blow which is inevitable. I can and will save you from the gallows ; but to save you from many years' imprisonment, I fear, will be impossible. Make no effort to postpone your trial ; it will come on in a few weeks. Prepare yourself for the worst."

"O, let me die, sir ! let me die ! Let me never see the day when my poor mother shall be told that her idolized boy is in the penitentiary ! O would you had not prevented the mob from taking vengeance at once !"

A few weeks and the Superior Court was in session. The hour for Gordon's trial was at hand. The jury were impanelled, and the state's attorney opened the case, assisted by Mr. Robert and Mr. Hamilton, two of the most talented lawyers in the state. The popular excitement had subsided, but still no one seemed to entertain a doubt of poor Gordon's fate. Some of the most respectable citizens had declared openly that if they were put on the jury *they would hang him*. There were none, save Horry and Dr. Marshall, to sympathize with the unfortunate youth. No member of the bar seemed willing to *risk his popularity* by volunteering to assist Horry in the defence. Some even suggested that it was unfortunate for a young lawyer of his promising abilities to sacrifice himself in the very beginning

of his career. Mr. Grantland had declined to prosecute Gordon as the accomplice of Stuart in the theft, but he was, nevertheless, making every effort to have him convicted for the murder of Hampton. He entertained no doubt of the result, and felt deeply concerned lest Horry should ruin his own prospects as a lawyer. Thus far Horry was the only human being in existence who had possession of all the facts.

Witnesses for the prosecution were sworn and put upon the stand.

They testified to the first assault which Gordon made upon Hampton before they left the gaming-table. They gave a turn to the attempt he made to strike him at the door, which threw a dark cloud over his prospects. The prosecution seemed exultant. Every countenance showed how completely the evidence was against the criminal. It was extremely difficult for Horry to draw from the witnesses—especially from Alsey Rawls—any admissions which would favor his client. Messrs. Robert and Hamilton threw in his way every obstacle which their skill and ingenuity could contrive, under color of legal sanctions. But for the courtesy, the firmness, and the incorruptible integrity of Judge Marshall, he would have found it utterly impossible to get a direct answer to any of his cross-interrogatories. At length, he succeeded, however, in developing clearly enough the fact, that the particular provocation for the fatal stroke was Hampton's thrusting Gordon so violently against the wall as to enrage him greatly, and to cut a severe wound on his face. This he knew would save Gordon's life. But this was not enough. He now bent all the energies of his mind *to a single point*—to reduce his term in the state prison to the shortest possible period.

The prosecution announced that they were through with their witnesses.

Horry : "Call Alsey Rawls."

Alsey resumed his place upon the stand. He was pale, and evidently appeared uneasy.

Horry : "Where were you, Mr. Rawls, the night of the killing, at or near the hour of nine o'clock?"

Mr. Robert : "We object, may it please your honor, the question is irrelevant."

Horry : "The question, may it please your honor, bears directly on the issues of the case. I wish to prove the presence of another party."

The Court : "Admitted ; let the witness answer."

Witness : "I was in the alley leading from the back door of the room in which Mr. Hampton was killed."

Horry : "Who was with you?"

Witness : "The deceased."

Horry : "Was there any one else with you?"

Witness : "Yes, sir, Robert Stuart."

Horry, "What time was it?"

Witness : "The town clock had just struck nine."

Horry : "Was there any one else with you besides Hampton and Stuart?"

Witness : "No, sir."

Horry : "The witness is with you."

Messrs. Robert and Hamilton, after consulting with Mr. Grantland and the state's attorney, declined asking any questions.

Horry : "Call Joseph Winfrey."

Joseph Winfrey was sworn and put on the stand.

Horry : "Mr. Winfrey, state where you were the night of the killing, at or near the hour of nine o'clock—what you saw and heard."

Witness : "I was going from Judge Marshall's

office, sir, where I had been conversing with you in regard to some of Mr. Grantland's business. We parted, you remember, just before the clock struck nine. As I approached the alley leading to the back room of the grocery, where Mr. Hampton was killed, at a later hour that night, I heard voices. I recognized the voices of Rawls and Hampton. I heard Hampton ask, '*Did you get the money?*' I did not hear the answer to that question, but Rawls asked immediately, '*How much did you get?*' The answer was clear and distinct, '*Five thousand dollars.*' I did not recognize the voice—it seemed, as I thought, to be disguised. Hampton then asked: '*Did Yankee Doodle take it out of the safe?*' The other responded: '*No, he refused to take it out, and I took it myself.*' '*Well, well,*' said both Rawls and Hampton, '*you shall have half at any rate, and we'll stand between you and all danger. Yankee Doodle will have to bear the blame.*' I did not at that time know who was meant by Yankee Doodle. They left the alley and went into the back room, and I went on home."

Horry: "The witness is with you."

Mr. Robert: "You say you did not recognize the voice of the person talking with Rawls and Hampton."

Witness: "No, sir."

Mr. Robert: "Nor who was meant by *Yankee Doodle*."

Witness: "No, sir."

Mr. Robert: "As you must have known that a theft had been committed, why did you not follow them into the room, and see who the other person was?"

Witness: "I did not *know* that a theft had been committed. Mr. Hampton was a very *respectable* man,

sir. I did not follow them in, because I formed a resolution, many years ago, never to go into a *grog-shop* nor a *gaming-room*."

Mr. Robert: "Very exemplary young man! No more questions."

Mr. Robert spoke first. He presented all the unfavorable points in the strongest light. He attempted a vein of irony in regard to Horry, which seemed to tell with considerable effect upon the jury. He made light of his simple effort to get anything from Alsey Rawls and Joe Winfrey that could benefit his client. He laughed at the ridiculous story *hatched up* by Winfrey, at the instance of the young advocate, who was so *exceedingly anxious for a case in court* that he must needs *volunteer* to defend a midnight assassin. He dwelt in eloquent rapture upon the character of the *young, the amiable, the wealthy, and highly respectable Mr. Hampton*. He displayed the heartless brutality of the Yankee *ruffian, thief, and robber*, who, after repeatedly assaulting, at last assassinated him in *cold blood*. Every face was clothed with indignation, and some of the spectators were heard to say that the murderer ought to be taken out and hung without the formality of a trial.

When Mr. Robert concluded, Horry rose with a calm, dignified, solemn aspect; yet he exhibited no trace of embarrassment or intimidation. Many whispers were heard in the court room. "The simpleton!" "What presumption!" "How can *he* answer that speech?" The court commanded silence, and Horry commenced. The first tones of his voice rang through the court-house with a thrilling, musical cadence, and produced the stillness of death.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY : The prisoner at the bar is arraigned before you charged with having committed the greatest crime known to the law of either God or man—*the crime of murder*. There were circumstances involved in the alleged crime which tended greatly to exasperate the popular mind. The excitement which prevailed for a time was such as seemed natural, if not justifiable. The person who came to an untimely death was a citizen ; his supposed murderer was a stranger. The one was raised up in your midst, of honorable parentage and the most respectable connections ; the other was from a distant state, of whose parentage and connections we were all ignorant. The one was wealthy, and occupied a position in society which, doubtless, many regarded as enviable ; the other was poor and friendless. But there was one respect in which they were nearly equal—they were both young : the one twenty-five, the other hardly twenty. The killing we admit, and it is for you, gentlemen, to determine the character of that act. Fearful responsibility ! How calm, how impartial, how just, must you be, gentlemen, in order to decide a question upon which the life of one so young, so friendless, is suspended ! How free from passion, from prejudice, from all those feelings and impulses which tend only to darken the judgment, and prevent you from perceiving the truth and the right ! You are not now the mad, careering populace, blinded by passion and hurried on to deeds of reckless violence. You are THE JURY ! You are the PALLADIUM of our liberty ! You are the CONSERVATORS OF JUSTICE ! Let, therefore, the maxim be graven upon your hearts to-day—“ **FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT COELUM.**”

Gentlemen : what is murder ?

Murder is the unlawful killing of a human being in the peace of the state, by a person of sound memory and discretion, with malice aforethought, either express or implied.

Nothing is murder but what has every one of these properties. The killing must be *in the peace of the state* ; to slay an enemy in war, or when the state is invaded by an armed force, is not murder ; to slay a man when he is breaking into your house, is not murder ; to slay a man in the heat of passion, is not murder ; for the deed must be done with *malice aforethought*, or it cannot be murder. By this legal definition you must be governed, gentlemen, in the verdict which you are to render to-day. If, from the evidence before you, you believe in your heart, without the shadow of a doubt, that Alfred Gordon slew Sy Hampton, *with malice aforethought*, then it is your bounden duty to bring in a verdict of *guilty*, and Alfred Gordon must die, for the punishment *is death*. But if, on the contrary, his crime be anything less than murder—manslaughter, for instance—then you will not say he must die. If Alfred Gordon were arraigned before you to be tried according to the only *perfect* law in the universe—the law of God—I must confess, that I cannot see how he could escape. That law says : *Thou shalt not kill*. I am not sure that the killing of a human being under any circumstances, even in self-defence, can be justified according to that law. If I were assailed by a madman, by an infuriated ruffian, by a cool, deliberate villain ; if he were to approach with a deadly weapon, and I knew his intent to be *murderous*, and that there was *no escape* from his vengeance but to slay

him—I am not sure that I could kill him, and be innocent in the sight of my God. But can any of us doubt that I would be innocent of murder according to our legal definition ? Our law differs essentially from the Divine. His law is perfect, ours imperfect. His law makes no allowance for human infirmity, ours does. His law dooms the offender to irrevocable death ; only through a divine Mediator can the sentence be reversed. Ours modifies the guilt, and graduates the penalty according to the nature of the provocation and other circumstances. With us, then, every homicide is not murder. The prisoner at the bar is not to be tried by that pure and lofty standard of virtue—the law of God. There is another tribunal before which, in due time, he will be arraigned. Before that tremendous bar not only he, but you his judges, and I his advocate, must shortly appear, to answer for the deeds done in the body.

The murderer is not one who, being assaulted by his brother man, strikes him down under the first impulse of his fury, before reason has time to regain her throne, before the excited passions have subsided, and a serene temper has succeeded the tempest of passion. The murderer slays with *malice aforethought*. He nurses his hatred in secret. He cautiously awaits an occasion to gratify his vengeance. He keeps an eye upon the movements of his enemy, and makes himself acquainted with his private ways. He knows when and where he is to pass, and prepares himself with a deadly weapon—an instrument by which he means to ensure his destruction. Laying all his plans in secret, and hiding his purpose in the dark chambers of his soul, he selects, *if possible*, the awful midnight hour, when everything

is hushed in sleep. He prefers an hour of stillness, lest the very sound of the passing zephyr should remind him that the spirits of another world are cognizant of his purpose. He wishes the heavens to be clothed in blackness, lest the twinkling stars, that hold their nightly vigils, should see his deed and blush. He rises from his bed so softly as not to arouse his wife, or awaken the babe that sleeps upon her bosom. He moves so silently that the cricket on the hearth does not cease its chirping. He unlatches his door so noiselessly as not to arouse the faithful watch-dog that slumbers on the threshold. He hies him to his ambush, waits, with steady nerves and fiendish heart, till his unsuspecting victim approaches—then, by one fell stroke, the deed is done ! And, gentlemen, this is *murder*."

He now proceeded to sift the evidence. The wound on Gordon's face, inflicted by the brutal thrust of Hampton, was still fresh and hideous. After closing his argument on the testimony relating to that point, he turned, and, pointing to Gordon, said :

" Gentlemen, see that thin and wasted form ! look upon those pale, youthful features ! behold that bleeding gash ! Will you think for a moment of what is in the heart of man ? There may be generosity and magnanimity there ! There may be a noble purpose and a lofty aim ! There may be pure impulses and gentle affections ! But, O ! lives there a man in whose bosom passion does not reign ? Tell me ! is there *one* of all this multitude of throbbing hearts in which human infirmity and human frailty has no home ? Behold in that heartrending spectacle an evidence that Alfred Gordon is not a murderer ! "

Here several of the jurors hung their heads, and wept

Judge Marshall wiped the tears from his face, and half-suppressed sobs were heard throughout the court-room. Mr. Grantland sat by Mr. Robert, not weeping, but *the muscles of his face were working*. Horry knew now by each juror's eye that they would not bring in a verdict for murder. He directed all his powers now to excite their compassion for the unhappy youth, and to make his term of imprisonment in the penitentiary as short as possible. He continued :

“ Many years ago there lived, in a New-England village, a pious clergyman, who was the pastor of a small congregation, which afforded but a scanty subsistence for himself and wife and two small children. One of these was a sprightly boy—the other a girl, blind from her birth. The boy grew to the age of twelve, when the father, after walking in and out before his parishioners for many years, with guileless steps, laid down and died. The mother, bereft of her only friend, and destitute, toiled with her needle for the support of her fatherless children, until the hectic flush upon her cheek forewarned her of the approach of insidious disease. The daughter grew up to the age of womanhood, and still the sightless ball beheld no cheering sunlight, no beauty in the scenes of nature. The boy attained the age of nineteen, and, with the rudiments of a good education, sought the sunny South, where he might make something for the support of that consumptive mother, and to cheer the heart of that poor blind sister. He engaged as a clerk in a dry-goods store, and, by prompt attention to business, soon won his employer's esteem and confidence. Ignorant of the snares which the wicked spread before the feet of innocence, some evil genius threw him in company with a young man

of fascinating manners and dangerous vices. That young man was a person of fortune, of personal influence, of respectable connections, but, withal, a gambler and a libertine. By his captivating address he soon won the heart of the youthful stranger. They were often thrown into each other's company. At length he persuaded the unsophisticated youth to indulge in a game of cards. In vain did he plead his ignorance of gaming. In vain did he urge the precept of a dying father—*never to play at cards, or any game of hazard.* 'O!' said his tempter, 'you can soon learn to play; but *my advice is that you never gamble.* I only wish you to learn to amuse yourself with other young gentlemen. You will be able to enjoy many an hour of social pleasure.' The charm of an attractive form, of a winning address, of fortune, of vivacity and wit, were too potent for the guileless stranger. He yielded, and soon learned to play. He was pleased, amused, captivated, and, before long, contracted a passion for cards. It was time now for his tempter to take another step. He had an object to accomplish, a hatred to gratify, a revenge to seek, and needed an instrument to effect his purpose.

"An accomplice was now employed. He proposed to the unsuspecting youth to hazard once, only once, *for fun—only for fun.* He yielded, and won. He staked again, and again he won. Again and again—lured by the prospect of gain—he won, until he had a hundred dollars as the product of that *extraordinary skill* which he now fancied he had acquired in the fascinating art. Now the passion took possession of his soul—he *conceived himself to be the favorite of fortune.* The hundred dollars were transmitted by due

course of mail to the needy mother and sister, *as the first instalment of his salary*. This was his first act of duplicity. Thus one sin opens the way for another. The seducer was now ready for his plot, but he needed still another agent for its accomplishment. He *knew* his man, for he had measured the breadth of his intellect, and had tested the strength of his virtue. Yes, gentlemen, Sy Hampton *knew* Robert Stuart. He hated his brother-in-law, Mr. Grantland, because he had discharged him from his service for an act of *villainy*. He knew that Mr. Grantland, as the agent of a bank, had money. He determined to impair his credit, to injure his commercial standing, if he could not ruin him. I said that he *knew* Robert Stuart. While Alsey Rawls was enticing Alfred Gordon to gamble, giving him all the chances for success, and thus feeding the flame which he had kindled, Hampton was using all his arts to bring Stuart into the plot. His promise of *sudden wealth* brought that fickle youth to his purpose. He was to suggest to Gordon, and give him an opportunity. If this should fail, he was to *borrow* Mr. Grantland's money, and let Gordon go shares with him in the profits. If this should fail, he was to *take* it anyhow, and then—— Well, but don't let us anticipate. The plot partly failed in two respects. Gordon neither took a hint, nor availed himself of opportunity. Then he was told that he was an extraordinary player. He was expert beyond all that even Sy Hampton had ever known. His skill could not be equalled in the state, and if he would only *borrow the money*, he could easily replace it before morning. The youth was not yet lost to all the restraints of honor. His soul revolted at the thought. Then Stuart knew that *his* doom

was fixed unless he could succeed by a bold sally. He proposed to *borrow* the money himself, provided Gordon would be his partner in the play. He was sure, *perfectly certain*, to win with Gordon's skill. As eager for the *sudden* wealth as was Sancho Panza for the island promised by the crazy knight of La Mancha, Robert Stuart, with even less sagacity than the deluded squire, rushed madly to his ruin. Gordon, flushed with his success, confident of his *skill*, hardened by his first step in error, and still anxious to help a worthy mother, fell into the snare, *hoping to replace the money before morning*.

"Instead of the *twenty thousand dollars* which Robert Stuart had assured Sy Hampton were in the safe, he found but a single package of *five thousand*. Mr. Grantland had that day, without Stuart's knowledge, sent the balance off to the bank of which he was agent. The balance of this eventful history you know, gentlemen, and can, from the testimony of the witnesses, connect each leading event with the whole conspiracy.

"There, gentlemen"—pointing to Gordon—"there sits the youth accused of the murder of Sy Hampton. There is the son of that pious clergyman. There is the boy, the only stay and comfort of that consumptive mother, who, when she hears the proceedings of this day, will sink in sorrow to the grave. There is the brother, the only friend and prop of that blind sister. Yea, gentlemen, there is the *thief*, the *robber*, the *assassin*, of whom the speaker who preceded me told you. There is the unhappy youth whom fiendish hatred and diabolical revenge seduced, corrupted, and betrayed! But what is his crime? I am not to plead his innocence—I will not extenuate his fault. *He has sinned, and sinned greatly. But what is it? For what will*

you punish him? Not for murder, I am sure. Will you punish him for manslaughter? That will be to incarcerate him in the state prison.

“Now let us suppose that Sy Hampton had not fallen. Alfred Gordon—though now only accused of the killing of Hampton—would still be arraigned before you. Robert Stuart, instead of being now in jail, would be called before you as a witness; Alsey Rawls would be here as a witness; Sy Hampton would be here. Yes, gentlemen—begging Mr. Robert’s pardon—the *amiable* Mr. Hampton, the *highly respectable* Mr. Hampton, the *young, talented, and wealthy* Mr. Hampton, would be here as a witness. For what? *To send Alfred Gordon to the penitentiary for stealing five thousand dollars from Mr. Grantland.* But did he do it? Then will you send him to the place where the foulest conspiracy, the basest villainy, and the vilest *perjury* would send him, if Sy Hampton were alive?”

Horry now rose to a pitch of eloquence and grandeur which the oldest members of the bar declared they had never heard surpassed. He spoke upwards of two hours. The judge wept, the jury wept, the spectators wept, *and even Mr. Grantland wept.* He begged Mr. Hamilton not to say a word in reply. The state’s attorney, however, made a feeble effort to answer Horry. The judge delivered his charge, and the jury retired. They were gone less than twenty minutes, when they returned with a verdict—**Not GUILTY.** Alsey Rawls was immediately arrested. He and Robert Stuart were tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary. Alfred Gordon was discharged, and returned to New-England. Thus his acquittal was secured by Horry Thurston, the successful advocate.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BATTLE OF THE "GREAT PRAIRIE."

D R. MARSHALL had taken down the whole of Horry's speech in *short-hand*. No one knew anything of it till it appeared in one of the papers the following week. It was immediately copied by all the leading journals throughout the state, and the editorial columns were teeming with compliments and praises. So brilliant a star had never risen so suddenly, so gloriously, in the forensic heavens. Horry's reputation was at once established. His future must be a path of success and glory. But hardly had two weeks passed before tidings of war and carnage came wafting from the southern frontier. The Seminole Indians were in arms, ravaging the fairest portions of Florida with fire and the tomahawk. The alarm spread through every neighborhood, carrying consternation and terror into every family. In a few days a volunteer corps was organized in N—. The company proceeded to elect officers. At the suggestion of Judge Marshall they unanimously elected Horry for their captain. In vain did Dr. Marshall endeavor to dissuade him. In vain did Mr. Grantland represent to him the folly of relinquishing such brilliant prospects in his profession. For once Horry felt himself to be "a man of destiny." All his

old passion for arms came rushing up within him, and he could not resist the inclination. He marched his company at once to the capital, where they were to unite with others, and form a regiment. When he arrived, the other companies were all in waiting, and were just about to elect a colonel. At the suggestion of Governor —, who remembered Judge Marshall's opinion of Horry's capacity to command, he was nominated and elected. The "Empire regiment" was drawn up to receive and greet the new colonel. His name was fresh in the memory of thousands of the people, and the soldiers displayed no little enthusiasm as they welcomed as their commander one who had, at the age of twenty-four, achieved imperishable renown by the splendor of his talents. They hailed him with shouts that made the welkin ring. Being now in full uniform—as graceful and noble a figure as ever the military accoutrements adorned—he lifted his military cap, and said :

" Soldiers ! may laurelled victory sit upon your swords, and smooth success be strewed before your feet ! Let the flag you bear wave triumphantly on whatever field it may be my good fortune to conduct you. Should the hand that bears it be cut off in battle, take it in the other ; should that, too, be severed, then grasp it with your bleeding stumps ! And when you fall at last, covered with a hundred wounds, may some dauntless soldier catch the falling colors, and, with the battle-cry, *victory or death*, urge his comrades on to triumph !"

Never did the soldiers of the Imperial Guard salute Napoleon with more enthusiastic *Vive l'Empereur* than did the soldiers of the "Empire regiment" shout their *huzzahs* at the conclusion of this short but spirit-

ed address. *They felt that they had their man, and were exultant.*

In the most delightful portion of Florida, situated near the margin of a great hummock, which spread away toward the Gulf of Mexico, there was a beautiful lake, several miles in circumference. The United States army, under Colonel Zach. Taylor, was encamped on the eastern side of this lake. Here the "Empire regiment," under Colonel Thurston, joined that under Colonel Taylor. The hummock set in at the southern extremity of the lake, and the waters percolated through it in their way to the Gulf. At the north, about one mile from the encampment, an elegant mansion was situated upon an eminence which overlooked the lake. It was enclosed in a rough picket fence, constructed of cypress-posts, to secure the premises from any hostile attack from the Indians. The buildings, garden, orange-grove, and a small vineyard, were all embraced within the palisade. It was an enchanting spot, exhibiting evidence of wealth and luxury. The owner was Judge McKay, formerly of South Carolina. When the war first broke out he sent his family to their native state, and remained to place his premises in a posture of defence. The army having its encampment so near, gave them a feeling of security, and Mrs. McKay returned to her home. One fine day, in the early part of autumn, the principal officers of the army were assembled at Judge McKay's for a great dinner. Colonels Taylor and Thurston were seated, about the middle of the afternoon, on a veranda in front of which stretched an avenne lined on each side with orange-trees laden with their golden fruit. Beyond the orange-trees spread out the vineyard, festooned with clusters of purple-

gushing grapes. The scene presented a most charming picture to the eye.

"This luxurious inactivity does not suit me, Colonel Taylor," said Horry. "Here I have been now these two months, and not a hostile savage have I seen yet."

"It all grows out of our miserable tactics, Colonel Thurston. The Indians conceal themselves in these dense swamps, where it is impossible for an army to follow them. I have been obliged to scatter the soldiers in various small bodies to protect the country. We have found it impossible to defend the inhabitants with any degree of efficiency. I begin now to entertain strong hopes, however, of coming up with Alligator and Sam Jones. I have some reason to believe that they are concentrating a strong body of Mickasukies and Seminoles in a place called the Great Prairie, which is said to be about the centre of yon hummock. A few weeks, and their retreat southward will be cut off by the rising of the waters, and I have so disposed of different bodies of troops on the east and west that escape will be impossible. I now consider them as hemmed in."

"Why not march against them at once?" asked Horry.

"I am waiting orders from Major-General Jesup. He, I understand, is waiting to see the result of the mediation of the Cherokee delegation. But Alligator and Sam Jones, I am inclined to think, taking advantage of a temporary suspension of hostilities, are collecting their forces for a night attack upon my camp. I am not surprised at all. They think I am, and that everything is favorable for such a sally. But I am *ready*, and will be prepared to give them a *rough greeting*, you may be sure."

"Ready and rough, rough and ready; they are sol-

dierly qualities, Colonel Taylor, and the words will be remembered."

"If we succeed, Colonel Thurston, they will."

"If we succeed ! Do you admit a doubt of that, Colonel Taylor ?"

"Never when the enemy shows himself ! But, Colonel Thurston, I know Sam Jones, and I know Alligator. They are brave, but treacherous ; they are wily, but *will skulk*. But I am sure they contemplate an attack in less than five days. Be ready at any moment to penetrate the hummock at the southwestern extremity of the lake ; Captain Fuller will be ready at the southeastern ; I will march directly through the centre ; it is the most dangerous, and the most difficult. But, oh, this delay ! this unheard-of delay ! Why have I no tidings from General Jesup ? If I had full control of the movements of the army, Colonel Thurston, I would put a stop to such ruinous tardiness. Here comes Captain Fuller now ; may be he's got despatches. What news, captain ?"

"Here is a communication, sir, from General Jesup."

Colonel Taylor grasped the package, and, breaking it open, read as follows :

"Sam Jones and the Mickasukies are determined to *fight on to the last*. All negotiations through the mediation of the Cherokee delegation have failed. There remains nothing but to prosecute the war with the utmost vigor. Proceed at once to destroy or capture any portion of the enemy you may find."

"Now, then," said Colonel Taylor, "every man to his post. Now will the surprisers be surprised. Remember, Colonel Thurston, the line of march indicated. Take one of the Shawnees with you for a guide."

"I'm ready to obey, sir," said Horry.

"Captain Fuller, proceed with your division at once from the encampment. You understand the entire plan; now for the details."

The whole house was in a tumult. Every officer seized his cap, buckled on his sword, and started for the camp. Horry and Colonel Taylor rode side by side, and were joined in a few minutes by Captain Fuller. They had proceeded about half a mile across a pine barren, when they met a sergeant leading a tall mulatto man of about twenty-five years of age.

"Who have you here, Sergeant Conley?" asked Colonel Taylor.

"A mulatto, who has just come from the camp of Sam Jones."

"And what news does he bring from the Mickasukie chief?"

"He has collected a large body of Mickasukies, sir, and is coming to attack us to-morrow night."

"Bold Aviaka! we'll anticipate his humor! Where did you catch this fellow?"

"In the edge of the hummock, reconnoitring our position."

"What is your name?"

"Me name—me name? Dey calls me Toogaloo, sah," said the mulatto.

"What were you doing in the hummock?"

"Me wid de Injun, sah."

"How did you happen to get with the Indians?"

"Me massa be wid Injuns des tree year, sah."

"Your master has been with the Indians three years! And who is your master?"

"He name Little Tiger, sah."

“Is he an Indian?”

“I ‘speck he be, sah.”

“How, then, do you happen to speak the white man’s language?”

“I warn’t brought up wid Injun, sah.”

“Where were you raised?”

“I come from de Okeenokee, sah.”

“From the Okefenoke?”

“Yah, sah.”

“Who brought you thence?”

“Little Tiger, sah. He brought me from de Cali-nar.”

“From South Carolina?” asked Captain Fuller.

“Yah, sah.”

“How long since?”

“Me was berry leetle boy, sah ; long time ago.”

“What was your name in South Carolina?”

“Cæsar, sah.”

“Ah! Colonel Taylor,” said Captain Fuller, “I have some idea of who this ‘Little Tiger’ is. He is a white man, and as miserable a knave as ever lived. He has an accomplice, as great a villain as himself. I see now they have been with the Indians.”

“Can you lead us to the camp of this *Little Tiger?*” asked Colonel Taylor.

“Yah, sah,” answered the slave.

“What Indian chiefs are with him?”

“Aviaka, sah, and Alligator wid Cohua, and Co- coochee be wid de Seminoles, not far off.”

“Captain Fuller,” said Colonel Taylor, “take this fellow with you for a guide. Let Sergeant Conley take care of him, and guard him well. And you, sir, direct these officers to the very spot where you left Little Ti-

ger. Mind, if you deceive them, you shall be hanged!".

"Please, massa, don't hang poor nigger!"

"Well, do as I tell you, and you shall not be hurt."

Horry marched all night through the hummock at the head of the "Empire regiment"—sometimes wading through water up to the waist. Just before day he halted at the opening of the "Great Prairie," and sent a party to reconnoitre the camp of "Little Tiger." The party did not return until it was fairly light, nor until they were discovered by the sharp-sighted Indians. Instantly the welkin rang with the horrid yells of the savages, and they rushed to the attack with the frenzy and fury of demons. Neither division of the army, except Horry's, had yet reached the field, and his regiment was in imminent peril. The action raged with awful fury for two hours. The morning sun arose in splendor upon the horrid scene of war, and cast his beams upon many a brave soldier stretched in ghastly death or gory mutilation. The "Empire regiment" had already sustained a heavy loss, but still the brave volunteers fought on with unyielding resolution. The Indians were equally brave, and fought as for life. Now the whole prairie swarmed with the red warriors, who seemed to surround the regiment. They were mowing down the men, and yelling with fiendish exultation as they saw them fall. Now a small, hideous looking monster rushed upon Horry. They engaged in close combat. Horry gave him a cut on the head which seemed to be the finishing stroke, but the dwarfish form reeled about, and, with a knife, he gave Horry a stab in the left side. He fell back, and was caught in the *arms of Captain Fuller*. Drawing a pistol, Captain

Fuller planted a ball in the breast of "Little Tiger," just as he was rushing upon Horry to repeat his deadly thrust. The Indians gave a yell which almost shook the earth, and, pouring one tremendous volley of rifle-balls into the ranks of Horry's men, retreated across the prairie, pursued by the victorious "Empire regiment," before Captain Fuller's men had opened their fire. Just then Colonel Taylor, whose path had been obstructed by a difficult stream, arrived upon the field. The whole army, united once more, pursued the Indians across the open plain, strewing the ground with their slain, until they plunged into the hummock at the opposite side, and disappeared. Thus terminated the battle of the "Great Prairie."

CHAPTER XXX.

TIDINGS OF THE LOST SISTER.

COLONEL THURSTON and "Little Tiger" were both supposed to be mortally wounded. They were borne away on litters through the Dismal Swamp—the latter to the encampment near the lake—the former to Judge McKay's. Many days passed before Horry awoke to consciousness. When he came to himself he was in a splendidly furnished apartment, and Mrs. McKay was watching by his bedside. He heard the music of a piano, in the parlor just opposite his room, accompanied by a soft, delicious female voice. Never had he heard such enchanting strains since last he heard his sainted mother's voice.

"Whence are those unearthly strains?" he asked.

"What did you say, Colonel Thurston?" asked Mrs. McKay.

Horry turned his head, and felt a piercing pain in his left side. He almost shrieked in agony—

"Where am I—what has happened to me?"

"You are at Judge McKay's, Colonel Thurston; do you not know me—Mrs. McKay?"

"O yes! yes! Where is Judge McKay?"

"He rode out to the plantation early this morning,

and will return before noon. Be composed, sir, for you have been very ill. I trust you are now in a fair way to recover."

"To recover? What ails me? How came I here?"

"You were brought here from the battle of the Great Prairie, dangerously wounded. You must remain perfectly still and quiet. The surgeon does not consider you out of danger. He says if your wound breaks out to bleeding afresh it will be difficult, if not impossible, to save you. Do not talk, but remain perfectly still."

In a few minutes he sunk into a gentle slumber. It was several days before he again exhibited any signs of returning consciousness. When he did, he opened his eyes, and where before he had seen Mrs. McKay, he now saw a young lady, the most beautiful, the most lovely, that he had ever beheld.

He gazed at her a moment in wonder.

"Horry!"

In an instant her face was suffused with blushes. After a moment of confusion she continued:

"Colonel Thurston, do you feel any better?"

"Better—yes—I—what did you say?"

"I trust you feel better, sir."

Mrs. McKay had been gone from the room but a minute. Hearing the voices she returned immediately.

"My niece, Miss Fuller, Colonel Thurston. I asked her to watch by you a moment until I could attend a call from one of the servants, who is sick."

"Miss Fuller!" exclaimed Horry. "That name sounds quite familiar."

"Yes, Colonel Thurston, it was her brother, Captain

Fuller, who caught you in his arms as you fell on that bloody field, where you have won immortal fame."

"Yes; Captain Fuller," said Horry to himself, "I know him. Where is he?"

"He's gone along with Colonel Taylor in pursuit of the Indians, in the direction of Okee-Chobee. I will leave you together now a few moments, while I attend to my sick servant. I trust you are now out of danger, and that you will soon get up."

"Did you recognize my brother, Colonel Thurston?" asked Miss Fuller, as soon as her aunt left the room.

"Recognize him! where? when? I never saw him but once—the day we left here to go in pursuit of the Indians."

"Did not recognize Frank Fuller?"

"Frank Fuller! Frank Fuller! Why, to be sure, the name is as familiar as Matthew and Horry and—

"Yes, I see you remember him," said Miss Fuller.

"Can it be possible that you are the little Lizzie Fuller that, that—"

"Yes, I am that little Lizzie."

"And Frank—did Frank know me, Liz—Miss Fuller?"

"He did not dream of its being you till—but he left a message with me to communicate to you."

"He left a message for me! What is it?"

"Do you think you are able to bear very exciting news, Colonel Thurston?"

"Tell me the news—nothing can excite me more than curiosity."

"Did you recognize Little Tiger?"

"No; how should I, when I never saw him till we met face to face in battle?"

“Can you form no conjecture?”

“None, none whatever but what was intimated by the mulatto.”

“My father’s boy, Cesar, you mean.”

“Cesar! Cesar! Why yes, that name is now the key to the whole mystery. Cesar was the mulatto boy that fled from my father’s house, near Spartanburgh, that memorable night, when I held you, yes, you, my own little Lizzie, in my arms! Little Tiger is Whit Purdis!”

Lizzie’s face wore a crimson hue when Horry alluded to that memorable scene, when he held her in his little arms on his mother’s bed—a scene that could never be effaced from the memory of either of them.

“Where is Whit Purdis?”

“Dead,” answered Lizzie.

“Did he die of the wound inflicted by my sword?”

“No; Frank shot him; but he lived a day and a night after he was brought to the camp.”

“Sure, though sometimes slow, is the vengeance of God,” said Horry. “What a retribution! Uncle George is avenged!”

“It was something he told my brother,” said Lizzie, “which he desired me to communicate to you.”

“Then, if you please, Miss Fuller, communicate it at once; I am able to bear it.”

“It is simply this, Colonel Thurston—*your sister yet lives!*”

“My sister Agnes alive! What joyful tidings! Then tell me Liz—tell me all about her.”

“When Whit Purdis was in the agonies of death, he heard your name mentioned, and exclaimed, ‘A curse upon Jim Strange! I’ll betray him. Thurston’”

sister is yet alive. She has inherited her grandfather's fortune. She is married to Jim—Jim—' Here he fainted away for some minutes. As soon as he recovered he said : ' She mourns for her only brother—she wishes him to come—and—claim—his—half—of the property—Go wrest from Strange—' Here he became speechless and soon expired."

"Then my brother, too, is alive. He did not fall in the river, as was supposed ?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, "it is very singular, but true. The same day an express brought Frank a package wrapped in an old newspaper. He opened it, and his eye fell upon the name of your brother. It was an account of his death. Here is the paper."

Horry took it and read at the top : "Temple Vale Eagle, July 183—." He glanced along the inside column, and his eye rested upon the following paragraph :

"A HORRIBLE DEATH.—The body of a stout man was drawn from the river, by some fishermen, a few nights ago. It was so mutilated that it could not be recognized, but there can be no doubt of its identity. A young man who once lived in this place, and became very dissipated, was seen about a week ago at the Methodist church, *in a fit of delirium tremens*. In his paroxysm he must have fallen into the river and drowned. Such is the horrible fate of Matthew Thurston."

"Great God ! Matthew dead !" exclaimed Horry, and the paper dropped from his hand. He sunk back upon his pillow, and fainted away.

Lizzie shrieked, and Mrs. McKay came running into the room. She saw the blood oozing through Horry's

clothes, and despatched a servant in haste for the surgeon. For two weeks his life was suspended upon a brittle thread. It was nearly two months before he was able to walk out of the house. As soon as he recovered sufficiently to walk about the premises, he began to manifest symptoms of restlessness. He was impatient to rejoin his regiment. This, however, was then impracticable, and he grew more contented. Now he and Lizzie would stroll out every day together, and spend hours in conversation among the orange-trees. They talked over all the fond recollections of their childhood, and gave each other a particular account of their own histories. Lizzie's parents had died when she was but ten years old, and she was adopted by Mrs. McKay, her father's sister, who had no child of her own. Frank was educated at West Point, and rose rapidly to distinction. He had displayed considerable ability in several battles with the Indians, and had just been promoted captain about the time the "Empire regiment" joined Colonel Taylor's division of the army.

Horry and Lizzie declared a mutual attachment, and her uncle and aunt consented to their marriage. The arrangement was made for them to marry in South Carolina, at the house of one of Mrs. McKay's sisters, the following April, when Judge McKay and wife should make their annual visit to their native state.

Horry now received despatches from headquarters. Tidings came of the glorious victory of Colonel Taylor at Okee-Chobee, and with them the sad tidings to Lizzie's heart of the fall of her gallant brother. The "Empire regiment" was, after this great battle, discharged from service. The remnant of which it was composed returned to their own state "covered with glory."

Now Horry turned his thoughts in search of his lost sister. He was confident that Whit Purdis had mistaken him for his brother Benjamin, who he had all his life supposed had fallen into the Ohio river and drowned. He was not even now certain of anything to the contrary. The facts communicated by Whit Purdis were so brief, so uncertain, so indefinite, that he could be sure of only one thing—*his sister yet lived, and she was the wife of Jim Strange*. She mourned for an only brother, and must, therefore, be unhappy. He resolved to set out at once and endeavor to find her. Where to search for Strange he knew not. But as she had evidently inherited her grandfather's estate, he might find some clew to her present abode by going to South Carolina. Bidding his Lizzie an affectionate adieu, he set out for the ancient homestead of his grandfather.

Everywhere his name had gone before him. The despatches of Colonel Taylor had given him the honor of the victory at the battle of the "Great Prairie." He was represented as a young officer of extraordinary military genius. The recollection of his successful defence of Gordon was also fresh in the public mind. Often extracts from his great speech, together with his short, inspiring addresses to his soldiers, might be found in the same paper containing full details of his military exploits. School-boys, in their academic orations, were proud to get an extract from one of Colonel Thurston's speeches, to display their powers in declamation. In Charleston, Columbia, and all the towns and villages of his native state, through which he passed, he was hailed at once as an orator and a hero—*as the eloquent advocate, and the champion of the Great Prairie.*"

Colonel George Thurston had been dead more than forty years. Still he was remembered by many of the aged men of the "Old Palmetto State." Whenever any of these met with Horry, they hailed him with enthusiasm. Few of them had any recollections of his father, but to know that he was the grandson of old George Thurston—that he had illustrated by his own achievements the glory of his great ancestor—that he had inherited both his courage and his fame—were sufficient to embalm him forever in their hearts. But among them all he could get no clew to any information concerning his lost sister. None of them even knew that his father ever had a daughter, and certainly if he had, she *had not* inherited her grandfather's fortune, for that had descended to the only daughter of his daughter, Agnes, the sister of Garland.

The months had sped away in fruitless inquiries, until there remained but one week to the time when he had appointed to meet Lizzie, in Spartanburgh. He hastened forward, but instead of meeting Lizzie he received a letter. Judge of his disappointment when he opened and read as follows:

"DEAREST HORRY: You know my uncle's attachment to the administration now in power. He has been urged by the President to accept an appointment to a foreign mission, and has at last consented. My aunt says she cannot bear the thought of going unless I will accompany her. In vain have I besought her to spare me the pain of so long a separation from you. In answer to all my pleadings she says: '*I know the generous and magnanimous Colonel Thurston will consent for my sake.*' You see, my dearest, how the mat-

ter stands. I have refused, *positively*, to give my consent until I hear from you. We will be in Charleston on the very day appointed for our nuptials. Do, my Horry, write me to that place. Rest assured that I will on no account go on if you object. Believe me,

“Ever your own

“LIZZIE.”

Horry's disappointment was great, but he felt too grateful to Mrs. McKay, for her kind attentions while he was at her house, to disoblige her in this respect. He wrote at once to Lizzie, consenting to the proposal.

Now, he felt truly alone in the world. Matthew dead ! Lizzie gone ! and the poor lost sister still alive, but no clew to her abode ! He remembered that Matthew had told him that he had put his father's papers *into a square box*, and left them at Mrs. Paul's. He determined to proceed to Temple Vale, and take possession of these papers. There might be something in them that would enable him to get a clew that would unravel the mystery. After spending a few weeks in his native district, feasted, caressed, and honored, by the inhabitants, he departed.

Part Third.

SHOWING HOW "GOD DISPOSES."

CHAPTER XXXI.

HORRY'S DISQUIETUDE.

HORRY arrived at Temple Vale late at night in the latter part of the month of May, after an absence of nearly eight years. He put up at the hotel, still kept by the widow of his old friend Corley, and entered his name upon the book. No one recognized him. He had doffed his military accoutrements before he left Spartanburgh, and now appeared in the garb of a well-dressed traveller. Oppressed by a multitude of melancholy reflections, he retired to his room, and lay down ; but he could not sleep. After tossing from side to side for an hour, he arose from bed and took his seat near an open window. The roar of the little river, as it descended over its rocky bed, fell on his ears. The bright moonlight spread over the broad valley, resembling the sheen of a lovely lake. In the centre of the plain the great mound stood out in its dark outline before the eye, and the little clump of trees still crowned its crest. Memory busied herself with recollections of the past. How precious, yet how sad ! Horry endeavored to review his past history. How checkered ! how eventful ! But his mind was oppressed.

He felt a load of agony on his heart. He could not preserve a consecutive train of thought. The reminiscences of fifteen years were in broken fragments before his mind. The pages of his memory were all in jagged leaves. In vain he strove to collect them into a connected chain. Now he thought of Bethel Oak—now of a corpse, haggard and mutilated, dragged from the river. Now he thought of his boyhood's home, and now of two grass-covered graves. Now he thought of her whose face he had never seen, and now of *her* whose image was stamped forever upon his heart, and then he saw her tossed upon the crest of the Atlantic billows, as she sailed from her native land. Now he starts from a half-dreamy state, as the hideous form of Whit Purdis seems to rise before him. Again he sinks in slumber, again starts, when some other terrific image presents itself to his mind. At last weary nature seeks repose, and, throwing himself upon his bed, he is soon locked in slumber.

At early dawn he arose, and left the hotel unobserved. The sun was just rising as he reached the spot where the cottage home of his boyhood once stood. The buildings had been removed, the fences torn down, and the place looked quite deserted. The grove formerly situated in the rear of the cottage, greatly thinned, still remained. With much agitation he wended his way to the thicket. He half surmised the truth! the noble tree had fallen! There was the half-decayed stump, a fragment of the noble trunk, a few scattered relics of the bushy top. All in ruins lay the consecrated temple of his boyhood! Falling on his knees by the venerated stump he poured out his soul in bitterness.

“Noblest monarch of the wood! Consecrated sanc-

tuary of my boyhood ! Now prostrate, decayed, fit emblem of earthly mutation and of life's fitful dream ! Father ! Mother ! Matthew ! Oh, how ye all rise before my mental vision upon this hallowed spot ! Had I been here, how earnestly would I have prayed, *Axeman, spare this tree !* Bethel Oak ! how fond are the memories that cluster about thee ! Prostrate at thy root how oft did I kneel with him whose fate has darkened all the hopes of my future ! Here, too, did my father first bow in supplication before his Maker. I shall behold thee no more, sacred oak ! But, O my soul, is there not *another* Bethel ? Is there not a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens ? O thou heavenly Jerusalem, thou city of my God, shall *I ever* behold thee ? Shall I, at last, so pass the waves of this troublesome world as to enter thy celestial gates, and dwell with thy blood-washed inhabitants ? But, alas ! what mean these doubts ? why these evil forebodings ? why this inward vacuum ? O sainted mother ! why have I been so long straying from those holy aspirations which so often brought thy pure spirit to commune with mine ? Alas ! alas ! I fear !”

With such passionate soliloquies, and such earnest ejaculations, he lingered about the spot for two or three hours. At length he arose, and walked back into the highway. Just then a young gentleman, apparently about twenty years of age, rode up. Horry accosted him with his usual urbanity, and the young man returned the salutation with a graceful bow.

“Can you inform me, sir,” asked Horry, “who is the present owner of this tract of land?”

“Yes, sir,” said the young man, “it belongs to my sister.

"From whom did she purchase it?"

"It was given to her, sir. The affair was somewhat romantic, but we make no secret of it."

"If I may not be deemed too inquisitive, may I ask you to relate the story?"

"I will inform you with pleasure, sir. The place belonged, about ten years ago, to one Captain Thurston. He was deprived of it, very fraudulently, by one Nicholas Brown, who transferred it to one Brice. Some years ago Brown and Brice had an altercation, in which the former was killed. The murderer was tried, but acquitted. From that time he sank into habits of constant intemperance. About two years ago he was in the village, one day, quite drunk. In attempting to reach his cabin, which he had erected in the field lying along the creek yonder, where he dwelt all alone, he fell into a ditch just in front of the academy. There he lay until the school was let out at noon. As the scholars passed by the drunken man, some of the boys stopped to cast dirt upon his face, which was turned up to the burning sun. As my sister passed, her heart was touched with compassion, and she spread her handkerchief, which had her name written on it, over the face of the wretched inebriate. By some means he was enabled to reach his cabin, and, finding out what my sister had done, the next day he had his will written, and bequeathed this place to her. In a few days from that time he died. This is the history of the tenure, sir, by which my sister holds this land. But she does not regard it as her own; she is determined, as soon as she is of age, and can execute a legal deed, to convey it to the only son of my father's friend, *deeming it his rightful inheritance.*"

“What is your father’s name, sir?”

“He is dead, sir; but his name was Rufus Paul.”

“Rufus Paul! Are you the son of Rufus Paul?”

“Yes, sir; I am his oldest son.”

“Your name is——”

“Wesley, sir, and my brother’s Fletcher.”

“And your sister’s is Jenny.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, tell your mother that Horry Thurston will take tea with her this evening.”

“Is that the Colonel Thurston who has just come to the village?”

“Yes; how did you know he had come?”

“His name was seen upon the register at the hotel, by some of the boarders, who knew him when he resided here. The whole place is in a commotion; everybody is clamoring to see him. Some of them supposed that he might have gone out to Parson Dale’s, and they requested me to follow him up, and to inform him that there will be a meeting of the citizens to-day, to give him a welcome to his old home. But, I suppose I need not proceed any farther, as you are, no doubt, the gentleman whom I seek.”

“Well, you may return; I will walk on slowly,” said Horry, “and would prefer being alone for a while.”

“The crowd is now waiting, impatient to see you, sir. Many of them are your old schoolfellows. They are ready to give you a most hearty welcome.”

So saying, the youth turned his horse, and rode back to the village.

Fain would Horry have shrunk away from the presence of that crowd. The experience of the past few

months had taught him how unsatisfying to a restless spirit are human plaudits, and all the pomp and glory of this world. But he knew there was no escape. He presented himself in their midst, upon the veranda of the hotel. The people received him with acclamations which almost made the earth to tremble. "Welcome, Horry! welcome!" shouted his old schoolmates. "Welcome the hero of the Great Prairie!" "Welcome to the orator and the soldier—scion of the Old Palmetto State!" "Welcome to the advocate of Alfred Gordon!" "Welcome to the stranger's friend!" "Welcome to the gallant Colonel Thurston!"

Such were the salutations which greeted his ears from hundreds of voices. Many rushed up and grasped him by the hand.

First one, and then another, came to ask if he remembered *him*, and the time when they marched over the surrounding hills and plains together. Others, older men, who once affected to hold their heads "above" the Thurstons, came, and, with sycophantic adulation, heaped their flattering compliments upon him. Others, with wise shrugs of the shoulders, declared that "they always expected to see the day when Horry Thurston would make his mark." Some were extravagant in their praise of "self-made men." Even Dave Brown came staggering, half drunk, through the crowd, to press the hand of Horry, oblivious of his former rivalry. Then came many a warm-hearted friend to congratulate him on his success. Then some of the uncouth inhabitants of the neighboring hills and valleys came, and bestowed their rude, sometimes facetious compliments.

Though he was oppressed with feelings of sadness, *Horry* exhibited none in his demeanor. He was neither

puffed up, nor did he evince any token of affected humility. Calm in aspect, dignified in his behavior, he received their plaudits, and returned their salutations with such condescension and affability as tended to fill them all with fresh enthusiasm and admiration. When the uproar had somewhat subsided, some one was requested to take the chair, and the meeting was organized. Horry, anticipating their object, arose and requested them to make no further demonstration on his behalf. He already felt himself highly complimented by the cordial greeting of his old friends and acquaintances. His visit was of a private character, and all of his time would have to be devoted to its accomplishment. The people, however, insisted upon giving Colonel Thurston a public dinner. Accordingly, the Fourth of July was fixed upon as an occasion the most suitable for this demonstration of their high appreciation of his eminent services in his country's cause. He was forced to consent, and the meeting adjourned.

Horry now retired to his room, and ordered his breakfast to be sent up to him. He spent the balance of the day alone. Left to his own reflections, his melancholy mood returned upon him. Now he felt, more keenly than ever, the need of something he had not yet attained.

“What is wealth ?” he asked himself. “What is fame ? What is worldly honor ? An empty show ; a glittering toy ; a transient bubble ; an unsatisfying, delusive dream. What shadows I pursue ! O where can true rest be found ? Is there any substantial, any *lasting* peace to be found on earth ? My sainted mother ! thou taughtest me that it could be found in religion only. Well, *I have* religion, but why does it not make me happy ?”

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ADVENTURE AMONG THE TOMBS.

IT was about an hour before sunrise when Horry left his room, and walked to the church. There it stood, the same modest wooden structure, somewhat weather-beaten, still half hid among the trees, now dressed in the deep green foliage of early summer. How familiar that broad sandy avenue, those towering oaks, that green grassy plat!

He knew by Matthew's description where to go. He soon found the spot. A weeping willow stood midway between the head-pieces of a couple of graves, its drooping branches almost touching the grass-covered sod. Long and silently did he kneel—tenderly, affectionately, did he weep over the graves of his beloved parents. At length, looking up, and casting his eye southward, he beheld the silvery waves of the little river, and the plain beyond it, bounded by the green-clad mountains. The rippling waters seemed to sing a mournful dirge, the deepening shadows of the lofty mountains seemed like the gloomy pall of death, and the golden tints of the setting sun reminded him of the hopes of a better life.

“ So will the sun of my life go down ! I too shall sleep beneath the sod. Oh ! shall I be with thee, sweet

mother, and with thee, dear father, in those mansions of the blessed where no sorrow can ever enter?"

A few paces farther on he saw, in a neat enclosure, a marble head-piece. He approached and read the inscription :

"IN MEMORY OF RUFUS PAUL."

'And thou, too, O friend of my boyhood, art no longer of earth! Sleep on, my venerated preceptor: thou art where the wicked cease to trouble, and the weary are at rest!"

He felt a sharp pang shoot through his heart as he saw beside it, but without the enclosure, *another grave*. No paling, no stone, no mark of friendly care, no shrub, nor tree, nor flower, marked the spot.

"O Matthew! Matthew! would God I had died for thee, Matthew!"

Overwhelmed with grief, he returned to the grave of his parents. Parting the drooping branches, he kneeled beneath the willow. There he sobbed and groaned in anguish. A horror of darkness settled upon his mind. He trembled with a mysterious, inexplicable dread. He was startled by the heaving of a sigh from some one behind him. He arose, and looking around, saw a form clad in a neat, plain suit of black. It was a noble, graceful form. He wore an aspect of countenance the most holy, meek, and heavenly, that Horry had ever beheld. The face was radiant with love. Goodness, meekness, tenderness, beamed in every expression. Never had he imagined that a frail mortal could exhibit a mien so Christ-like. He was half inclined to question whether he actually beheld a human form. But the man—for he *was* human—spoke, and said :

“Pardon me, sir ; I was not aware that I was intruding upon your privacy. A mournful reminiscence drew me to look upon these two graves ; I knew not that any one was near—especially any one engaged in the holy exercise of prayer.”

His tones, combined with his saintly manner, thrilled Horry, and with more embarrassment than usual, he replied :

“I was somewhat surprised, sir, I must confess ; but I beg you not to think that I consider your presence disagreeable. Allow me to inquire whether the reminiscence to which you refer stands any way connected with the sleepers beneath this sod ?”

“First let me know what relation *you* sustain to them.”

“The dust of my father and my mother repose here, sir.”

“Then you are a son of Captain Thurston ?”

“I am, sir ; but pray tell me if you ever knew him. If you feel any interest in these rude piles of earth we must henceforth be friends.”

“I have heard much in this village of Captain Thurston and his noble wife, but never knew either of them or their history. The incident to which I refer relates to the occupant of yonder tomb.”

“O, sir ! tell me that story. He was my only brother, and a dear brother to my soul he was.”

“You are, doubtless, that Colonel Thurston of whom I have heard and read so much of late. Then come with me to tea at Mrs. Paul’s, and I will shortly tell you all I know about your brother Matthew.”

“At Mrs. Paul’s ! then I will go with you. If you are a friend of hers, I must become better acquainted

with you. May I know whom I have the pleasure to accompany to so good a place?"

"My name is Bonhom; I am the presiding elder of the Northwestern district. I commence my second quarterly meeting in this church to-night."

"Sir, do you know anything in regard to my brother's last moments?"

"I know more, perhaps, than any one living."

"Then, for heaven's sake, tell me. Do not torture me with suspense."

"Not yet. I came in late, and walked here for a few minutes of meditation. Meet me, after the services close to-night, beneath that willow, and I will tell you all."

Mr. Bonhom preached that night a sermon of peculiar power. He portrayed the hypocrisy, formality, and self-delusion of many professors of religion; he described the peril and the doom of the impenitent with such graphic force as to cause many of them to tremble; but to true Christians he proved a genuine son of consolation. Horry was greatly agitated, he knew not why. A burden seemed to press upon his heart. The lucid exposition of Divine truth; the solemn appeals and subduing pathos of the preacher; the awful stillness and seriousness of the assembly—all conspired to fill him with perplexity and trouble. He scarcely suspected that his anxiety was occasioned by the Spirit's application of the sermon to his own religious state. As yet he had never entertained a doubt of the truth of Christianity, nor of the rectitude of his own purposes. There was a spiritual power about Mr. Bonhom that reminded him of his mother and Mr. Paul, of Parson Dale and of the great and venerated Dr. Sterling.

As soon as the services were concluded and the congregation had dispersed, Mr. Bonhom took him by the arm and led him to the willow beneath whose branches the dust of his parents rested. As soon as they were seated Mr. Bonhom commenced his narrative.

"It lacks less than two months of being two years since I was conducting my third quarterly meeting for the year in this church. One night, while the altar was crowded with penitents, a stout young man entered the church, and, without taking his seat, walked up the aisle and kneeled at the railing. He was so much excited that his robust frame seemed to writhe in agony. There he remained upon his knees, sometimes uttering a lamentable cry of anguish, until the congregation had retired. I remained with him, striving in vain to comfort him. At length he rose to his feet. The tears were streaming from his eyes. I felt like rejoicing over him, as of one new-born from above ; but he grasped my arm, and said :

"'Come with me, come this way.'

"He drew me to this spot. There was at that time a rough but broken paling enclosing these graves. He tore away the decaying boards, and drew me in beneath these drooping branches.

"'Get down here,' said he, 'and pray for me.'

"We both fell upon our knees, and again I prayed with all my heart for the wretched penitent. Long and earnestly did he groan, and weep, and pray. His agonizing cries for mercy pierced my heart, and awakened within me an inexpressible sympathy. In vain did I quote the promises of the Gospel ; in vain did I strive to convince him of the willingness of God to *grant him* mercy ; in vain did I endeavor to persuade

him that his case was not hopeless. Nothing that I said appeared to excite any hope or confidence within him. He seemed frantic and almost beside himself. At length he rose to his feet. He wrung his hands, smote upon his breast, and cried in the bitterness of his anguish :

“ ‘ God be merciful to me a sinner ! O God, be merciful to me a sinner ! ’

“ Then, in a burst of grief, he threw himself upon that grave, and cried :

“ ‘ O God of my father, have mercy on me ! ’

“ Then casting himself on that, he cried :

“ ‘ O God of my mother ! wilt thou not pity me ? ’

“ Then extending both arms, as if he would embrace the sleeping tenant of each grave, he exclaimed :

“ ‘ O God of my father and my mother, save me ! save me ! even me ! ’

“ Fearing now that his grief would lead to some fatal result, I took him by the arm and endeavored to lift him up ; but he struggled loose again, and falling prostrate upon the ground, gave vent to the bitterest self-reproaches :

“ ‘ Apostate ! wretch ! ingrate that I have been ! to depart from the guidance of such a mother, and forsake the commandments of my God. Leave me, sir, for I must perish in despair ! ’

“ I then reminded him of the Prodigal Son, and entreated him to be calm while I repeated the parable word for word. He sat up and listened with calmness and attention. The moon was shining brightly as she is now, and her beams struggled through the waving branches of this willow, as they were moved by the gentle breeze. I thought I could discern by the dim

light which fell upon his countenance, the traces of heavenly serenity. He sat motionless for some moments, with his eyes fixed steadily on me. I could not be mistaken ; he smiled—yes, a real, heavenly, joyous, beautiful smile—such as beams upon the countenance of one just born of God. He said not a word, but walked with me to the gate, and giving my hand a warm pressure, departed, and I saw him no more. About a week afterward a dead body was drawn from the river, which, from its size, was supposed to be his. The people said it was Matthew Thurston, and that, in a fit of *delirium tremens* he had gone to the church and subsequently fell into the river. But I know he was not drinking, for I could not detect any sign of ardent spirits about him. He doubtless fell in the river by accident—and *I believe he has gone to rest.*"

"Mr. Bonhom, your narration has proved very consoling to me. I am now satisfied that my brother rests in peace. A more noble-minded, pure-hearted boy never lived, until he fell into that vice which has proved the ruin of so many promising young men. He was always better than I, although I have never tasted ardent spirits in my life."

"Colonel Thurston—or perhaps I may say *Brother Thurston*—"

"I am a member of the church, sir, and, I trust, a Christian, though I fear, if I am to be judged by what I heard you declare to-night, I *may be* deceived. I have, indeed, refrained from outward immorality. I have endeavored faithfully to discharge every duty I owe either to God or man. I have often denied myself for the sake of others, and have long cherished a favorable opinion of my own piety. In fact, sir, reli-

gion is a strong element in my character. With a good character I began the world. I have preserved it untarnished. By it I have risen to success, and all my worldly prospects are flattering. But I begin to fear that my religion lacks some element which is essential to my peace and happiness. Will you not get down here, on the spot where you prayed for my poor, unfortunate brother, and pray for me, even for me?"

"Have you faith in Christ?" asked Mr. Bonhom.

"I think I have," said Horry.

"Have you peace with God?"

"I trust so. At any rate, sometimes, in my devotions, I have a degree of tranquillity."

"Have you the witness of the Spirit?"

"If you mean *conscious rectitude of purpose*, I have."

"I mean more," said Mr. Bonhom. "Have you joy in the Holy Ghost?"

"My religion is not emotional, Mr. Bonhom."

"Not emotional! What sort of religion have you, then?"

"A religion of *fixed principles*, sir. As to my belief, I believe in one God——"

"So do the devils."

"I am aware of that," said Horry; "but I can go further than the devils: I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world——"

"And as *your* Saviour in particular?"

"As for *particular* redemption, Mr. Bonhom, I believe that is no part of our creed, if I understand it; though I must confess that I have paid but little attention to dogmatical theology."

“But your *personal salvation*, my brother, is a vital point.”

“That, sir, is the very point that now concerns me so deeply. As to my faith, then, I may safely say, without going into details, that is all right. I have no doubts: I have often argued with skeptics, and, in some instances, have convinced them of the truth of the Scriptures.”

“But you are destitute of religious emotions, you say. Now believe me, brother, that religion which is destitute of *feeling*, of suitable *emotions*, though it may be a religion of *fixed principles*, is a *vain* religion.”

“I am sorry to differ from you, my reverend friend, but I am sadly at fault in my philosophy of the human mind if any peculiar emotions are *essential* elements of religion. I do not deny their existence, nor their genuineness where they do occur; but they are not essential. They cannot constitute religion, and cannot be essential to its existence. Nevertheless, do not misunderstand me. I think I am sufficiently versed in the laws of the human mind to know that without *some* feeling it is impossible to act at all. The order of all our mental processes is first to *think*, then to *feel*, and then to *act*. Now that my conduct has, from boyhood, been uniformly correct, is a proof that I have been actuated by right feelings.”

“Well,” said Mr. Bonhom, “that will do for one who reasons according to his *notions* of the philosophy of mind; but what says the Divine philosophy? What do you know of ‘*the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus?*’”

Horry repeated these words slowly to himself, and said:

"I know that the words are used by St. Paul; but I have never been able to grasp their import, or to comprehend the precise meaning. I have generally regarded them as a portion of those Divine mysteries which even the Scriptures teach *are hard to be understood.*"

"Yet," said Mr. Bonhom, "this alone, Paul tells us, can deliver from the '*law of sin and death.*' The moral law condemns all men to death, because *all have sinned*; but the Gospel—the doctrine of Christ—aptly called the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, '*delivers*' from the condemnation of that law. Now I understand your case, my brother. You are what we call a *legalist*. You are seeking to be justified by the *law*—to be justified by that which already *condemns* you. In short, sir, you are looking to be sanctified before you are justified."

"I am not much acquainted with theological technicalities, Mr. Bonhom. I have always regarded Christianity as something practical. It matters not so much about the symbols of our doctrine, so our lives are correct.

"Yea, but even a legalist may act from feeling, according to your philosophy," said Mr. Bonhom. "Now we must distinguish between such feelings as are purely natural, and such as spring from the consciousness of a *new life* within us."

"How shall I be able to make such a distinction?" asked Horry.

"He that will *do* the will of God shall know of the doctrine," answered Mr. Bonhom.

"This, you see, Mr. Bonhom, raises another question, What is the will of God?"

“This is the will of God, *that you believe on Him whom He hath sent.*”

“And now,” said Horry, “we get back to the starting point—*faith*. Well, what is *faith*?”

“Let us first comply with your request,” said Mr. Bonhom, “and pray that the Spirit himself may become your teacher.”

They knelt down. Horry rested his head upon the stone at the head of his mother’s grave. As he did so her image seemed to rise up before him. He thought of the many times when he had beheld that sweet mental vision. But he could not banish the darkness that hovered over his mind, nor dispel a secret dread that now weighed him down. His heart was deeply moved by the tenderness, fervor, and humility of Mr. Bonhom’s prayer. When they arose from their knees they walked on toward Mrs. Paul’s, conversing, as they went, on the subject of *faith*. When they reached the gate in front of her residence they separated, and Horry walked on to the hotel. Spending a couple of hours in reading his Bible, in meditation, and prayer, he lay down with a crushing weight of anxiety and trouble.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“ FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.”

THE next morning Horry took his breakfast in his room, and descended about nine o'clock upon the veranda of the hotel. The multitude again collected, larger even than the day before. They had never before seen a hero ; now they saw him, as they imagined, in the person of their former townsman ; and they came to greet, caress, and flatter him. Horry was emphatically the idol of the populace. Never before had such enthusiasm been displayed in the little village of Temple Vale. Never before had Horry felt how utterly unsatisfactory were popular plaudits. He was disgusted at the sycophancy of some, the fulsome compliments of others, and fain would he even have fled to the wilderness to escape the noise and confusion of such a rabble. The hall was not sufficient to contain the multitude. Now they called for a speech from Colonel Thurston. Horry stepped forth, and gracefully waving his hand, addressed them for about thirty minutes. He closed amid shouts of applause, and was about to pass through the crowd in order to return to his own room ; but the tumult increased, and several persons now caught him in their arms and bore him on their shoulders, making the welkin ring with their laudations.

It was Saturday, and the bell for public worship just commenced ringing as Horry escaped from his tormentors, and ascended to his room. Casting himself upon his knees, he prayed earnestly for the Divine influence upon his heart, and then started to the church.

The sermon preached by Mr. Bonhom was rich in the varied beauties and attractions of a Christian life. The beauties of holiness were displayed harmoniously, and sustained by Scripture illustrations, which seemed to flow from the preacher's heart as from a fountain of living waters. "Why," Horry asked himself, "may I not attain unto such excellence of Christian character?" Alas! there were obstacles of which he scarcely dreamed. The saintly Bonhom was the only one who had ever succeeded in stripping away the specious guises of self-righteousness.

He and Mr. Bonhom were again seated together in the afternoon, beneath the pendent branches of the willow.

"Mr. Bonhom, can you help me? Is there any help *for* me? My spirit is utterly overwhelmed. I am amazed, confounded, at my stupidity, my total ignorance of true religion."

"Do you not consider yourself a Christian, Brother Thurston?"

"Alas! sir, I have too long relied upon a delusive hope. Far back in the days of my boyhood I do, indeed, remember having some comfortable assurance of peace with God. But even then I was often struck with the difference between my brother's feelings and my own. I was conscious of right motives and purposes, but I could not rejoice like he did. My mother and others, too, seemed to enjoy a degree of happiness

to which I felt I was a stranger. Sometimes I attributed the difference to a difference in temperament. Under the influence of the feelings I then had I joined the church. I have maintained my standing in it ever since. Incorruptible integrity has marked my character. I know not that I have, in a single instance, departed from the strictest rules of justice, truth, or honor. I have always endeavored to be courteous, prudent, and generous. I have always advocated virtue, and frowned upon vice. I have spent a portion of every day, for many years, in reading the Scriptures, meditation, and prayer. I have been regular in my attendance upon public worship, and have never neglected the claims of charity. I have often been praised for my piety, and pointed out as a fit example for others to follow.

“ When I was fired by an ambition to rise in the world, my object was to show how Christianity might be exemplified in the highest walks of life. When I aimed only at success in mercantile life, it was to present an example of religious zeal and integrity to men of business. When I sought for distinction at the bar, I desired to show how Christian virtues might adorn that profession. Before me were the examples of Sir Matthew Hale, Sir Thomas More, and others. I determined to endeavor to win the ermine that I might adorn it with another instance of Christian purity. When I went forth a soldier, hoping to achieve distinction and to win a name worthy the memory of my ancestors, it was that religion might throw its hallowed radiance over the lustre of my laurels. Well, sir, every path that I have trod has been full of success. I have attained everything I wished, and over all my life there

is the charm of a spotless character. I have achieved successes which give me to-day a *prestige* with my countrymen which few men of my age can boast. Were I now to present myself upon the veranda of the village hotel, I could collect a multitude who would lift in our ears a deafening roar of acclamation. Yet I know how false and insecure is such a foundation for happiness. The slightest change of circumstances would cause that stupid herd to denounce me. For a venial fault they would follow me to the gallows with the same exultation with which they would now take me on their shoulders and bear me in triumph along the streets. I am tired of being a hero—I am disgusted with senseless plaudits—I utterly loathe the flattery which many of these sycophants heap upon me. Yet, sir, this is what the world calls honor ; this is glory ; this is renown. It is a phantom ; it is a transient bubble ; it is a fitful dream. Here I am to-day with all these blushing honors on me, a miserable, a crushed, a despairing sinner. My outer life, Mr. Bonhom, is one of splendor, and doubtless many an envious heart looks on it with displeasure ; but my inner life, my hidden life is overwhelmed with the shadows of darkness, horror, and impending ruin. Instead of becoming an illustrious example of Christian purity, I find my whole life and all my actions tainted with a specious selfishness that amazes and overwhelms me. I awoke to-day to the horrible consciousness that *self-love* has, after all, been the mainspring of all my actions. Never in a single instance have I been actuated *solely* from considerations of the Divine glory. O, sir, the startling, the tremendous truth, overwhelms me with guilty confusion."

“Never despair, brother; but as you have shown yourself courageous on the battle-field, where you have won that bubble reputation, now show yourself the moral hero by repelling the powers of darkness. Cast yourself upon the mercy of God through our Lord Jesus Christ. He will confer upon you *true* honor that cannot perish, and crown you with glory that shall never fade away.”

“Alas! sir, how can I do it? how *can* I do it? What more can I do?”

“Nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing—only *believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

“And have I lived so long—have I been so faithfully instructed—have I done so much to establish a character for piety and incorruptible integrity—have I read my Bible through so often, and been so devout, and yet have to learn the very first principles of Christianity? Why, sir, this is appalling! I cannot stand against the stupendous fact that faces me, and tells me I am destitute of *saving faith*.”

“I understand your case perfectly,” said Mr. Bonhom; “you have planted yourself upon some conceited notion of the dignity of human nature. This has obscured your perceptions of some of the great and fundamental principles of religion. You have been ambitious to make yourself the perfect model of your own ideal of moral goodness. This ideal is self-originated, and self-sustained. It required no sacrifice, no subjecting yourself to the absolute control of God. Had your principles all originated in, and been sustained by the conscious life of Christ in the soul—could you have said with Paul, *I am crucified with Christ: the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the*

Son of God—I know not that a higher manifestation of Christian perfection could be realized than that which you have described."

"I have, indeed, learned of you, my excellent friend, a momentous lesson," said Horry. "I have learned first, that without *faith* it is impossible to please God, and, secondly, *that I am destitute of that faith*. This sweeps at one stroke all my fancied goodness into oblivion. I am undone; I am utterly ruined! I who was never tempted to doubt the word of God—I who have read infidel books, and traversed the tangled mazes of metaphysics—I who from my youth have called upon God—to be utterly destitute of Christian graces! O, sir, can you help me? can you do *any* thing to help me get *faith*?"

"All you can do is to cease from all your vain endeavors. Look away from yourself, and look to Christ. *He* is the only being in the universe that can help you now."

"You fill me only with perplexity. You confound my reason. Do *something* I must, or perish; yet you tell me I can do *nothing*."

"The word is nigh thec, even in thy mouth and in thy heart, that is the word of faith which we preach. Believe it, only *believe it*."

"I am utterly helpless, and you do not, you *will not* help me. Your words are the same I have heard from childhood. They are utterly without meaning. Leave me, I cannot endure them. Let me perish!"

"What! lie down in everduring anguish, such as now tortures your spirit!"

"Yes," said Horry, "for God is holy, but I am *un-holy*."

“But God is merciful, too.”

“Then, God be merciful to me a sinner!” prayed Horry.

“Amen!” responded Mr. Bonhom.

“I sink! I perish! O God! thou art just. Even in hell I will confess that thou art just; nor shall everlasting torture wrench from my bosom the thought, nor prevent me from making the cordial acknowledgment. My nature is defiled in every part, and it is not fit for the purer joys of thy heavenly abode. It will even be some satisfaction in hell, to think, at least, that I shall not be debarred the privilege of making this acknowledgment—O God, THOU ART JUST!”

Horry leaned his head against Mr. Bonhom’s shoulder and wept. For a moment there was silence. A shadow seemed to pass from his countenance. Mr. Bonhom clasped him in his arms and looked him in the face. The shadow was succeeded by a smile. His aspect became more serene.

“God will glorify himself not in your destruction, but your eternal salvation, my brother,” said Mr. Bonhom.

Horry’s face became radiant, and he said:

“I can, I do believe.”

“Hallelujah!” shouted Mr. Bonhom.

“Abba, Father!” exclaimed Horry.

“Did you ever utter those words before?” asked Mr. Bonhom.

“Never,” said Horry, “with such feelings as I now have. Yet, many years ago I felt a peace which seemed a foretaste of my present joy.”

“What is the difference between what you felt then and what you now feel?”

“This is the PEACE OF GOD WHICH PASSETH UNDERSTANDING !”

“Are you sure of it ?”

“I am not more certain that the wind blows, or that the sun shines, for the Spirit itself bears witness with my spirit that I am a child of God.”

“What now is your hope ?”

“That if faithful unto death I shall receive a crown of life.”

“Your purpose ?”

“To be a living witness for Christ.”

“Hallelujah ! hallelujah !” and Horry embraced the saintly Bonhom on his knees between the graves of his father and mother.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WARNING.

It was the brightest and loveliest Sabbath that had ever dawned upon the vision of Horry. The birds never sang so sweetly, the sun never shone so brightly, the mountains never looked so majestic, the little river never rolled its silvery waves along so merrily, and the deep cerulean sky never hung its glorious dome over creation so resplendently. And then the "human face divine" never looked so lovely. In every countenance, however corrugated by care, there was stamped the image of an intelligence infinite, of a soul immortal and precious. It was the last Sabbath in May—the day after the happy experience narrated in the preceding chapter. The services of the sanctuary were rich, refreshing, ravishing: Horry's soul was enraptured, and filled with bliss unutterable. A "revival" commenced, and swept with resistless power and majesty over the crowd that thronged the church. Scores prostrated themselves around the altar, and many arose from their knees rejoicing in the "sense of sins forgiven." Sunday passed, Monday morning came, and Horry sat with Mr. Bonhom in a room at Mrs. Paul's.

"Your bonds are now broken, my brother," said Mr. Bonhom, "and you begin to breathe a purer atmos-

sphere. You can truly say now, *The life that I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God.* By this faith sin is subdued, and you can triumph in the Lord."

"I can say it truly," said Horry, "for I do indeed feel that God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."

"But you will meet with temptations," said his friend.

"Doubtless I shall ; but if, when I was destitute of such faith as I now enjoy, I could resist all temptations to open sin, how much more since I now feel that Christ lives within me !"

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. You are not in heaven yet. Take care, or, when least you suspect such a thing, the devil will upset you. **WATCH AND PRAY.** Be ever on your guard, for you know not in what insidious form the tempter may approach."

"I will endeavor to do so," said Horry ; "but I am not conscious of any fear of falling or departing from my God. In fact, it seems to me entirely incompatible with a loving trust in God to feel any such a fear. Were I apprehensive that I should fall I should be the most miserable creature in existence."

"You may never feel *slavish* fear, Brother Thurston ; yet prayer and vigilance, constant *self-distrust*, and dependence upon God, can alone keep you from falling. Do you not feel that *self-reliance* has been your error hitherto ?"

"I do," answered Horry.

"Then be careful ; watch that point. You have always had confidence in your own good intentions and in your own power. You have even succeeded in all

your worldly enterprises by your self-reliance. Mind, now, when you begin to doubt—”

“To doubt!” exclaimed Horry. “How can I ever doubt? The Spirit itself bears witness that I am a child of God. I am enabled to cry ‘Abba, Father!’ Surely I can *never* doubt.”

“Indeed you may doubt. You may doubt your conversion. You may doubt whether there is any such thing as conversion. You may doubt the truth of the Bible. You may doubt the existence of God.”

Horry looked at his friend in amazement, and said :

“Mr. Bonhom, what do you mean?”

“I mean just what I have said, and repeat that caution, *WATCH!*”

“Mr. Bonhom, you astonish me!”

“Colonel Thurston, I am aware of it.”

“Pardon me, *Brother* Bonhom,” said Horry, coloring slightly; “I have never been accustomed to address my Christian friends with the fraternal appellation; but, if I omit it in future, you may know that, from the force of habit, I shall have forgotten it. Nothing, I know, can be more beautiful and appropriate than the use of that epithet among those who are children of the same great Father, and members of the same spiritual family.”

“Then you are not wounded, I trust.”

“No, indeed! I feel too sensibly the justice of your rebuke.”

“Nor did you yield to the temptation.”

“What temptation?”

“Do you not know that some persons cannot bear to be corrected for a fault without getting angry?”

“Surely no Christian would ever yield to so gross an infirmity.”

"Indeed, true Christians often do yield to such infirmities ; but I am glad that you are proof against it. Neither did you doubt."

"Doubt what ?"

"My brotherly love."

"No, nor will I ever doubt that," said Horry, emphatically.

"Take as good care, then, never to distrust the love of Christ, *your elder Brother*, nor the love of God, your heavenly Father."

"Brother Bonhom, how can you imagine that I will ever doubt ? I have never even been tempted to doubt the goodness of God, nor the truth of His Word. How can I now, since it has pleased Him to reveal His Son in me ? I have studied natural theology, and have seen the miserable arguments of the atheist completely refuted ; I have studied the evidences of Christianity, and have grappled with the deep subtleties of Hume ; I have analyzed his great syllogism concerning miracles, and detected his ingenious *petitio principii* ; I have read the specious reflections of Volney, and perused the dry metaphysics of Germany ; and I have found none of their arguments able to stand the test of logic and Biblical criticism. And now, since Faith has lent her realizing light, how impious and absurd do all infidel objections appear !"

Some one knocked at the door. Mr. Bonhom opened, and a servant handed him a note for Horry :

"Colonel Thurston will please call at the hotel, at ten o'clock. I have some business of importance to transact with him privately.

"A. PLUMMER."

"Who is A. Plummer?" asked Horry.

"I don't know any one about here by that name," answered Mr. Bonhom.

Horry looked at his watch, and, seeing that it lacked but five minutes of ten, retired. The religious meeting was protracted, and he met the people going toward the church as he walked to the hotel. A stranger met him on the veranda, and drew him aside.

"I have some old claims here against your father, Colonel Thurston."

"I know of none," said Horry. "I settled all my father's debts before I left Temple Vale, eight years ago. You seem to be a stranger, sir, but if you can convince me that my father died in your debt, you shall be paid."

"I know that you are under no obligation to pay the debt," said the man. "Yet I doubt not you would feel yourself inclined to relieve a poor man who lost so much by your father. I trusted him with merchandise and family groceries when you were a small lad. I indulged him when he was oppressed by others, still relying upon his honor to pay me whenever he got able. He was an honest man, but never recovered from his misfortunes so as to be able to pay me. I could afford to lose the sum then, but, now that I have met with sad reverses myself, I am in need of the money."

"What is the amount?" asked Horry.

"The accounts were originally six hundred dollars. I am willing, however, to discount them to you at a reasonable rate."

"You shall not discount them to me," said Horry, with dignity. "You need not suppose that, because they cannot now be collected by law, they shall remain

unpaid. Convince me of the equity of your claims, and they shall be paid, both principal and interest."

" You shall be satisfied, Colonel Thurston, of the justice of the claims."

" My father seldom contracted debts, sir. I was very careful, as I thought, to settle up every dollar that he owed. I look upon this as a very singular affair, sir."

" I can show you my books, and, if necessary, prove the accounts by my clerk."

" Well, let me see the books," said Horry.

" Certainly, certainly, sir ; step this way."

They walked to the back-room of the store once occupied by Nick Brown. The stores and shops were all closed, and no one was to be seen in the streets. The people had all gone to the church. As soon as they entered the room they saw a man occupying a seat, with a newspaper opened before his eyes.

" Norman," said the man who had been talking with Horry, " get my old books."

The person addressed laid aside his paper, went to a desk, and drew forth a couple of books.

" Find the name of Garland Thurston on the ledger there, Norman, and I'll turn to the pages on the journal."

" These items," said Horry, " I know are such as the family bought and used ; but how will you convince me, sir, that my father did not pay these accounts ?"

" I hope you do not mean to impugn my honor ?" said the man, with an air of offended dignity.

" Not at all, sir," said Horry. " This is a business transaction, and must be settled in a business-like manner. I do not know you ; I never heard of you before. Nevertheless, I mean to cast no reflections ; only con-

vince me that my father did not pay you these accounts, and you shall have your money."

"Well, if I must, I must ; so follow me, and you shall be convinced."

They walked to a law-office across the street.

"Mr. Simmons, let me see those old *fi. fas.* against Garland Thurston."

The person addressed was a small, dark-eyed, shrewd-looking man, who, with a shrug of the shoulders, and looking askance at Horry, said :

"Garland Thurston, Garland Thurston. Ah, yes ! long time ago—out of date—lost ball, no doubt, Mr. Plummer. Past the statute of limitation—no renewal. Well, well, where are they ? Let me think a little."

Here Mr. Simmons stood for some moments, with his right hand placed on his forehead, straining his brain to recollect the depository of the old papers. At length, as if suddenly recollecting it, he said :

"Well, they must be among some of these old files," and, reaching to an upper shelf, he took down a package of dusty papers. "Yes, here they are," and he threw a couple of *fi. fas.* on a table. Horry took them, and seeing that they were executed in due form, and were without credits, said :

"I am satisfied. Count the interest on them up to date."

Mr. Plummer figured a while, and said :

"Principal, six hundred dollars—with interest seven years, three months, and fifteen days, at eight per cent. —total of principal and interest, nine hundred and fifty dollars."

Horry counted the money upon the table, marked the executions "satisfied in full," and got Mr. Plum-

mer to sign his name to the receipt. He then proceeded to the church.

In the afternoon he called at the clerk's office to file the executions. After looking over the books, they could find no such judgments on them as the *fi. fas.* represented. The clerk looked at the papers, and pronounced them *forgesies*. Horry charged him to say nothing to any one about the matter, and proceeded to the hotel. He asked the clerk at the hotel :

“Where is Mr. Plummer?”

“Who, sir?”

“Mr. Plummer.”

“No one here of that name, sir.”

“Do you know any one of that name?”

“No, sir.”

He went to the law-office, and found a young man within.

“Where is Mr. Simmons, sir?”

“No one by the name of Simmons lives in this village or county, Colonel Thurston.”

“Whose office is this?”

“It belongs to William Crosby, Esq., sir; but he is absent now. He is gone to L—— Court.”

“How long has he been gone?”

“He left a week ago last Saturday, sir.”

“Do you know a man by the name of Norman?”

“No, sir.”

Horry was now convinced that he had been the victim of a consummate scheme of fraud. It was a bold scheme, and must have been perpetrated by persons who assumed names for the occasion, and who were well acquainted with the history of the Thurstons. It rested for its success chiefly upon two circumstances

—the time when nearly everybody was gone to church, and the known principles of honor in the breast of Horry. They had anticipated every objection that could possibly arise in his mind, and succeeded to their entire satisfaction. Thus the children of darkness are sometimes wiser in their generation than the children of light.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THROUGH TRIBULATIONS DEEP.

HORRY communicated to Mr. Bonhom the facts connected with the fraud which had been practised upon him, and they concluded to keep the affair a secret, lest, by getting up a counter excitement, the interests of the meeting then in progress might be damaged. On the following morning Horry arose from his bed considerably depressed in spirit. He fell on his knees by his bedside, and endeavored to obtain relief in prayer. He arose in a few minutes with horror depicted on his countenance.

“Where now is my peace?” he asked himself. “What has robbed me of my joy? Oh, where now are the confidence and the exultant hope which filled my soul yesterday morning? Ah yes! I see now: it is all feeling, *mere feeling*—all enthusiasm. Fool that I was, to be so deluded! Yet, I know it was all according to the teaching of the Scriptures. All the joy, all the rapture, all the triumph, all the exhilarating hope which I experienced, are clearly promised in the Bible to the children of God. But am I not a child of God? Why, then, am I deprived of my confidence and joy? Why am I distressed—left to this utter desolation and estrangement from my God? What have I done?”

Here he sat down and rested his elbow upon one knee, and his head on the palm of his hand. He spent some minutes in silent prayer and self-examination. Rising, at length, he paced the floor from side to side with rapid steps and haggard looks.

“Yes, yes, yes,” he muttered to himself ; “that is it ! that is it ! I know it, I feel it. That affair has had power to dispel all my joy and all my confidence. Two months ago such an event could hardly have ruffled my spirit for a moment ; now it banishes in a moment the richest consolation, the sublimest rapture, the holiest enjoyment, my soul ever tasted. Is it possible that such emotions are at the mercy of circumstances so trivial ? Then it cannot be religion—it *cannot* be religion. Gone ! gone in a moment ! Evanescing as the morning cloud and the early dew ! O fitful, unsubstantial vision of happiness ! This is a genuine characteristic of delusion. And have I been so unfortunate as to surrender a rational religion—a religion of *fixed principles*, principles as stable as the pillars of heaven, for one of mere emotion ? Away with it ! I will return to the ground whence I shall never be shaken. I occupied it for fourteen years, and sustained an irreproachable character. But—”

Here he paused as if he was startled by the presentation of a new suggestion. After standing for a few minutes with the air and attitude of profound abstraction, he continued :

“But if I am deluded, others are too ; and, O Heaven, what multitudes ! Among them were those I loved the most ; among them are the best that are now living. All deluded ? *All* ? If so, the Bible inculcates that delusion. If this be false, then has God not

spoken to man save in the volume of nature. To him let me turn. Hitherto I have looked at it through the media of reason and revelation combined. Let me for a moment dispense with the latter. But where shall I begin ? It is clear that natural theology, so called, has borrowed its finest conceptions of Deity from the Bible. Well, then, as for Socrates, Plato, Zoroaster, Confucius : they understood not the teaching of the book of nature. What mystery—what contradictions—what perplexities—what absurdities. All is dark, hidden, incomprehensible. What, then, after all, if the whole universe itself be the self-existent and eternal principle ? What if we might trace sequent to antecedent through a *never-beginning* series, and antecedent to sequent, *ad infinitum*, through a *never-ending* series. That would be fate, wouldn't it ? Yes, mere blind, unthinking necessity. O mysterious Being,! incomprehensible Essence ! But whence, O rational Principle—Mind—Thought—Spirit—whence art thou ? By what chain of antecedents shall we reach THY BEING, THY POWER ?”

Here a servant entered Horry's apartment, and asked :

“ Will you have your breakfast sent up, sir ?”

“ No,” he answered ; “ I do not wish any breakfast ; let me not be disturbed.”

Two hours later Mr. Bonhom entered and found him stretched out full length with his face to the floor. Seeing that he had been weeping, and that the floor was wet with his tears, he took him gently by the hand, and asked :

“ Are you ill, Brother Thurston ?”

“ I am not sick,” answered Horry ; “ but retire and leave me to myself.”

“Are you conscious of guilt? are you laboring under a sense of condemnation?”

“Yes, indeed; I am verily most guilty; I am condemned to never-ending woe!”

“Have you sinned, Brother Thurston?”

“Sinned! Yes, a sin that is unto death—the sin against the Holy Ghost! The sin that *cannot be forgiven*, neither in time nor eternity.”

Mr. Bonhom groaned in spirit and remained silent for several minutes. After a while he asked:

“Will you trust me with a confession of that enormous sin?”

“O thou man of God! leave me. I am undone. I am the most guilty, the most ungrateful, the most miserable creature on the earth. I have given way to the most wicked thoughts and feelings.”

“And what are these thoughts and feelings? Give me some idea of their nature.”

“Well,” said Horry, rising partly up, “I suffered myself to indulge some degree of anger toward the wicked men who deceived me yesterday. It was not so much, I find, after closely analyzing my feelings, on account of the loss of my money as on account of my wounded pride, in becoming the dupe of such a scheme of villainy.”

“And is that the sin that is unto death? Did I not tell you that self-reliance was your fault, and that you must watch against it? You did not believe you could be duped; and now you are cast down and think yourself destroyed, because you have after all only discovered that you had a weak point.”

“O sir, I have sinned worse than that—I have doubted the reality of the change I experienced the other day.”

"And is *that* the sin against the Holy Ghost? If so, I committed it long ago myself."

"But I have gone so far as to question the truth of the Bible."

"And that, I suppose, is the sin that can never be forgiven, neither in time nor eternity?"

"Sir," said Horry, "it does not appear to me to be at all reasonable that a wretch so ungrateful, so impious, so hell-deserving, can ever obtain forgiveness. But, great as are those sins, my crime is aggravated a thousand fold by denying the existence of God."

"*Denying* the existence of God! *denying*, do you say?"

"Yes," answered Horry; "for the first time in my life I have fallen into universal skepticism."

"But, Brother Thurston, did I not warn you? Did I not tell you that you would doubt, and did I not caution you to watch?"

"O sir, leave me, I am lost, ruined, forever undone. Let me perish in my desperate crime!"

"And will it afford you any pleasure to know that God will vindicate himself, and that He will be glorified in your destruction?"

"I will praise Him in the deepest hell!"

"Then, believe me, brother, hell will be no hell to you. Rise and shake off this delusion. You have been laboring under a horrible temptation. Now let me ask, Did you really *intend* or desire to do any of the things whereof you accuse yourself so bitterly? Did you *intend* to question the reality of your experience? did you *intend* to question the truth of the Bible? did you *intend* to deny the existence of God?"

"Since I did those things, sir, I must have intended

them. I could not have done them unless I had been prompted by a wicked heart."

"*Done them!* You have done nothing. You have only *thought*, and the thought itself was a temptation, a suggestion of the devil. What could induce you to deny the miracles of the Saviour, the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost bestowed on the apostles—or to attribute them to the agency of Satan?"

"Not all the wealth nor power of this world; not to save myself from the agonies of death; not, even if it were possible, to save my own soul from perdition."

"Well, unless you do something of this nature, you will never commit the sin against the Holy Ghost."

"And do you suppose it is possible, Brother Bonhom, for one who has enjoyed so much religious instruction as I have, and especially one who has been the subject of such a gracious influence, to obtain forgiveness for doubting God's truth?"

"Why, sir, you have committed no sin at all by such doubts. They are only the suggestions of an evil spirit. They are thoughts, *only thoughts*. The very intensity of your religious belief, the ardor of your religious affections, lay you open to perplexity and trouble when such thoughts are suggested. This experience, though painful and horrible for a time, will ever plant in your bosom an immovable assurance of your sincerity. Your faith *must* be tried; it is a law of the spiritual life. Your Christian graces must be tested, refined, perfected in the furnace of temptation, as gold is purified in the fire. The examples of all the saints of old, as well as the experience of Christians in all ages, prove that it is sometimes *needful to be in heaviness through manifold temptations.*"

“But this does not prove that it is *needful* to commit sin ; and I know that I have committed sin by the indulgence of wrong tempers.”

“No, you have not *committed* sin, because you *did not indulge* the tempers. Did you wish any mischief to befall the men who wronged you ?”

“Oh, no ; far from it. I was angry, I tell you, less at what the men had done than at myself. I had always considered myself too discerning of human character to suffer myself imposed upon. It was my pride, you see—”

“Your self-reliance, your confidence in your own discernment. Well, sir, the occasion has not betrayed you into the *commission* of sin ; it has only *discovered* to you pre-existing infirmities. Such discoveries of yourself you will be making continually as you grow in grace. Your humiliation and self-reproach at the discovery of *imperfections* within you, you have taken for the *commission* of sin, for the contracting of fresh guilt, for condemnation. But there is *no* condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Their seed remaineth in them, and they *cannot commit* sin (that is, while it remaineth), because they are born of God. Your present experience only shows this, that there is *indwelling* sin, that you are not yet *entirely sanctified*, that there are *roots of bitterness* yet within you, that they are ready on certain occasions to spring up and *give you trouble*. This will be the case, more or less, until you are *made perfect in love*, until you experience *full redemption*.”

“I feel much relieved, yea comforted, greatly comforted, Brother Bonhom, by your words. I know every word is according to the truth as it is in Jesus ;

but you have just used expressions which I wish you to explain more fully. I thought the other day that I had already experienced *perfect love*, that I had already obtained *full redemption*."

"That error, doubtless, helped to bring on your trouble and perplexity. It is a very common error. Experience corrects it sooner or later. But this is a severe *schoolmaster*. Your first disciplining under his rod will not be easily forgotten. You will remember the *smart*. But as for the doctrine of *perfect love*, or *full redemption*, as it is sometimes (though I think improperly) called, I will touch on that topic at another time. Let me first direct your attention to the steps by which you may recover your peace."

"That, thank God, I have already recovered, Brother Bonhom. I see now I have been laboring under a temptation. I feel happy just now. O brother, I am unspeakably happy! I feel it! I feel it through all the powers of my soul! God *is* love! Never did I imagine that such rapturous bliss could be felt on earth! Oh, the beauty, the glory, the transcendent loveliness of Jesus! Oh, bless the Lord with me, my friend, and let us praise His name forever!"

Folded in each other's arms, they wept and rejoiced together.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE MELEE.

FROM the time that Horry had secured the acquittal of Alfred Gordon, his outer life had been one constant ovation. Ambitious as he had been from his very childhood to achieve distinction and win a name, we see how he had become disgusted with that very applause which he had been so anxious to receive. The Fourth of July came, and, according to the arrangements of the citizens, a great "barbecue" was given in honor of his return. He was lauded, and flattered, and feasted. He delivered an address, and was applauded as a hero and an orator. But amid it all, while he was calm, joyful, happy in spirit, he felt more than ever the vanity of earthly pomp and glory. He felt that there was a higher and a nobler life, and all his soul was athirst for the "honor which cometh from God only."

During the protracted meeting, which lasted for two weeks, he and his friend Bonhom were thrown together every day. They conversed together on all the topics of Christian experience which we have mentioned in this narrative. Their interviews were private, and the changes that had been going on in the mind of Horry were known only to himself and his friend. True, he took a deep interest in the religious exercises, mani-

fested zeal in helping inquirers into the "good and right way," and sometimes his countenance betrayed the fountains of rapturous joy which welled up within him. His example tended to encourage many to seek their soul's welfare. But to those who knew him in his boyhood his religious devotion did not appear strange or unnatural. After the meeting closed he sent to N—, had his library removed to Temple Vale, and commenced again the study of law. He did this partly at the suggestion of Mr. Bonhom, and partly because he was in need of funds. The money he had laid up while he was with Mr. Grantland had been mostly spent in defraying his expenses while he was a student of law, and in the purchase of a library. His travelling expenses, after he left the army, and the sum he had lost by the three sharpers, *Plummer, Norman, and Simmons*, left him with only about forty dollars.

About the middle of July Mr. Bonhom returned to Temple Vale to meet the trustees of the academy, in order to elect a teacher for the remainder of the year. The first night after his arrival he spent with Horry, in his room at the hotel. They sat up till a late hour, engaged in conversation.

"I find it utterly impossible to pursue my profession any longer, Brother Bonhom, and have abandoned it entirely."

"And what will you do now?"

"I have surrendered myself entirely into the hands of God, determined to do His will in all things."

"Then you have found the *secret place of the Most High*, and now *abide under the shadow of the Almighty*. In other words, you have experienced *perfect love*, and now have the *mind that was in Christ Jesus*."

"I trust so, at least in a good degree. I do, indeed, thirst for full salvation, and long to *continue in the highway of holiness.*"

"And, now that you have entered therein, are you going to do nothing? Are you about to become an *enthusiast*, and abandon every pursuit? Will you forget that, while you are to be *fervent in spirit*, you are likewise to be *diligent in business?*"

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Horry.

"Why, then, abandon your profession? why lay aside your business? You must follow *some* calling—you will not become a drone in society?"

"I can trust you, my reverend friend, fully with a detail of my mental exercises, because I know you can fully appreciate all that I shall say, and can understand what is *hard to be understood*—at least by all who are not versed in the deep things of the Spirit."

"Brother Thurston, you may confide in me fully, for I am *your friend.*"

"When I parted from my dear mother, to whom, under God, I am indebted for all that I am and all that I ever hope to be, she said to me, under a presentiment of her approaching dissolution: 'If the happy spirits of the bright world to which I go are permitted to revisit this earthly ball, *I will come to you.*' Now, sir, I have often *felt* that she was near me. I have often thought that she was my *guardian angel*. I have often persuaded myself that she preserved me from yielding to the influence of ungodly example. The capabilities of the disembodied spirit, the spirit of a *just* person made *perfect*, must be not only immeasurably above what they were while that spirit was *encumbered* with this mortal coil, but infinitely above all

our conceptions of them. Is it unreasonable, then, to suppose that the spirit of a sainted mother in paradise may not only see and know the child she has left behind her, but be concerned for its spiritual welfare? If the angels—those who never fell from their original state of rectitude and felicity, and consequently cannot sympathize with weak and sinning mortals—are ministering spirits, sent to minister unto the heirs of salvation, why may we not suppose that those spirits who are redeemed from earth and sin, who have entered into Abraham's bosom, may not also be permitted to return, and, in moments of peril, or seasons of grief or perplexity, minister to the relief of those whom they loved on earth? At any rate, it is a doctrine very full of comfort, and does not appear to be contrary to the teachings of the Bible, but rather consistent with them. Keep this in your mind, now, while I narrate my experience since we were last together.

"I had no sooner sent for my law-books, and resumed my studies, than I discerned that I had entirely lost my relish for them. I was calm, happy, joyful, from day to day. The particular business which brought me to this place, you know, was to search among my father's papers for something that might give me a clue to get on track of my lost sister. The box containing these papers was left by my brother at Mrs. Paul's. After searching thoroughly we have been unable to find that box. I am certain that my sister lives, that she is unhappy, and feels the need of a brother's sympathy, if not a *brother's protection*. The particulars of her history, and that of my family, I have not yet told you; but let that pass for a more suitable opportunity. As I said, I was happy, but

could not study. I read one book through, and could remember but little of its contents—could grasp none of its principles. I commenced it again, determined to *force* myself to the task. But it was all in vain. I felt intensely disgusted with the study and with the profession. A feeling of dissatisfaction and disquietude gradually grew on me. My peace departed, and a feeling of unutterable desolation came over me. I prayed and agonized, but still the horrible feeling remained.

“One night while I was on my knees, here in my room, a thought, *one single* thought, suddenly started in my mind. It was not brought up by the preceding train of thoughts. I was startled, trembled, and rose from my knees with a sensation of horror. I remembered my painful experience on a former occasion, and feared it was a temptation. I thought it *discovered* to me another phase of my character, and that a lingering desire for human applause would presumptuously array itself in the livery of heaven to gain achievements upon a *new field of action*. I remembered the doctrine of the *expulsive power of a new affection*. To this I instantly attributed all my aversion to the law. I determined to return to it, and with all the resources of my intellect, and all the energy of my will, and with all the perseverance of constancy to master that aversion. In short, I felt willing to take it as *my cross*, to bear it, to be crushed by the double load of aversion and incessant effort.

“I returned to my herculean task—for such it became indeed—and labored for another week. It was vain. During that time I never bent the knee in prayer but the appalling thought presented itself. At length I became *afraid* to pray. One night I got in

bed without offering a prayer to God. I was so fearful that the dreadful spectre—for so it now seemed—would present itself. I remembered immediately that it was the first time, since my earliest recollection, that I had gone to bed without praying. I resolved to brave all consequences. With my heart full of reproach, I leaped out of bed, and fell on my knees. The horrible *temptation* did not present itself. In a moment I was filled with joy and peace unutterable. I rejoiced for hours in ecstasy indescribable. At last I returned to bed, but could not sleep. Presently an impression so distinct that it seemed like an audible voice—though I knew it was not—came upon my heart in these words : ‘*Rise, give thyself entirely to God, and He will lead thee in a way thou hast not known.*’ It was the echo of my mother’s words coming to my mind across the lapse of ten years. I instantly obeyed the suggestion. Rising from my bed I fell upon my knees. I did not pray, but with my whole heart fixed in one inflexible purpose, so intense, so earnest, so entirely, that no human language can express it, *I gave myself to God.* The blessing which then descended upon my soul, compared with all that I had ever before enjoyed, was as the glory of the noonday sun compared with the milder light of the moon and stars. Instantly, the thought that I had so long dreaded presented itself, and *I felt no fear*, but answered from the depths of my heart, which I felt was entirely consecrated : ‘*Yes, Lord, I will do it ; I will preach Thy everlasting Gospel !*’ From that moment to this I have loved my God with *all my heart.*’

Mr. Bonhom proposed the name of Horry before the board of trustees, and he was elected to fill the place of teacher for the balance of that year.

Great was the sensation among the villagers when it was ascertained that he had consented to become a *school teacher*. His warmest admirers expressed, not only surprise, but mortification and disappointment. "Why," they asked one another, "should he abandon a profession in which he had already won such laurels ? Why, after achieving such distinction on the field of battle, should he now consent to become a pedagogue ?" A great change, in a very short time, took place in the minds of that very populace that had so recently bestowed upon him such exalted honors. Many of them began to give outward expression to their sentiments. Laudation soon changed into abuse. One seemed to vie with another, in their endeavors to pluck every flower from that fair garland which, in their vanity, they imagined *they* had helped to weave around his brow. They denounced him as fickle, vacillating, and unworthy the honors which had been heaped upon him. Some who had utterly disgusted Horry by their sycophant adulation, now, with wise shrugs of the shoulders, intimated that *they knew* something was wrong or he wouldn't so readily relinquish his blushing honors. *They* had had their suspicions all the time. Now envy began openly to rejoice over him. One expressed a doubt whether there had ever been such a case as the State *versus* Gordon ; another had "*capital*" doubts whether any such battle as the "Great Prairie" had ever been fought. Now the rumor spread from person to person, from house to house, through the hills and valleys, that Horry Thurston was an *impostor*—that he had pretended to be a lawyer, and to have achieved wonders at the bar—that he had represented himself as *having* been a colonel in the army, and had gained a

great victory over the Indians in Florida. Parents talked before their children, and insubordination appeared in the school-room. As Wesley Paul walked along the streets he heard the people, in nearly every group, talking against Horry. With cheeks burning with indignation, he went to Horry and told him all he had heard.

“ Go, Colonel Thurston, go at once, and silence this rabble.”

“ Wesley,” said Horry, “ I have committed my reputation into the hands of God. I have learned that reputation which depends for its stability upon the breath of a stupid multitude, is the most unsatisfying, the most contemptible of all bubbles.”

“ But you owe it to yourself, Colonel Thurston, and to your friends, who still feel the deepest interest in your welfare, to arrest the progress of these slanders.”

“ Wesley, I would not spend a breath in contradicting those slanderers. Let them go on ; they will soon exhaust their impotent rage, and I shall be none the worse off in the end. Falsehood is of short duration, and will soon fail ; but truth is eternal, and no weapon drawn against it will prosper.”

“ But you are likely to have trouble in the school-room. Dave Brown, who, in a drunken fit, walked from one end of the street to the other cursing and denouncing you, has sworn that his brother Tom shall insult you openly in the school-room.”

“ Very well, Wesley, I can only say, as did Colonel Taylor of the bold Aviaka, ‘ I’ll anticipate his humor.’ ”

Horry carried his love of order into the schoolroom. He had some difficulty at first in establishing his plan.

of discipline ; but he succeeded in a few weeks, so that it worked with the order and precision of a military drill. Tom Brown and five or six of the larger boys had entered into a plot to raise the standard of revolt. Accordingly, the day after Horry had received a hint of it from Wesley Paul, Tom attempted to execute his purpose.

“Come forward, Thomas Brown.”

With an air of affected disdain, the youth stepped forward and confronted his teacher.

“You have violated one of my rules,” said Horry, calmly, yet sternly.

“Well, what if I have ?” said Tom, and he turned his head and laughed at his accomplices. The words had not more than escaped his lips, however, when Horry took him by the arm. Just then five of the larger boys arose to their feet. Horry turned upon them such a look as caused them to hesitate.

“*Take your seats in an instant!*”

These words were uttered in a tone, and with such an aspect, as caused them all to drop on their seats as if they had been shot. The culprit, perceiving that his abettors had abandoned him, stood in the firm grasp of his teacher, trembling from head to foot. Horry drew him out into the middle of the room, and, before the eyes of all his scholars, inflicted about twenty stripes upon his body, and laid them on pretty well.

“Now, Thomas,” said he—without the slightest alteration from his usual manner, or in the tones of his voice—“take your hat, get your books, and go home.” Then, turning to the school, he continued : “Thomas Brown, for violating one of the rules of my school, has been punished corporally ; for insulting his teacher, I *spel* him.”

He then called the five who had risen from their seats to come before him. They all made confession that they had been drawn into the plot by Tom Brown and his brother Dave, acknowledged their fault, and promised undeviating obedience for the future. On these conditions they were forgiven.

This occurrence took place on Tuesday morning, about six weeks after the opening of the school. The superior court was then in session at Temple Vale. In the afternoon Horry was seated on the veranda at the hotel, when Wesley Paul, in a two-horse wagon, drove up, and stopped in front of him. Horry went out to speak to and shake hands with his young friend. Just as he extended his hand, his hat was knocked off by a violent blow on the back of the head. Wesley, who was a very stout and strong young man, instead of taking Horry's hand, leaped from the wagon, and grasped the throat of Dave Brown, just as he was about to repeat his blow. Horry caught him in his arms, and separated him from Brown. In a second, Wesley flew to the front part of his wagon, drew forth an axe, with a handle about fifteen inches long, and in another moment the head of Dave Brown would have been split in twain, if Horry had not grasped Wesley round the waist, and forced him back against the wagon. Locking his arms firmly around the wagon-post, he held Wesley fast, while his assailant kept his distance for fear of the axe.

Six drunken rowdies now emerged from a grocery in the neighborhood, who, with terrible yells and horrid imprecations, rushed up to assist Dave. Some of Horry's friends came up, also, and begged him to let Wesley go.

"Not for the world!" he answered; "not for the world shall any blood be spilt on my account. Let them shed mine if they wish, but not one drop must my friends shed on my account."

Wesley, with an aspect of terrible fury, still flourished his formidable weapon, and dared them to approach. Afraid to venture nigh enough to strike, they gave vent to their rage by cursing, swearing, leaping into the air, smiting their fists together, and heaping every vile and slanderous epithet they could think of upon the head of Horry. Thus, on the very spot where, two months ago, the multitude made the welkin ring with shouts of laudation, the same people made it ring again with imprecations upon their hero. This is worldly honor! this is glory! this is renown! The words of Horry were prophetic. They did, with only a slight change of circumstances, denounce him with as much enthusiasm as they once proclaimed him a hero and a demigod. But, amid it all, Horry stood, with unruffled spirit, holding his friend until his passion should wear off.

The noise of the tumult reached the court-house, and the sheriff came with his *posse*, and arrested all who were concerned in the *mélée*. It soon appeared, from the testimony of bystanders, that Horry and Wesley were not to blame, and they were discharged from custody; but the seven rowdies were sent to prison. The following day, one of them was tried, and severely fined. The day succeeding his trial, the other six gave bail, and were discharged from prison. As soon as they were set at liberty, they came in a body to Horry, to beg his pardon, and to beseech him to defend them before *the jury*.

"I cannot do it," said Horry ; "I am not engaged in the practice of law."

Wesley Paul drew him aside, and said :

"Now, Colonel Thurston, is your time to vindicate your injured reputation. I would, indeed, be heartily glad to see every one of the rascals punished, and I really think it would do them good. But it is such an excellent opportunity for you to display your talents, that I am sure I shall be a thousand times gladder to see them escape, if you will undertake to defend them."

"It cannot be, Wesley ; but allow me to suggest—*now is your time.*"

"For what, Colonel Thurston ?"

"To display the magnanimity that dwelt in your father, for I am sure you have inherited it."

"How ?"

"Do you not know that you are the prosecutor ?"

"I the prosecutor !"

"To be sure ; you were summoned before the grand jury for this purpose. Now, go back to those men ; accept their apology ; tell them I forgive them ; do the same for yourself ; and tell them to give themselves no further trouble—that the prosecution shall be stopped."

"I'll do it at once," said Wesley ; and he did it. He told the men to go, and to be careful to behave themselves in future. With many thanks, they all departed—all but Dave Brown. He remained, with the big tears trickling down his cheeks.

"What is the matter ?" asked Horry.

"I have been a very bad man, sir, and you have been very kind to me."

"Well, go," said Horry, "and do better for the time to come. Remember what has brought you to your low condition. Abandon the use of ardent spirits, and you will not be likely to get into similar difficulties."

"I shall never forget you," said the poor man, "for your kindness and good advice."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FIRST SERMON, AND ITS FRUIT.

THE last quarterly meeting for the Temple Vale circuit, for the year, was held at a church in Parson Dale's neighborhood. Horry, having been duly "recommended by the society of which he was a member," was licensed to preach. Mr. Bonhom appointed him to preach on Sunday night of the quarterly meeting. For the first time in his life he ascended the pulpit, being in the twenty-sixth year of his age. His text was :

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?"

He made no attempt to explain the nature and properties of the soul ; but simply illustrated its existence by some of the most familiar facts in human experience. He then proceeded to set forth the exalted powers of the soul, by referring to the achievements of the human mind in the various fields of discovery, invention, art, and science.

He did not seem to soar above the comprehension of his hearers, nor illustrate by facts beyond the range of their knowledge. Now he ascends on an easy line of thought, conducting the minds of his auditors along

with him, and surveys the moral and spiritual susceptibilities of the soul. Warming as he ascended, his language simple, chaste, and elegant, but all aglow with the intense fervor of his soul, he bore his hearers aloft upon the strong current of his eloquence. Now, with epigrammatic force, he dwelt upon the capabilities of man as an accountable subject of God's moral government. With heightened pathos he dwelt upon the soul as a deathless principle, capable of conscious existence apart from the body. Again he kindled into a sublime ardor, and the tones of his voice rung with a musical cadence, and seemed to linger, while, at intervals, as he was impelled by the genius of his nature, he paused for the sound to ring, like the bell-tone, upon the evening air. The effect of this tremulous cadence was indescribably thrilling. Now he carries the deathless principle into the presence of the INVISIBLE. Leaving the glorified spirit amid the august multitude of adoring millions, in their supernal abode, he turns to trace the opposite idea. The deathless principle is seen now sinking away from those regions of immortal bliss. Down, down, down it sinks through ever-thickening gloom, oppressed with one everlasting thought, one overwhelming consciousness—*driven away from God!* “This,” he exclaimed, “is the loss of the soul! Banished! banished from God—from all that is good, from all that is lovely in the universe! To be a wanderer, without father, without mother, without home, without friend—cursed—yea, cursed with *everlasting orphanage!* Oh! what can compensate for the loss of the soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

Now he descended on easy wing, and expatiated on

the things of the world—its riches, honors, power, pomp, pride, luxury, and pleasures. Now his fancy dallies with the golden toys of earth ; now with the crowns and sceptres of royalty. Now it soars to the dazzling pinnacle of fame ; now to the halls of splendor, beauty, and sensual delight. “ Oh, how utterly vain ! ” he exclaimed ; “ how utterly unsatisfying is the world ! ”

His voice sinks to a gentle, melodious tone. Still it is pathetic and thrilling, and with subduing tenderness he touches on his own experience. He had sought the world, he had lusted for its fleeting riches, and its unsubstantial honors. He had sought happiness in applause and deathless renown, and had found them all an empty bubble. After narrating some of the incidents of his recent experience, he quoted the hymn :

“ People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found ;
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.”

The effect of this discourse was indescribable. Horry sat down, completely overcome by his emotions. Mr. Bonhom rose, clapping his hands, shouting “ Glory to God ! ” and invited mourners to the altar. It was crowded in a few minutes, and the scene which followed was such as, doubtless, the reader of these pages has often witnessed.

Now good old Parson Dale, with tears streaming from his eyes, his gray locks falling about his shoulders, bounded up into the pulpit with the sprightliness

of boyhood, and, clasping Horry in his arms, exclaimed :

“ Glory be to God ! I have seen the day when the boy of Betsy Thurston has preached the Gospel in my hearing. I told her so, Horry, I told your sainted mother before she died, that I expected one day to hear you preach. Go on, my noble Horry ; be a workman that need not to be ashamed.”

Horry sunk down at the old man’s feet, and remained upon his knees until some one laid a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up, and Mr. Bonhom said :

“ Go down into the altar, there is a man there who wishes to see you.”

“ Who is he ?”

“ I don’t know ; but follow me, I’ll point him out to you.”

Horry followed him until they came to a man who had his face concealed by his pocket handkerchief. He was kneeling at a bench, and his whole frame shook with terror.

“ Can I do anything to aid you, my friend ?” asked Horry.

“ Oh, sir, pray for me,” sobbed the man ; “ pray for me. I have been a very bad man, and you have been *so* kind.”

Horry kneeled by his side and offered up a fervent prayer in behalf of the poor penitent. As soon as the prayer was ended the man arose, and clasping Horry in his arms, at the same time removing the handkerchief, displayed the features of Dave Brown !

“ Oh, sir, I thank God ! I thank God ! for He has had mercy on my poor soul. He has forgiven all my *sins*. Ever since you were so kind to me I have been

trying to do better. I found out that you were going to preach here to-night, and I determined to come and hear you. I felt while you were preaching that I was a poor, lost sinner. No God, no father, no home, no friend, a poor orphan in the world. Thank God ! *Thank* the Lord, my poor soul is now happy. I *have* a Father, Jesus is my friend, and I have a home in heaven. Oh, Mr. Thurston, I was very wicked, but you were *so* kind to me ; and now the Lord has pardoned all my sins for Jesus' sake Thank the Lord ! *thank* the Lord !”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

POOR REBECCA.

MR. BONHOM and Horry went home with Parson Dale to spend the night. They occupied the same room that Horry had occupied, with Presiding Elder Groves, nearly eleven years before. The incidents of that memorable night came up so vividly before the mind of Horry that he fell for some time into a train of reflections in regard to his own eventful history. At length he asked Mr. Bonhom if he ever knew Mr. Groves.

“Yes,” said he; “he was for many years the leading member of the Southern Conference, until he fell—”

“Then he’s fallen!” exclaimed Horry.

“Yes, from the *leadership*, but—”

“And Seth Stanly—”

“Has fallen lower still,” said Mr. Bonhom.

“Well, Brother Bonhom, if you are not too much fatigued, please give me a history of these remarkable men.”

“As for Groves,” said Mr. Bonhom, “it would require a volume to give the details of his history. I advise you to postpone all further inquiries concerning him until his biography comes out. The story of poor

Seth, however, is sad and short, as our venerable Brother Dale here, and his poor Rebecca, can testify, to their sorrow. No man would have been a more acceptable suitor for the hand of Rebecca Dale, in the estimation of her excellent parents, than a Methodist preacher of the right stamp. But the good parson had discovered sundry traits of character in Seth which induced him to object to the match between him and Rebecca. What set him against Seth, more than anything else, was the manner in which he treated Mr. Paul, who, you know, was one of the holiest men of his times."

"I remember it well," said Horry; "it was for putting Mr. Paul out of the leadership. It was done in this way: Mr. Groves was influenced by Nick Brown, the father of that young man who was so happily converted to-night, and Mr. Groves influenced Seth Stanly. Nobody knew what he had actually done until after he had left the circuit. It was then ascertained that, in *revising his church record, he had left Mr. Paul out of the leadership.* Mr. Paul not having authority to act any longer as class-leader, and Nick Brown, whom Seth had appointed in his stead, withdrawing from the church soon after, there was no longer any class-meetings in Temple Vale church for about six months. The preacher who succeeded Seth reappointed Mr. Paul. But proceed, Brother Bonhom, with your story."

"Well, as I said, that constituted Parson Dale's chief objection to Seth, and a very good one it was, for it was a cowardly attack upon Mr. Paul, while it showed an unmanly cringing to Groves. Two years after that, Seth Stanly was sent to Bell Mountain circuit, which, you know, joins this, and a young man—

a mere youth, in his first year—was sent to this. Seth managed, through the assistance of this young preacher, to renew his correspondence with Rebecca. During the early part of the summer the young preacher contrived to carry Rebecca to one of his upper appointments. Whether he understood the scheme or not, was never ascertained satisfactorily, but the matter was understood between the lovers, for they met and were married. Rebecca, always, until then, a good and obedient daughter, wrote begging her dear parents' pardon. The kind-hearted father and mother immediately sent for their daughter and her husband. They came, and Rebecca remained at her father's the balance of the year, Seth returning to see her every two weeks, and remaining only a few days at a time.

"The parents soon became satisfied with their son-in-law. His affectionate attentions to his young and lovely wife soon effaced the remembrance of former improprieties. But whatever hopes were thus inspired, they were destined soon to be blasted. At the next Conference charges were preferred against Seth for grossly immoral conduct, by members in good standing in his circuit, who were cognizant of his acts. He was found guilty, and expelled. Disgraced and filled with rage, he returned to his father-in-law's, and put the best face he could on the affair. He denounced the preachers in terms of bitterness, contending that, while some of them were too much prejudiced against him to do him justice, others were full of envy, and were glad to get a *rising and talented preacher out of their way*. He had had difficulties with his accusers, and knew that they were hostile toward him, and had *conspired to ruin him*. Thus he had a doleful account of perse-

cution and wrong to tell good Parson Dale. But it was of no avail. His father-in-law knew the good standing of his accusers, and had too much confidence in the body of ministers composing the Conference, to believe that they would indulge either prejudice or envy to such an extent as to expel an innocent member. Now all his old suspicions of Seth revived, and he could but lament the unhappy fate of his daughter.

“But, as for Rebecca, she had no other thought but that Seth was innocent, and that he had been unjustly dealt with. With that womanly pride and air of injured innocence, which the true wife always displays under such circumstances, she told Seth to *hold up his head, go to work like a man, and show the world who he was.*

“His father-in-law now insisted on his going into business. He offered him a permanent home, with good wages, if he would go to work on the farm. But Seth thought it too degrading for a man of his cloth to be compelled to do farm labor. He lived on Parson Dale, did nothing to make a support for his family, until, finally, the good old man’s patience was quite exhausted. He then told him that he must begin to look out for himself ; and, as for Rebecca, she might remain at his house until Seth had provided a comfortable home and something to live on. But, poor infatuated Rebecca ! instead of listening to the sagacious counsel of her father, she contended that Seth had been unjustly thrust out of his legitimate calling ; *but then he’d show them, that he would.*

“Seth was mortally offended at the plain-dealing of his father-in-law. Going over the river, he looked out for an opening among the Indians that still inhabited

that region of country. He erected a little hut on a hill some fifteen miles from here. In the early part of the autumn, Parson Dale carried Rebecca over, with furniture for their little cabin, and provisions for the year. An affecting incident happened on the way—but, to hasten: what now was to become of poor Rebecca?

“Seth was completely fallen; and his wife discovered that he was beginning to *tipple*. She wept, and entreated him to desist; she urged him again and again, with all the ardor of true affection, to *show the world, and to show the Conference, that he had been persecuted and wronged*. He did show, very soon, what he was. It is said that he *swore*—yes, swore—and swore that he would spite old Dale! Accordingly, he purchased a barrel of whiskey and *set up a retail shop on the highway!* Now he sank into utter ruin. He became a drunkard, and, when the Indians were removed to the West, *he abandoned his wife and child and followed them*. He has never been heard of since.”

“Poor Rebecca!” exclaimed Horry; “and what became of her?”

“She still lives in the little hut on the hilltop. No entreaties of her dear parents can induce her to return to the paternal abode. Whenever they try to persuade her to do so, she replies—‘*Seth will come, he will come back again!*’ Whenever she hears a footfall, she takes her child in her arms, and, running to the door, looks eagerly along the road; when the person passes by she returns into the cottage, saying, with sorrowful aspect, but with hopeful tones: ‘*Seth will come, he will come back again!*’ Whenever her father carries her the necessaries of life—for she will accept of nothing more—and starts back again, she follows him to the door to

say : '*Seth will come, father, he will come back again.*' Thus she lives, and waits, and hopes, from month to month, and from year to year, still saying, by day and by night : '*Seth will come, he will come back again.*' Nor can she bear, to this day, to hear anything said against him."

"Alas ! poor Rebecca !" exclaimed Horry. "What was the incident, Brother Bonhom, that occurred as she was on her way to that miserable home ?"

"It was this: as they were crossing the river at a ford, some miles below the village, the wagon jolted heavily over a big rock near the opposite bank, and Rebecca's child, at that time four or five months old, fell from her lap into the water. Parson Dale had a noble dog that leaped into the river and dragged the child safely ashore. He ever after loved that dog with a peculiar tenderness. But poor Trove—"

"Trove ! Trove ! was his name Trove ?"

"Yes, that was the name of the noble animal."

"And is it possible that it was *Parson Dale* who passed through N—, and called for me ?"

"Yes, I think it was in N—. Well, I remember now, it was N— where he lost his faithful Trove. You know Parson Dale has a fine orchard, and that every winter he carries off his apples to the towns down the country. It was in one of these trading expeditions that he passed through N—, and lost his dog."

Here Horry related the incidents of the "Dog Story" to Mr. Bonhom. Long after his friend had retired to rest did Horry sit up reflecting upon the wonderful incidents of his past history. The fate of Sy Hampton and his wicked associates, the trial of Alfred Gordon, the battle of the "Great Prairie," the end of Whit

Purdis, the tidings of the lost sister, and his engagement with Lizzie, the return to Temple Vale and the various changes through which he had passed, his first sermon, and the remarkable conversion of Dave Brown—seemed all linked in mysterious, inscrutable connection with the incidents of the “Dog Story.” “What apparently trivial incidents,” he said to himself, “often form important links in the chain of one’s being and destiny! All this wonderful train of events seems to hang by a single incident, which is suggested by the name—Trove.”

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

HORRY had been an itinerant minister nine years. Five years of that time he had been the husband of Lizzie Fuller. They were the parents of three small children. During these five years, like Zacharias and Elizabeth of old, they had "walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Never was there a happier little family. Horry loved his wife, his children, his home, if the residence of a travelling preacher, for one or two years, can be dignified with the name of home—but above home, and wife, and children, he loved his God, and the church the great Redeemer bought. He walked in the light. His spirit, conversation, and life, were all heavenly. Over all his character and intercourse a heaven-born charity shed its lustre. But how was it with his reputation, that bubble which, in his youthful days, he had pursued so assiduously? It had not suffered a jot nor tittle in consequence of his walking for nearly ten years in the "highway of holiness." On the contrary, he was famous; his name was illustrious.

That name had been more than once mentioned in connection with the episcopal office; but, whenever it had been mentioned in *his* presence, he entreated that

it might never be mentioned any more. He did not shrink from the task on account of the labor which it imposed, nor yet because of the sacrifices it required. *He was entirely consecrated to God.* But his ideas of the dignity and importance of the episcopal office—of the talents, as well as great sanctity of character, which ought ever to be united with it—caused him to shrink from that exalted responsibility. He had known ministers who, under the most specious pretensions, and with disingenuous affectation of modesty, had sought their own promotion. Not a few of them had set their hearts on the attainment of the “highest” office in the church. Fortunately, none of them *had ever succeeded.* He had studied human nature so thoroughly—had such discernment of character—was so conversant with the passions, weaknesses, and foibles of men—that he became, at times, distrustful of himself. He was ever upon the alert, so that, whenever the subject of his own promotion was even remotely hinted, he began to inquire thoroughly whether the occasion developed any of those *self-discoveries* which had occasioned him so much perplexity and trouble many years before. He was not the man to shrink from the path of duty through fear of the *imputation of improper motives*; but he cultivated the constant habit of meekness and humility. No man could sooner, or more cordially, fold the mantle of charity around the foibles of others; and yet no man could animadvert more faithfully, or more tenderly, upon those grosser infirmities which he deemed worthy of censure.

He had become a writer, not only of religious, but of general literature. He was a contributor to some of the best reviews and magazines in America, and fre-

quently portions of his articles were quoted by the foreign reviews. The great lights of England, Scotland, France, and Germany, reflected those truths which shone out, in unclouded splendor, in his productions. Thus his fame was established upon both continents.

The church in N—— had for many years sent up, annually, a petition for Horry. At last their wishes were gratified, and now we find him and his family pleasantly ensconced in the elegant parsonage in that town.

Mr. Grantland is still the leading merchant. His son Alick is now his partner, and Joseph Winfrey is his chief clerk and book-keeper. He is still the same active, industrious, thriving, enterprising little Yankee. He goes forward with a successful trade, brushing and dusting, picking up pins and nails, instilling wholesome maxims, and doing, now and then, some deeds which cause some hearts to dance for joy. Dr. Marshall is dead, and the Judge, advanced in age, still resides at his old place, loved, respected, and honored by all his fellow-citizens.

The church in which Horry preaches is much larger than the one in which he formerly worshipped; but Sabbath after Sabbath it is crowded with attentive hearers. Horry appears before them as a good shepherd, leading them into green pastures and beside the living waters. His sermons—simple in style, lucid in their expositions of divine truth, rich in the illustrations of Scripture—abound in passages of thrilling eloquence. Now there comes a class of persons who seldom before had frequented a place of worship. They were the young men of Sy Hampton's day, who had been, more or less, affected by his example. Some of

them had been converted under Horry's preaching, and promise to make useful members of the church. Others come and listen, weep, and tremble, but go away to drink and gamble again. They remember well the eloquent voice that plead for the life of Alfred Gordon, and they come to hear its subduing tones as it pleads a nobler cause. Those notes were like the memory of a pleasant dream.

And now we see another class : they come trooping to the Sunday-school, full of life and innocent glee. They are the lambs of his flock. They never see him on the street but they run up, shouting, "Howdy, Brother Horry?" "Howdy, Brother Horry?"—and never leave him without a smile of love, a word of kindness, and blessings on their heads. Thus the aged and the young loved him for his goodness, and they listened to his counsels with seriousness and attention. Faithful was the shepherd, and happy was the flock.

It was the latter part of June. Horry, Lizzie, and the two larger children, were in the parlor at the parsonage.

"Will they come to-day, Horry?"

"Yes, Lizzie, my love, I am expecting them every minute."

"And you never saw her?"

"Never."

"Nor their daughter?"

"No, but I know she is an interesting and an accomplished young lady."

"Not so *very* young, Horry ; she must be, at least, twenty-six or seven, and still unmarried."

"Not quite as old, my dear, as my wife when she ~~as~~ married."

“ But if she had been gone four years to——”

“ Now, my Lizzie, that reminds me of the four years of happiness I lost while you were gone.”

“ But a man with half a million is not apt to fall in love with a woman over twenty-five.”

“ Why, Lizzie, do you think I would recommend her to marry *Moses* Grantland ?”

“ But Moses Grantland has a——”

“ Hush ! there’s the carriage rolling up now.”

Horry and Lizzie both went out to the front gate to receive the company they were expecting.

CHAPTER XL.

SOMETHING ABOUT HEARTS.

“ **W**ELCOME, sweet sister, welcome,” said Lizzie, as she embraced Mrs. Bonhom at the carriage ; “ the wife and daughter of my husband’s dearest friend are ever welcome to the heart and home of his Lizzie.”

“ Dear sister,” said Mrs. Bonhom, “ I have heard George speak of you so often, I have long wished for an opportunity to visit you. He has been anxious for me to come with him on his first visit to N——. Here is our daughter Mary, Sister Thurston.”

“ Welcome, my dear. Come with me into the house ; come, Brother Bonhom—Horry will have the baggage and horses attended to.”

In a few minutes they were all seated in the parlor. Mr. Bonhom was now for the first time presiding elder of the N—— district. He had failed to reach his first quarterly meeting in consequence of the illness of his wife, and this was his second.

“ You gave out that we would have meeting to-night, did you, Horry ?”

“ Yes ; the people are expecting you, and anxious for you to preach.”

“ Well, I must see Mr. Grantland first.”

"Do you know him?" asked Horry, with some surprise.

"Not personally," answered Mr. Bonhom, "but I will not be long in making his acquaintance. I suppose you know him, Horry?"

"Know him! Yes, if I know any one, it is Moses Grantland, the friend of my youth. Nearly eighteen years ago, Brother Bonhom, I came to this town without one dollar in my pocket; I found a friend in Moses Grantland—a friend who has remained true and steadfast unto this hour."

"How happy the man that has Moses Grantland for a friend!" exclaimed Mr. Bonhom.

"He lacks but one thing, Brother Bonhom, to make him all that either God or man would wish him to be."

"And is it possible that he can be destitute of the *one thing needful?*"

"He is not a professor of religion, Brother Bonhom, though he is deeply anxious about his soul's salvation just now. Last year his wife died, and he comes now to my church regularly."

"And have you conversed with him on religious topics?"

"Often—in fact, nearly every day for the last three months. He comes to see me nearly every evening, the most deeply concerned man on the subject of religion I have ever known. Often, when I am endeavoring to press the subject of regeneration home upon him, he cries out—'Oh, the *noo* heart! the *noo* heart! I *cannot* understand it, Horry!'"

"Has he no children living?"

"Only one—a son, now about twenty-eight—the only heir to his princely fortune."

“Is he religious?”

“Yes, Alick Grantland *is wholly consecrated to God*. Never have I known a more complete exemplification of *deadness to the world, of holy living, of heavenly-mindedness*. He was once married, but his wife died in a few months, and it is thought that he will never marry again. He is a steward and class-leader, the Sunday-school superintendent, and the most useful man in the church.”

“Do you think Mr. Grantland will come here *tonight?*”

“He will be *sure* to come, for he is anxious to see you.”

“To see me! Is it possible that he knows——”

“Oh no! he does not know you, but I have told him all about you.”

“All about me? How could you, Horry, when you don’t know all yourself?”

Horry looked at Mr. Bonhom with surprise, and said:

“Well, if I don’t know *all* your history, my brother, I know enough, at least, to make you very dear to my heart. When I say I have told him all about you, be assured that I have told him enough to bring tears into eyes that are not apt to weep.”

“Well, Horry, I’m glad he’s coming, and I pray God his coming may be for good. Let me now retire to my room and prepare for preaching.”

The discourse which Mr. Bonhom delivered at night was powerful and impressive. The holy aspect of his countenance struck every beholder with mingled admiration and awe. His lucid exposition of the Scriptures, his earnest appeals, his affectionate admonitions,

his tender expostulations, fell upon the ears of his auditors with subduing pathos, and everybody seemed captivated with the new presiding elder. After the services closed, a few brethren remained to seek an introduction. Among them, one of the most saintly countenance, of the most genteel and intelligent appearance—a thick-set, handsome, gentlemanly personage—stepped forward, and Horry introduced him to Mr. Bonhom as “Brother Alick Grantland.” As they were all leaving the church-door, a hand was laid upon Horry’s shoulder. Turning, he saw the most pitiable object he had ever beheld. It was an old man, whose garments were mere shreds, whose hair fell in snowy locks about his shoulders, and whose frame seemed to tremble with age and weariness.

“Men of God,” said the poor man, “can you, for the sake of Him who had not where to lay His head, direct a poor, wayfaring man to some place where he can find shelter for the night, and a crust of bread, with a cup of water, for his supper?”

“Yes,” said Horry, “come with me.”

Horry took him by one arm, while the aged beggar—for such he seemed to be—supported his trembling body on a staff, and they walked on toward the parsonage.

“You seem, my father,” said Mr. Bonhom, “to be a stranger and a traveller.”

“Yes, a stranger and a pilgrim, as all our fathers were; but long—alas! too long—a stranger to God, and a traveller in the dark and slippery way.”

“And have you at last found the Rock whereon your wearied soul can rest?”

“Found it! Yes, and for these four years past, in poverty, in loneliness, in want, wandering from place

to place, have I found Him to be my only refuge and the pillar of my hopes."

"Then you can testify—*even down to old age*—"

"No, not down to old age ; but *in* my old age God has, indeed, shown mercy to the chief of sinners."

They were now passing along the pavement in front of Mr. Grantland's store.

"The store I see is closed," said Horry : "and no doubt Mr. Grantland—"

"Mr. Grantland ! Did you say Mr. Grantland ?" asked the old man.

"Yes," answered Horry ; "he is our principal merchant here in N——."

"And is it possible that I am in the town of N——? And is *this* Moses Grantland's store ? Then it was on this spot—along this very street—this is the very pavement—this, no doubt, is the door. Then stop, friends, indulge a poor old man in his feelings. I may never see that blessed man, but let me stoop and kiss *this* pavement ! let me kneel and embrace this stony threshold !"

Here the trembling form bowed, and the aged lips pressed the dewy pavement ; extending his arms, he embraced the stone step, crying :

"Oh Moses Grantland ! Moses Grantland ! man most dear to my heart. What invisible guidance led me to thy door ? What mercy now permits me to embrace thy threshold ? Heaven bless thee, Moses Grantland ! Bless thee in thy body, bless thee in thy soul ; bless thee on earth, and bless thee in heaven ; bless thee for time, and bless thee for eternity !"

He was so overcome by his emotions that he could not rise, and Horry and Mr. Bonham lifted him up.

They walked on, supporting him between them, until they reached the parsonage. The old man was already relating his story, but he suspended it long enough to take a little food, and then proceeded :

“ Yes, as I was saying, I became rich. I had made it all myself—all, by toil, and energy, and enterprise. But in my prosperity I forgot my God—forgot death, judgment, heaven—forgot everything but gold. Money became my god ; I worshipped, I adored it. I toiled on, by day and night, accumulating, amassing, hoarding. Truly the love of money is the root of all evil. I became so wedded to riches that the love of them ate into my heart’s core ; it destroyed natural affection—or, rather, it engendered a new and stronger passion. At first, when I was worth only a few thousands, my ambition was to get up in the world, so that I might associate, and be on an equal footing with first-class merchants. I prospered, I rose, I surpassed them all ; I was the wealthiest merchant in the city. Then I had more than heart could wish ; my eyes stood out with fatness, and I looked down in scorn upon those who once held their heads above me. I became imperious, domineering, proud, above all the men of my times. At last reverses began to come. Dark and lowering clouds of adversity thickened above me. Death came—first my wife, and then my children, one after another, went. All my riches and all my pride could not save them. I stood alone in the world—alone in my opulence and in my pride. I scorned the rebukes of Heaven, and persisted in my course. Yes, I impiously defied my Maker. Take them, take the lives Thou hast given, I said, but this is *mine*. *I made it ; my arm, my genius, my enterprise, erected those massive piles, this gorge-*

ous mansion, and hoarded this glittering treasure : *Thou canst not touch these !* Hardly was the impious thought conceived, when one stroke came—fire consumed the gorgeous mansion ! I braced myself against the stroke, and defied again. Another calamity came—commercial disaster—which made me a hundred thousand dollars worse off. But I felt strong to bear it. It was but a trifle. I should soon recover it, and be mightier than ever. *Aha ! put me down ! Never !* I have energy, skill, enterprise, and plenty of money still. Then came the heaviest stroke of all—calamity overwhelming, total failure, ruin—”

Here the old man paused to rest, and gather a little breath and strength to continue his narrative. Mr. Bonhom had his eyes fixed upon him with a scrutinizing gaze, while Horry assumed an air of eager curiosity. At length, after a few minutes of perfect stillness, he continued :

“ Too old to attempt any new business, still too proud to meet the contempt of those toward whom I had borne myself so imperiously, without money, without home, and without friends—for though while I was prosperous I had many friends, yet in my adversity I could scarcely get one of them to recognize me—I left Columbia—”

“ *Columbia !* ” exclaimed Mr. Bonhom. “ Who—”

“ Yes, Columbia, where I had long been one of the princes of the people. I became an outcast, a wanderer, and in this forlorn condition, for six years, have wandered from door to door, from village to village, from town to town, in abject poverty, *begging my bread !* Thus, without knowing whither, I wandered to this town, and reached the church door while the

people of God were engaged in prayer. I sat upon the step to rest my wearied limbs until you came out."

"Have you not committed some crime of which you have not spoken?" asked Horry.

"Ah, sir, your question brings up afresh the one dark crime, the one deep sorrow of my life. I had a daughter—"

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Bonhom.

"Ansel Boyd."

"Oh my papa! my papa! my papa!" These words echoed from an adjoining apartment. In a moment a lady rushed into the room and threw herself at the old man's feet. Horry looked on with amazement, for he was so deeply interested in the story that he did not, for some minutes, know where he was, nor what to make of the strange scene before his eyes. But Mr. Bonhom rose to his feet, and looked on with imperturbable serenity. His bearing was dignified, solemn, but without the slightest tincture of pride.

The woman seemed almost frantic with joy. She fell to the floor, and bathed the old man's feet with her tears, then rose, and flinging her arms around his neck, kissed him with rapturous fondness. Then retreating back a step or two, wholly unconscious that there was any one looking at her, she gazed upon his wrinkled features, and cried out :

"Yes, it is my papa! it is my papa! My vow has been kept, and God has at last answered my prayers. Papa, your heart has at last been touched, and you *have pitied* your poor Lenny. O praised be God that He has spared me to look upon your face again!"

During all this time the old man sat motionless as a statue. He looked in wonder upon the form before

him. She was a woman of nearly fifty years old. He gazed upon her in silence ; a light seemed to play upon his corrugated brow ; he struggled from his chair, and prostrating himself upon his knees at her feet, said :

“ Oh Lenny ! my daughter ! my daughter ! Lenny, is it you ? are you indeed my daughter ? Then let me fall at your feet ; let me beseech you to forgive your poor old father. Behold, my child, the punishment of my sin ; behold the just retribution of a righteous God. He has pardoned me, my Lenny ; yes, God has abundantly forgiven. But never can I forgive myself ; never can I cease to remember, with shame and contrition, the cruel wrong I inflicted on thee, my child. But, Lenny, I loved thee, though in my pride I spurned thee. Pride conquered love ; and not until that wherein I trusted took wings and flew away, was the diabolical pride of my heart subdued. A poor, crushed, and ruined man ; forsaken, despised, and miserable, I felt the need of sympathy, of love. All my former love for thee rushed up in my heart. It came as my tormentor, as my bitterest punishment, and I sought thee, until despairing of ever seeing thee again on earth, I remembered thy words, and trembled to meet my God in judgment. I sought and found Jesus, *the sinner's Friend*. Since then I have been content to drag these trembling limbs from door to door, and beg my bread.”

“ Rise, dear papa, rise ; your Lenny lives to see you repentant, and this is enough.”

Horry helped the old man to get back upon his chair. As soon as he resumed his seat, he looked at Mr. Bonhom, who still remained upon his feet, with a serene and heavenly aspect. Down went the trembling form again, and upon his knees the old man exclaimed :

“George Felton ! George Felton !”

He could proceed no further. Choked with his emotions, the big tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks, and after some minutes he continued :

“George Felton, *I* am the ingrate—yea, the felon, the fiend—and you are a saint. I knew you were an honest boy, and you served me faithfully. But, because you robbed me of my daughter, I determined to rob you of your character. I formed the fiendish plot—yes, George Felton, it was *I* who had thee arraigned, convicted, and punished as a felon. I engaged Whit Purdis and James Landell to rob the mail ; it was *I* who sent the men whose testimony condemned thee to infamy and ruin ; it was *I* who made the name of George Felton odious in the estimation of all honest men. *Can you forgive such a diabolical wrong ? can you forgive me, George Felton ?*”

“With all my heart, father, else how could *I* ever hope for mercy ? You meant it for evil, but God meant it for good. Had I never been a convict, I had never been where I am. Glory be to God, who doeth all things well.”

Mrs. Bonhom now brought her daughter to the old man, and said :

“Embrace your grandfather, my dear.”

The old man, who had again been assisted to his feet, clasped the young lady in his arms, and, weeping, said :

“Come to these arms, my child. I cast thee off in thy helpless infancy, and thou comest to embrace me in my helpless age. O what miracles can the grace of a loving Saviour work !”

A small man now entered the gate, and, approach-

ing the door, stopped. He was about to turn back when he perceived that there was the appearance of confusion in the house. Horry saw him, and flew to him. After a little conversation with him, he led him into the parlor, just as the old man pressed his grandchild to his heart. The quick step, the shining black suit, the sleek hat, the brilliant boots, show that it is Moses Grantland. But the whiskers have been shaven off, and the hair, no longer black and glossy, is changed to gray. Mrs. Bonhom instantly recognized him, and exclaimed :

“ My benefactor ! my preserver ! ”

She was about to cast herself at his feet, but he caught her hand, and said :

“ Stay, madam ! You owe me no such reverence.”

“ Come, my dear—come, Mary, and look upon the face of your preserver.”

“ And is this the poor child I saw in such a plight ? ”

“ The same,” said Mrs. Bonhom.

The young lady, with a flood of tears, acknowledged her obligations to her benefactor, and Mr. Grantland impressed a kiss upon the fair girl’s brow. Now the poor old beggar understood who the little man was. He tottered to him, and, falling upon his knees, cried out :

“ O Moses Grantland ! Moses Grantland ! permit me to kiss thy feet, thou blessed man ! I am indeed the father of these children whom you preserved. I, in my opulence, spurned them from my care and protection—even to beggary and rags, though they were my children. Thou, in thy opulence, took them to thy bosom, nourished, fed and clothed them, though they were strangers to thee. Moses Grantland, a letter came to me, by due

course of mail, from one William Worthy, informing me of the good things which thou didst for my children. Yet I was proud, and hated thee for it. Yes, I cursed thee in my heart for saving them from the pangs of hunger and cold. And could you believe that God would ever show mercy to such a wretch ? But he did. God has had mercy on me ; but not until I was brought to be pinched with hunger, and my aged limbs to ache with cold ; not until, in rags and penury, I was brought to beg my bread from door to door. But here I am, a monument of the mercy which is higher than the heavens, and broader than the universe !”

Now there arose from that little group a chorus of thanksgiving that seemed to echo from the vault of heaven. Mr. Grantland was about to retire, but Horry grasped his hand, and said :

“ Stay, my friend ! Leave not a place where there seems so much of heaven.”

“ There is too much of earth, Horry, for so much of heaven. Ye are all of heaven, but I am of earth. My heart is sordid, selfish, worldly. Oh, I have sought my good things in this world ! I am a stranger to anything that is heavenly. I must go.”

“ Nay, my friend, you must not leave us yet. Come, this good man will help you to get clearer views of that great change about which we have so often conversed. Brother Bonhom, can you not aid my friend here to a clearer apprehension of the new heart ?”

Mr. Bonhom now made his acknowledgments to the preserver of his wife and child, and said :

“ Prayer is appointed to convey the blessings God designs to give ; so let us pray.”

Mr. Grantland fell upon his knees in the middle of

the room. Mr. Bonhom and Horry, Ansel Boyd and his daughter, Mary Bonhom and Lizzie, all gathered in a circle around the kneeling penitent. They all prayed, first one, and then another, leading in the intercession, until they had all prayed audibly except the old man Boyd. The "Little Yankee" was no longer too proud to weep. He was thoroughly subdued, and cried out repeatedly, during the supplications :

"Good Christian people, pray on ; pray for me, if so be the good Lord can change earth to heaven, dross to gold, sin to holiness. Pray for me, dear friends, pray."

For more than an hour they continued to wrestle, and agonize, and pray. It was a moment of thrilling interest—a moment fraught with momentous results—a moment in which all heaven must have been moved, and angelic acclamations must have resounded through all the celestial courts—a moment in which all earth should have been motionless with profoundest awe. A human spirit was passing from darkness into light—through the portals of life into the kingdom of God and His Christ. It seemed meet that he who ran after beggary and rags in the street, that he might relieve and bless—while earth stood still and gazed, and all heaven beheld with rapture—should be relieved and blessed by beggary and rags in return. It was while Ansel Boyd was praying, and just as he uttered this petition—"Have mercy, O God, upon us miserable sinners!"—that Moses Grantland cried out, in ecstatic joy :

"O the *noo* heart ! the *noo* heart ! the *noo* heart ! Thank God, this is the *noo* heart ! Heaven has at last opened in *my* soul ! O earth, earth, be thou no more within me. Now, thank God, I calculate to get

to heaven. O dear Christian friends, how sweet to my inmost soul is the name of Jesus!"

Now Horry embraced the friend of his youth, and soon all the company held him by some part of the body, while he wept with copious showers of tears. They rained from his eyes (those little, piercing orbs seemed to glitter with celestial fire), while the liquid drops that rained from them seemed to shine with a diamond-like lustre. Clasping the old beggar in his arms, he said :

"God is indeed merciful to us miserable sinners. If pride was thy sin, lust for riches has been mine. But God has shown himself able to subdue pride, and to change the love of self into the love divine."

"Moses Grantland," said the beggar, "this night I kissed thy stony threshold ; hold here, now, and let me kiss thy heaven-lit brow. I have lived to see the day when the rich man and Lazarus meet in Abraham's bosom!"

"Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation. He who saved my wife and child is safe in the embraces of Thy love. Hallelujah ! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth ! The father who spurned his children from him *has found his heart forever!*"—Thus Mr. Bonhom.

"O Sister Lenny!" said Horry, "I have a sweet vision of heaven now. My faith soars away beyond the lapse of time, and up the glittering pathway to that supreme abode. I see, as it were, three of the shining ones redeemed from the earth, brighter, purer, fairer than all the just made perfect—they are you, and my Lizzie, and—"

"My George!"

“ My mother !”

“ O Brother Horry ! methinks I see a sweeter vision than yours. I see, towering even above the angelic host—for surely to redeem was greater than to create—*four*, instead of three ; they are you, and George, Mr. Grantland, and——”

“ Mr. Paul !”

“ My papa !”

CHAPTER XLI.

JAMES LANDELL'S NARRATIVE.

ANOTHER year has passed away. It is the first week in July. Horry is again stationed in N——. Old Ansel Boyd is dead. Mary Bonhom is the wife of Alick Grantland. Mr. Bonhom and wife, Horry and his, are all at Mr. Grantland's. All these happy families are met together at the instance of Mr. Bonhom, *alias* George Felton. He has something of extraordinary interest to communicate. He introduces it in the parlor, in the company of all the families, after tea.

"My last quarterly meeting was held, last week, at the capital. I lodged with Brother R——, the principal keeper of the penitentiary. One day he asked me if I would like to accompany him in one of his rounds of inspection. I consented to do so. As we passed from one department to another, I closely scrutinized the countenances of the unfortunate inmates. One of them—a man apparently about my own age, size, and form—bore such a striking likeness to me, that Brother R—— called my attention to it ; but I had noticed it myself before he spoke.

"'What is his name ?' I asked.

"'James Landell,' said Brother R——.

"I was filled with astonishment, yet I was in a

moment an evidence of the Divine justice and vengeance.

“‘ Do you know anything of his history ?’ I asked.

“‘ Yes, all of it,’ he answered. ‘ He has written out his narrative. The details display his thorough acquaintance with villainy in every sense of the word. He has, no doubt, committed crimes for which he ought to be hung. He was sent here only about a year ago, sentenced (for stealing negroes) for ten years. But, what is most singular, this rogue mentions in his narrative the name of a man who was in the penitentiary here many years ago. Some of the older inhabitants of the place remember the young man well, and they entertain no doubt that he is the same person.’

“‘ What was the name of the former convict ?’ I asked.

“‘ George Felton.’

“‘ Will you permit me to read his narrative ?’ I asked.

“‘ Certainly,’ said he.

“ I read it, and find such startling and wonderful disclosures, that, by permission of Brother R——, I brought it along with me.”

“ Well, read it,” said Horry.

“ Yes, read it,” said Moses Grantland. “ I calculate it will be quite interesting ; at any rate, it will be noo to us.”

“ Yes, read it,” said they all.

Mr. Bonhom commenced and read as follows :

THE NARRATIVE OF JAMES LANDELL.

I was born in Georgetown. My father was the son of old Judge Landell, who was a famous Tory in time

of the Revolutionary war. My father was often reminded of his tory blood, and this weighed upon him to such an extent as that sometimes it was thought that he bordered upon insanity. As I grew up, I was sent to school in my native town. It was with the deepest pain and mortification that I noticed how my father was subjected to taunt and ridicule. I began to hate all the people of my native town, and of my native State—in fact, of the whole United States. This feeling grew upon me as I approached manhood. My father had inherited the great library of my grandfather. As he wished me to adopt the law as a profession, he designed this library for me. It contained a number of elegantly-bound volumes, which had been presented to my grandfather by distinguished members of the British nobility, and even by members of the royal family. But, as I grew up, I conceived such hatred to the people, their government, and rulers, that I secretly resolved *never* to adopt any profession, nor to follow any occupation by which the detested republicans might be benefited. I panted for an opportunity to be revenged upon my countrymen. Except the members of my own family, there was not *one of all the inhabitants of the United States* but I would have rejoiced at an opportunity to cut off his head, or hang him between heaven and earth. My father was a merchant, and, about the time he commenced business for himself, he engaged the services of a Bohemian youth, who always wrote his name *Stephen Keller*. He subsequently became his partner in business, and they married sisters—the daughters of one Thomas Felton. My mother had an only brother—George Felton—who, marrying a lady in the upper part of the State, removed to Ken-

tucky. There he died, and left his widow in abject poverty. I had a cousin—James, or, as I always called him, Jim Keller—about my own age. We were sent to the same schools, were educated in the same manner, and were both designed by our parents for the profession of law. When we were about eighteen, we were sent to Columbia to college. Thrown always together, always supplied with plenty of money, we drank, gambled, and lost our money together.

The last year of our college life our fathers failed in business ; mine committed suicide and Jim's went to Charleston and engaged as a clerk in a large commercial house in that city. Suddenly deprived of the supplies of cash which we had always received from home, thrown upon our own resources, we determined to form some plan to make our fortune in the world without labor. We talked our matters over, and both had fallen upon the same plan—*to make a fortune by marrying.*

About this time I met a small man—a mere dwarf—at the gaming-table, by the name of Whit Purdis. Jim Keller did not like him ; but I conceived the design of using him for purposes of my own. He had plenty of money, and was always successful, more or less, at the gaming table. I soon acquired influence over him, and he admitted me as his partner. Thus I soon found myself where I had no lack for money.

One afternoon, as I sauntered along the most fashionable street in the city, in company with Whit, a splendid carriage whirled by us. Two ladies were inside, one middle-aged, the other young and beautiful. I asked Whit who they were, and he told me Mrs. Layton and her daughter Fanny. As soon as I heard the name, I

recollected Miss Layton as a noted heiress, she having inherited, it was said, the largest fortune in the old Palmetto State. Instantly I determined to make a bold venture, and try to wed her. I mentioned her name to Jim Keller, and, to my astonishment, found that he had already made her acquaintance. No less to my joy, however, he proposed to carry me that very evening and introduce me.

Dressing in the most fashionable style, I congratulated myself on being able, both from a more attractive form and more captivating manners, to eclipse my cousin Jim.

To my amazement, when Jim Keller introduced me to Miss Layton, she blushed, then turned pale, and, for some time, seemed quite overpowered with emotion. I thought I could perceive some indication that she was in love with Keller. I then asked myself whether I would attempt to supplant the only human being for whom (except my parents and sisters) I had ever entertained a sentiment of affection, or even of friendship. I made it up in my mind then, to live for myself, to care for myself—to rise if I could, no matter who should fall. The opportunity to wed a vast fortune does not present itself every day of one's life. But the young lady evidently did not enjoy our visit. She was apparently agitated, restless, uneasy; yet she sat, the whole time of our visit, with her eyes riveted upon me, as if she would pierce me through and through. When the evening was well advanced we retired, and I secretly resolved that I would make my calls in future alone. As we were on the way to our room, Jim Keller informed me that he and Miss Layton were engaged to be married during the year. This, however, did not

shake me from my purpose. I called again the following day. I was not a little surprised and pleased at the apparent cordiality with which she received me. She had even less to say than on the occasion of my first call. Again she seemed agitated, troubled, and, with the same scrutinizing gaze, sat contemplating my person and features, as if she would solve some perplexing riddle, some hidden mystery which my presence involved. When I arose to take my departure she seized my hand with an earnest pressure, and said :

“I hope you will call again soon. It will be a pleasure to see you. Come in the morning ; you will find me alone.”

Tears came into her eyes as she spoke, and she seemed to be making an earnest effort to command her feelings. I was not a little perplexed by her conduct, but I was not long in making a satisfactory solution of it in my own mind. I had *heard* and *read* of persons who had fallen in love at first sight. I made up my mind to propose at my next visit.

The next day I called again, and, after some minutes of conversation with her, during which she kept up her customary staring at my face, I said :

“Miss Layton—”

“My name is not Miss Layton,” she said.

Here again I was thrown into great perplexity. I began to doubt her sanity. I pondered that thought for a moment, and said to myself, “Well, if she were an idiot I’d marry her, because she’s so rich.” My whole heart was now bent on getting her fortune. Neither Jim Keller nor any other being on earth should deprive me of my prize. In reply to her remark, I said :

"Are you not the Miss Layton to whom I was introduced, and who requested me to call again?"

"I am the same person to whom you were introduced, and the same who requested you to call again, and you cannot imagine the pleasure it affords me to see you here. Still my name is *not* Miss Layton."

"Married last night to Keller, by Jove!" thought I. "No, that cannot be, or he surely would have told me. Well, then, she's a fool; but if she is, I'll marry her if I can, because *she is so rich*."

"Well, Miss Fanny," said I, "there seems to be some mystery—"

"My name is not *Fanny*," said she, emphatically.

My next thought was that Keller had imposed upon me; and if so, I determined to kill him. But she left me under this impression only for a moment. She added:

"And *your* name is not *James Landell*!"

I started; she perceived it, and exclaimed:

"No, I'm sure it is not; I *know* it is not. Don't keep me in suspense any longer. Are you not my long-lost brother?"

Now I saw that some mystery hung over her life. She had a brother. It was evident that she had taken me for that brother—perhaps he was co-inheritor with her of the estate. I would humor her fancy, and see to what it would lead:

"I must be known *here*," I said, "by no other name than *James Landell*."

This seemed to confirm her suspicions, and, throwing aside all reserve, she embraced and kissed me in all the ardor of her soul, at the same time exclaiming:

"I knew it; I knew you were my brother. O, George, dearest, sweetest brother, found at last!"

"Be calm," said I, "and do not, for the world, let any one see you manifest more than ordinary regard for me. If you value my life, intimate to no other human being what you have to me. The time may come when I can tell you all. Be careful not to mention to James Kallier—"

"James Kallier!" exclaimed Horry, at this part of the narrative; "James Kallier! why, I know him."

"And his wife?" asked Mr. Bonhom.

"Yes," said Horry, "and his wife, too; and right glad am I that I ever did become acquainted with that noble woman."

"Why—what—what do you say? Are you—you, Horry Thurston—are you related to—"

"Oh no, no, I'm not at all related to the lady; but she's as noble and true a Christian as ever I saw."

"Tell me, do tell me, Horry, all you know about her."

As Mr. Bonhom spoke, he betrayed agitation for the first time in the presence of Horry. He exhibited a great deal of solicitude.

"You remember, Brother Bonhom, that my first year in the ministry was spent on a negro mission."

"Yes, I remember it well, Horry, and how difficult it was for me to secure the appointment for you. The Bishop was about to station you in one of the large cities. But it was your own request to be sent to a negro mission, and after a hard struggle I prevailed in securing you an appointment to the LAKE MISSION."

"Well, within a whistle's sound of that lovely lake, where the steamers ply daily in their passage between several different cities, is situated the residence of James Kallier. It is a magnificent and luxurious

mansion, combining our modern architectural improvements with almost Oriental splendor. Around that stately abode are orchards, gardens, groves, vineyards, and orange and pomegranate trees without number. In front stretches an avenue for half a mile, lined on each side with oaks of the evergreen variety, and the plantations which spread out for miles around that beautiful spot, yield an abundant supply of the great Southern staple. Indeed, James Kallier is regarded as the wealthiest man in the South. Yet, there are none to enjoy that vast wealth but himself and wife ; they have not a single child living to inherit their property. The malaria of that region proves fatal, especially to children, and they have lost all they ever had.

“No two individuals could possibly be more opposite in temper and character than James Kallier and his wife. She is a woman of the highest grade of intellectual development, and upon whom no pains nor money were spared, it seems, in giving her every accomplishment. It was ever to me a source of delight to engage her in conversation. But her greatest ornament is her piety. She is a member of the Baptist church. Never was woman possessed of a kinder, of a more generous or sympathizing heart. Among her slaves she seems more a friend and benefactress than a mistress. Daily does she take her rounds among their cabins, ministering to the sick, and imparting, to old and young, the hopes and consolations, the duties and encouragements of the Christian life.

“But, entirely different is James Kallier. He is a brute. He possesses not one amiable quality. After he married this lovely woman he moved to the Lake region, as it is called, purchased the largest portion of

the good land in that neighborhood, and erected that grand edifice. Surrounded by all the luxuries that even an Eastern potentate could desire, he gave up his plantations to the superintendence of overseers, and resigned himself to a life of voluptuous repose. Here he had lived, or rather *lounged and slept*, for about sixteen years before I knew him.

"One evening, in the month of May, about seven years before I was sent to the Lake mission, a plain, old-fashioned gig, drawn by an inferior-looking mule, entered the broad avenue, and approached the stately mansion. An old man, with gray locks, apparently much fatigued by travel and enfeebled by age, sat in the gig, while a bronze-colored African sat by his side and drove the mule. They drove up to the gate, and the negro helped the old man to get out of the gig. With one hand resting upon the negro's shoulder, and the other upon the top of his staff, he walked forward, with faltering steps, until he stood upon the veranda. James Kallier had just aroused himself from a gorgeous couch in the hall, where he had been taking his siesta, and was gaping, stretching out his arms, and rubbing his eyes with his hands, when the old man entered. When James saw him he started, opened his arms, and old Stephen Kallier, his father, fell into them. He threw his arms around the neck of his son, and wept. Here, in the course of a few months, he closed his career on earth. As he lay coffined and shrouded in the luxurious abode of his son, that son lay stretched in indolent repose upon his splendid couch. Only two mourners attended the remains of Stephen Kallier to their last resting-place ; they were Mrs. Kallier and old Marcus, the negro man. This negro, from whose lips



I had this sketch, was a remarkable character. His life is full of romance, and I hope one day to be able to reduce it to writing. A devoted Christian, with a strong mind, his history contains a moral that ought not to be lost to the world. But, let this suffice for the present ; continue the narrative, Brother Bonhom."

"And she's a Christian ? Thank God that my dear sister is a Christian !"

"Your sister, Brother Bonhom ! Is Mrs. Kallier your sister ?"

"Yes ; she is my only sister."

"How strange !" exclaimed Horry. "But I remember you read in that narrative that one George Felton removed to Kentucky and died. You must be the son of that George Felton, and she, I suppose, is his daughter. Well, read on."

CHAPTER XLII.

A MAN IN SEARCH OF HIS NAME.

M^{R.} BONHOM continued to read: "Be careful not to mention to James Kallier anything that passes between us. His real name, in fact, is not Kallier, but Keller. For reasons similar to those which prompt me to assume a name different from my real one, he has been induced to change his."

"You don't tell me so, George!"

"It is true," said I, "but you must never intimate to him that you know it. The disclosure of his real name here would be attended with serious, if not fatal consequences."

Thus I endeavored, for purposes of my own, to insinuate that some dreadful mystery enveloped the life and character of Jim Keller, as well as my own. But the change of his name from Keller to Kallier was a mere whim of his. His father's name, in fact, was Kallier, but, in consequence of his foreign accent, he always pronounced it Keller, and so, after he joined my father in business, he always wrote it. But Jim, after we started for college, returned to the original mode of writing his name. But my object was to suggest suspicions to the mind of the young lady, and break up the match between her and my cousin; or,

at any rate, to delay their marriage until I should accomplish my own designs. I inquired if our interviews, in future, could be entirely private.

"Yes," said she ; "the house is occupied only by my aunt—whom I call mother, and who is generally supposed to be my mother—and myself. We always have company of an evening, and my aunt goes out of mornings. Come every day about eleven o'clock, and you will find me alone. *Come every day*, George ; and do, my precious brother, as soon as possible, tell me what it is that puts your life in peril."

"Well, Fanny—"

"O George ! for heaven's sake, *never* call me by that detested name again. You haven't forgot your little sister Mary ?"

"Let it never be mentioned again. I know, indeed, that you are my sister Mary ; but, for my sake, know yourself only as Fanny Layton, me only as James Landler, and Jim Keller only as James Kallier. If I could, if I dared to, tell you *all* my reasons for this request, I would. Be patient, and perhaps before long I *can* tell you all."

So saying, I took my leave, and retired to digest my plan. I now determined to proceed cautiously, and, if I could ascertain that I could reap any advantage from *personating her brother*, I would do it. "Well, her name is Mary," said I to myself, "and mine is George. But Mary *who* ? and George *who* ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! Isn't this a fix to be in ? I'm named—I *don't know what* ! Well, no matter for the name, so there's a fortune in it."

Thus I talked to myself as I walked along the street. Now the hope of a fortune sprung all my energies.

sharpened my perceptions, and gave me a surprising degree of shrewdness. I counted my steps, as I walked the streets, and wished they were dollars. I multiplied them tenfold, and wished they were dollars. I multiplied them a hundred, a thousand fold, and wished that the number were dollars, and I the happy possessor of the whole sum. Whenever I looked upon a large enclosure, as a field, I would reduce the area to acres, in my imagination, and the acres to yards, the yards to feet, the feet to inches, and wish the whole number were dollars. When I beheld a tree, I would mentally calculate the number of leaves on it, and wish them dollars. I'd take ten, a hundred, a thousand trees, and, in the same manner, estimating the whole number of leaves, wish them dollars. By day and by night I lusted for gold. In my imagination I counted and multiplied, and wished, and hoarded, until I had millions upon millions, and thousands of millions. Then, in my vagaries, I hurried to and fro from place to place ; I collected munitions of war ; I hired countless hordes of foreign soldiers ; I made war upon the grand republic ; I threw down the pillars of the hated government that had stamped my name with infamy, and tainted my blood. Then I built up an empire—grand, absolute, despotic, above all that Eastern despots ever ruled. But I must begin by discovering the great secret. So I set out in search of my name.

Now I found a use for Whit Purdis. If anybody wished to know the history of any family secret, the mystery that hung over any name in the Old Palmetto State, Whit Purdis was the person to apply to. But even Whit could make nothing out of simply "Mary" and "George." So I determined to return, and, under

some pretence, induce Mary to write her name in full. I found her alone, and, affecting great agitation and mental excitement, I purposely called her Mary.

“Why, George Felton, my dear brother, what can be the matter? Has any one——”

“Hush! hush! for heaven’s sake, Ma—— Fanny; utter not that name in the hearing of a human being!”

Now I had it. My name was George Felton; hers, of course, was Mary Felton. But I must have some excuse for my apparent excitement, in order to allay her apprehension. So I said:

“I am in no immediate danger, Fanny; but I was so apprehensive that you might unguardedly betray me, that I came to entreat you never so much as to utter the name of George Felton except in my presence, and that in a whisper. If you do, I am——”

“Nor——”

“What?” I asked hastily.

“Benjamin?”

“Worse still,” said I; “breathe it not.”

Here was a new and still more perplexing affair. *What was my name?* Was it George Felton Benjamin, or George Benjamin Felton? When should I reach the end of my perplexities? Of course it would not do to ask *her* what was my name; so I determined to find out at once whether I could reap any advantage from it whenever I ascertained it. Accordingly I asked:

“What have they done for you, Fanny?”

“Who?”

“Well—I mean—what have you inherited; or, rather, what has your aunt—that is—I mean——”

“You mean what have *we* inherited, George—or James—Oh, that name!——”

"Yes, or, rather, I thought not of myself, sister, but of you : *I felt deeply concerned for you, Fanny.*"

"Well, it's half yours, George, though my uncle always told me that I would be the only heir ; but I have always determined that, if you were living, and I could find you, you should have half. The will——"

"The will ! Can you show me the will ?" I asked.

"No ; my uncle always assured me that this was the tenor of it——"

"Which ? that I was to have half ?"

"No ; that I was the sole heir. But, George, you shall have half."

I retired under a cloud of disappointment, which I was careful to conceal from her. I sought Whit, and said :

"Whit, she has inherited from an uncle ; she is the sole heir, and there is no chance for me but her naked promise that I shall have half. Now, if you can put the names George, Felton, and Benjamin, into such a connection as that I may ascertain my real name, I shall be ready for a bold venture."

"Have you got any kin named Benjamin ?" asked Whit.

"Yes ; my grandfather was Benjamin Landell—the old tory, who cursed his children with infamy, and tainted their blood."

"Ah, well ; I have it. Come, git ready, an' let's go to Spartanburgh. I'll show you your daddy."

"I thought my father was dead."

"So he is ; but, as you's a gwine to throw away his name, you must have another daddy. Come, git ready, and let's go. We'll find out all about it."

"But I'd rather know who my uncle was than my father just now."

“Why?”

“Because if *I* have inherited anything, it is from him, and not from my father.”

“But suppose’n you had it gin to you by your grandfather?”

“He left nothing but the old library.”

“Don’t everybody have more nor one grandfather?”

“Ha! ha! ha! What did old Tom Felton leave but two poor daughters and one poor son? By the way, don’t you reckon that son, George Felton, was my father? Yes, I have it now—he did have a son named George, and a daughter named Mary. He lived on the bank of the Ohio river, and it was reported that the children died before their father. George Felton, that’s my name—George Benjamin Felton. Aha! I have it now clear enough.”

“No,” said Whit; “George Felton was not your daddy, but—”

“Well, well,” said I, “genealogies are perplexing things. I’ll go to Mary Felton—”

“Mary Thurston, you mean.”

“Thurston! Thurston! Did you ever know Garland Thurston?”

“Yes,” said Whit; “I know him.”

“But he’s dead,” said I.

“No, he ain’t,” said Whit; “he lives near Spartanburgh. So let’s go there, and we can find out all you want to know.”

“Well, mind Whit, I’m not to be called Jim Landell any more, nor Felton, nor Thurston, nor anything, until we have all the points arranged, but—”

“Well, what must I call you, Jim?”

“Jim Strange.”

"Jim Strange! Jim Strange!" exclaimed Horry; "why he married my sister."

"Your sister, Horry! How do you know that?" asked Mr. Bonhom.

"Whit Purdis said so—or, rather, intimated—or was about to say it, on his dying bed."

"Did you ever see Whit Purdis?" asked Mr. Bonhom.

"I shall never forget," said Horry, "that I had the misfortune to meet him on two memorable occasions. The last time was in the battle of the 'Great Prairie,' when he inflicted upon me a wound, the mark of which I shall carry with me to the grave."

"And where was the first meeting?" asked Mr. Bonhom.

"At my father's house in Spartanburgh——"

"In Spartanburgh! Was *Garland* Thurston your father? Was the grave at which we kneeled, and wept, and prayed, at Temple Vale, the grave of *Garland* Thurston, formerly of Spartanburgh?"

"The same," said Horry.

"Why, Brother Horry! Brother Horry! For ten years I have felt a peculiar delight in addressing you with this fraternal appellation, but never, until this moment, did I dream that you were my own father's son. But it is even so; I am, indeed, the son of *Garland* Thurston and *Mary Landell*. My real name is *George Benjamin Thurston*, after my two grandfathers, and my sister's name is *Mary Agnes*, after her two grandmothers. We are all Thurstons, of the Old Palmetto State."

Horry fixed an incredulous look upon Mr. Bonhom, whose face shone with that benignant lustre so peculiar to him.

"Are you certain?" asked Horry. "Can there be no mistake, Brother Bon—Brother—shall I say—Benny?"

"None, none whatever. See, here's our grandfather's miniature, and here's his autograph—the autograph of George Thurston."

Here Mr. Bonhom drew from his bosom the identical miniature described so particularly in the will of old Colonel Thurston.

"And my sister Agnes—"

"Is not, as you suppose, the wife of Jim Strange, alias Landell, but of James Kallier."

"And Mrs. Kallier, that lovely, saintly woman is my sister! O, how wondrous, how inscrutable, are the ways of Providence! Truly, *man proposes, but God disposes!* But, how, why did you assume the name of George Felton?"

"That is all explained in the details of this wonderful narrative, which I have but fairly begun."

"Oh, don't read any more of that bad man's details. Give me just the substance of what relates to the history of our family, particularly of you and Agnes."

"Well, I will state it briefly. My mother died, as you are aware, no doubt, before my father returned from the war in Indiana. We had heard that he was slain in battle. Mrs. Felton, the widow of that George Felton, mentioned in this narrative, having lost her two children, George and Mary, before the death of her husband, took us to live with her. She called us by our first names, and was as affectionate and tender with us as if we were her own children. At length a carriage came to the village where we lived, stayed but one night, and disappeared before day the next morn-

ing. It carried off my sister Agnes, or Mary, as we then called her. Mrs. Felton, whom I now called mother, endeavored to console me when I wept for my sister, by saying she was better off. She then told me that I must be her son and take the name of George Felton. I grew up to love her as a mother. A few days after the departure of Agnes, Mrs. Felton's brother came for her, and carried us to her native state. He gave her a piece of land as a life estate, and there we resided until I was about eighteen. About that time I went with my uncle—as I called Mrs. Felton's brother—to Columbia. There I engaged with Ansel Boyd as a clerk. My subsequent history you know, up to the time of my confinement in the penitentiary. The fact was stated, you remember, a year ago, by Ansel Boyd, now, I trust, in heaven, that he had plotted with those notorious villains, Whit Purdis and James Landell, to rob the mail and have me convicted for their crime. It was done in a manner described with full particulars in this narrative. This was several years after they had robbed our father, in Spartanburgh, of all his money and papers, including a copy of our grandfather's will. I remained in the state-prison only eighteen months: the governor, at the end of that time granted me a pardon. After this, I took my wife and child, and lived in the mountains for four years, under the name of George Bonhom, which I have borne ever since, and shall continue to bear unto death. Here I was licensed to preach; and the year after I was licensed I joined the conference. I have been a travelling preacher nearly twenty years."

"What prevented Jim Strange from personating you, and taking your part of our grandfather's estate?"

“ The marriage of Mary Agnes and James Kallier. They were married before Whit Purdis and James Landell—who, you perceive, is my own cousin—returned from Spartanburgh. They got the will, but it became of no value to them, for they knew that Kallier would expose and defeat the plot, so they gave up the attempt.”

“ And where did they go after this ?”

“ After they perpetrated their wicked plot against me they fled, and took up their residence in the neighborhood of the Okefenoke swamp. There they began to excite the Seminole Indians to engage in war with the whites. Landell was the prime instigator of the plot. But when the war did begin he abandoned Whit Purdis and went to stealing negroes, preferring, it seems, the acquisition of unrighteous gain to the hazards of war.”

“ But why did you not take your real name instead of George Bonhom ?” asked Horry.

“ Because I determined that no odium should, through me, be cast upon the Thurstons of the Old Palmetto State. I had been unjustly punished, it is true, but that would not wipe away the reproach from that honorable name.”

“ Brother Benny,” said Horry, “ let us take a walk.”

“ I’m willing,” said Mr. Bonhom ; “ but it is now past nine o’clock.”

“ True, but the moon is shining brightly ; the night is pleasant, and I feel no inclination to sleep. The incidents of this extraordinary narrative have excited me so I cannot sleep.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE HAPPY TRIO.

THE two brothers walked along a beautiful street, lined on each side by China trees, until they came to the edge of a common. As they walked they conversed about the wonderful disclosures of James Landell's narrative. Leaving the road, they walked out upon the common about two hundred yards. Horry seated himself upon a stump, and his half-brother sat on a stone hard by.

"The incidents of this narrative, Horry, and the extraordinary developments to which they have led, fill me with wonder. They are like a bewildering dream. To learn that my sister is yet alive, that you have seen her, that she is a Christian ; to know that you are my own father's son, and that we shall soon meet our sister, and become a happy trio—the only surviving Thurstons of the Old Palmetto State—all fill me with a strange delight. How plain everything appears now ! But why did I not see long ago, at Temple Vale, what now seems so plain—your striking resemblance to our father ? Your eyes and eyebrows, your form and features, your high cheeks, and the very motions and contour of your person, are all his. Yet he was hale and

robust, while you are thin, pale, and slender. It is also very strange that I never thought to inquire the Christian name of the Captain Thurston about whom I heard Mrs. Paul and others speak so often. But at that time I was under the impression that father had been dead much longer than that Captain Thurston. Never, till I read James Landell's narrative, did I know any better than that he fell in battle about the year 1813. Still, all things have come to light in God's own good time. Had I discovered then that you were my brother, we might have instituted together such inquiries as would have led us to the discovery of our sister. The consequence would have been that we should have been encumbered with too much wealth for the self-denying career of the Christian ministry. I do thank God, Horry, from the great deep of my heart, that we had to struggle with hardships and difficulties."

"Yes, Brother Benny, I thank God that I never have been encumbered with riches; and, by His help, I mean to continue so as long as I live."

"What! will you not now take the portion assigned you by our grandfather's will?"

"Not a dollar, Benny, not *one* dollar of it will I touch. It belongs to you and Agnes."

"You surprise me, Horry; never was inheritance more just and equitable."

"What do I want with it, Benny? I have enough."

"But, your children——"

"My children are provided for in the will of Judge McKay. I do not wish them to have any more. If I can but educate them properly, and train them up in the *good and right* way—the way in which they should go—they will have riches above what earth can grant, and lasting as the mind."

"I might ask," rejoined Mr. Bonhom, "What do *I* want with it? My only child, my darling Mary, is provided for above all that heart can wish. I could but give it away if I had it. But, Horry, I would have you to be my partner in the blessed work of giving to the poor, and spreading the gospel over many lands."

"Then, Brother Benny, since you are so much of my own mind and heart on this subject, let us leave that estate just where we find it—in the hands of James Kallier. It is evident that, having married, as he supposed, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Layton, he regards her as the *sole* heir to the Thurston estate. Let us not disturb him in that supposition. Let us do nothing, hint nothing, that will tend in any degree to mar our enjoyment in the society of our dear sister. To-morrow, as we have agreed, I shall go and embrace her. You will come on in a few days, and we shall be indeed a happy trio. But I greatly prefer your going on with me."

"I cannot, Horry, without missing my next appointment. I have been presiding elder fourteen years, and during that time have never missed but one quarterly meeting. That, you know, was the first of last year, when I failed on account of the illness of my dear Lenny. You go on, and I will come immediately after my meeting is over. It is in the B—— circuit, about half-way to the lake from here."

"Now I can arrange it," said Horry. "Get on the car with me here; sixty miles will bring us to M——, then eighty miles by steamer, and we shall be within a few miles of James Kallier's residence. This trip we can accomplish in a day and night. You can spend

two days, and then get to your quarterly meeting in time."

"But how can I tear myself away from Mary Agnes in so short a time?"

"Return on Monday, after your quarterly meeting in B——."

"That will do, and I'll carry Lenny along with me."

"If you do, I'll carry Lizzie and the children."

"If you do, I'll carry Mary and her noble husband, Alick Grantland."

"If you do, I'll carry my noble friend, Moses Grantland."

"If you do, James Kallier will get wide awake."

"If he does, he'll do what he hasn't done in twenty years."

Here Horry turned himself on the stump, and it partly gave way. It was decayed, and a considerable block of it fell off. A little ball of paper rolled down, and Mr. Bonhom picked it up. He commenced unfolding it with his fingers, and continued :

"I doubt the propriety of your suggestion, Horry. Suppose James Kallier should survive Mary Agnes, his heirs, whoever they may be, will come in, after his death, to inherit the estate which is ours according to our grandfather's will. Thus what is our lawful right may pass into the hands of spendthrifts."

"What if it does, Benny, will *we* be any worse off by it?"

"But, my Horry, you are too good a Christian—too well versed in moral science—to lose sight of the great principle of responsibility in the disposal of property."

"It is that very responsibility that I would avoid," said Horry ; "I have had none hitherto in regard to

that estate, and I mean to assume none for the time to come."

"Now you speak very unlike yourself, Horry. It is not in you to avoid responsibility, once it is fairly laid upon you. The providence of God has now placed at your disposal a vast fortune—for such is even a third of that estate. It is a talent, a trust, and you are, in spite of yourself, thrust into a stewardship. Do you not see that, by leaving the estate to be disposed of by James Kallier, either by will or otherwise, you do, in effect, dispose of it yourself? And now, if through that channel it falls into hands that will make an ill use of it, you will be held responsible."

"Were your reasoning just and conclusive, Benny (which I am far from admitting), the death of our sister, either before or after that of her husband, and indeed any disposition which Kallier were to make of the property, even though it should be by will, cannot affect our rights, if we have any by the will of our grandfather."

"If we have any! Don't you believe the will is genuine? Don't you believe it conveys a bonafide right to the estate?"

"Yes, to you and Agnes. As the children of Mary Landell, you and she were cut out of your just rights for a long time. You are, therefore, on that score, entitled to the inheritance. But, as the son of Betsy Tracy, I was never disinherited, never deprived of any right, and therefore claim none."

"Well, and what think you of the rights of the son and heir of Garland Thurston?"

"Convince me that Garland Thurston had anything to bestow, and I will not refuse to become his heir."

“But the will——”

“Whose will? Not Garland Thurston’s.”

“The son of Betsy Tracy has all the rights, under the will of *George* Thurston, that the children of Mary Landell have.”

“Well, this estate is likely to prove a troublesome business.”

“A troublesome business, indeed! How few are there in this world, my Horry, would suffer it to trouble them in the same way it is likely to trouble you! See! here’s a little roll of paper, containing a couple of locks of hair, and a couple of pieces of coin. What do you suppose——”

“Let me see! What day of the month is this?”

“The fifth of July.”

“Yes, you are right; it is the fifth of July; just twelve years to a day. Benny, my dear brother, this is Matthew’s hair and mine. This is the stump of our beloved locust-tree. Right here we separated, exactly twelve years ago. O Matthew! Matthew! would God you had lived till now!”

“O Horry! Horry! praised be God, I do live, and shall live forever more!”

The words startled Horry and his half-brother; but before they could say a word, or even see whence the voice proceeded, Matthew had his arms around his brother’s neck. Mr. Bonhom gazed upon the spectacle in silent wonder. The two brothers, with emotions too great for utterance, stood folded in each other’s arms. At last, when Horry was able to speak, he cried out:

“Matthew, have you come to us from the grave—from the world of spirits?”

“No, my precious brother, I never was dead, except

in trespasses and sins ; but, thank God, I live to die no more, forever and ever."

"Glory be to God !" shouted the half-brother.

"But who was that, Matthew, over whose grave I mourned ?"

"Seth Stanly."

"And how did he return and die unperceived by any who knew him ?"

"He had a difficulty with an Indian in Arkansas, and fled. The Indian followed him, and, just as Seth was crossing the river opposite his little hut, he murdered him, and cast his body into the river."

"Alas ! poor Rebecca !" exclaimed Mr. Bonhom.

"Matthew," said Horry, "it was reported that you had died in a fit of *delirium tremens*."

"That report was not true, Horry. Never since we parted on this spot——"

"Here is the stump of our tree, Matthew ; here is the paper we deposited in it ; here are the two pieces of coin ; here are the two locks of hair ; and this is the fifth of July—*twelve years* to a day."

"Yes, I know it, Horry. I determined then, if God should spare my life, to return precisely at the time appointed. I came exactly to a *minute*. My career, since we parted, has been full of wonderful incidents, which I will relate to you. I have kept my vow——"

"And never tasted——"

"The accursed cup ? No, *never, never, never*, since here we stood and vowed before the God of Bethel Oak. Horry, I can now tell you of a truth—*The God of our Bethel has saved me.*"

"Glory be to God ! Hallelujah ! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !" Thus shouted the half-brother.

“Matthew, this is Brother Benny.”

Mr. Bonhom and Matthew embraced. Matthew saw the outline of his features by the brilliant moonlight, and exclaimed :

“My spiritual father ! my preserver ! my saintly Mr. Bonhom ! Horry, why did you deceive me ? But no matter ; for, dear as any brother can be, are you, my precious Bonhom, to my heart.”

“I have *not* deceived you, Matthew. It is our brother Benny.”

“Then why, my dear brother, did you not tell me when——”

“I did not know it then,” said the half-brother.

“And, Matthew, Sister Agnes is alive.”

“Oh, when shall miracles of mercy cease ? Where is she ?”

“She is the wife of one James Kallier.”

“Why, that’s the name of the man——”

“Who ? Do you know James Kallier ?”

“No ; but I just saw in a newspaper, this morning, that James Kallier, a wealthy man, residing near some lake, had died of apoplexy, a few days ago.”

“He is the same man—our sister’s husband. So he’s dead. Well, now is the time for us three to go together and see Agnes.”

The three brothers stood up together, face to face. Mr. Bonhom laid his right hand on Matthew’s shoulder, Matthew laid his on Horry’s, Horry laid his on Mr. Bonhom’s ; and the only surviving male representatives of the Thurstons of the Old Palmetto State stood up together, the holiest, loveliest, happiest trio that ever moved upon this western world.

Mr. Bonhom : “Brothers, I am happy, I am happy. The Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom shall I

fear ? The Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. False witnesses rose up against me, and such as breathed out cruelty. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

Matthew : "Brothers, I am happy, I am happy. From the end of the earth I cried unto the Lord, when my heart was overwhelmed, and He led me to the Rock that is higher than I. He has been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy. I will abide in His tabernacle forever ; I will trust in the covert of His wings. For God has heard my vows, and has given me the heritage of those that fear His name."

Horry : "Brothers, I am happy, I am happy. Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who keep the law of the Lord. I have rejoiced in the way of His testimonies as much as in all riches. Better unto me is the law of His mouth than thousands of gold and silver. I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep His word. That word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. Therefore, I love His commandments above gold ; yea, above fine gold I esteem all His precepts concerning all things to be right, and I hate every false way. His testimonies are wonderful ; therefore doth my soul keep them."

All : "Praise the Lord. Praise Him in the heavens ; praise Him in the heights. Praise Him, all ye His angels ; praise Him, all ye His hosts. Praise *Him*, sun and moon ; praise Him, all ye stars of light. *Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.*"

CONCLUSION.

THIS, dear reader, is the First Series of "The Thurstons of the Old Palmetto State." It has not been the object of the author to discuss theological dogmas, nor to build up any particular creed or church, nor to lead the reader into metaphysical speculations ; but rather to imitate the method adopted by Paul, in the eleventh of Hebrews. He there defines faith, and then proceeds to show in what manner it was exemplified by the ancient worthies ; so the author has drawn, in the religious characters of his story, living exemplifications of the principles he aimed to inculcate. In the early career of Horry Thurston he has endeavored to present a character adorned with many noble qualities, but possessed of an ardent desire to attain distinction, which, unhappily, in the estimation of too many young men, is the *summum bonum*. He was led on, by steps which seem naturally to rise from the current of his life, to realize his wishes ; but, no sooner had he attained the long-wished-for goal, than he felt the need of a more durable and substantial good. Then the purpose of the story develops itself. No human excellence, however exalted, can, apart from a *sure and certain* trust in the Redeemer, constitute a solid ground.

of peace with God—no measure of success in life can secure the permanent peace of the soul. How far we have succeeded in giving a graphic portraiture of this purpose, in the characters and incidents of the story, the reader must judge. As for the critics, we entreat them, whatever defects they may discover in the style, whatever they may regard the artistic value of the performance, not to overlook the main purpose of the book. And now, kind reader, if you have experienced sufficient enjoyment in the perusal of this, to desire the perusal of another of the author's productions, he will—perhaps in the course of a few months—offer you the **ADVENTURES OF MATTHEW THURSTON**, during the twelve years that he separated himself from his brother. It will contain a new series of scenes, incidents, and character, illustrative of the “varieties of Southern Life.”

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